SEPTEMBER, 1901.

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Manuscripts submitted to THE BOOKMAN *should be addressed to "The Editors of* THE BOOKMAN." *Manuscripts sent to either of the Editors personally are liable to be mislaid or lost.*

The Authorship of "The Aristocrats."

There has been so much surmise and controversy about the authorship of *The Aristocrats,* and so many absurd guesses have been hazarded that we are very glad to be at liberty to set the matter at rest. *The Aristocrats* was written by Gertrude Atherton.

The following is from a review of the book which appeared in THE BOOKMAN, and was written some months ago. At the time the reviewer had received absolutely no intimation as to the identity of the author.

There has been a good deal of speculation as to whether the book is of English or of American origin, and whether the writer of it is a man or a woman. Personally, we believe that a woman wrote it because some of the touches are too beautifully feminine to be the work of a mere man; and we think that it is an American woman who knows a great deal about England rather than an English woman who knows a great deal about America. We never yet found any English person, man or woman, writing about this country without somewhere or somehow making at least the tiniest bit of a "break" and in *The Aristocrats* there are no breaks at all.

The Aristocrats appeared anonymously simply because Gertrude Atherton wished to have one book which would be received with unbiassed criticism. Ever since she began to publish, her work has been greeted in this country with a certain amount of abuse, and in consequence it has been with a very keen relish that she has found that those newspapers which have been most consistent in denouncing her have been loudest in their praise of *The Aristocrats.* For instance, there are many sentences in the book which, had they been published over her signature, would have excited the strongest condemnation; but, although far more startling than anything to be found in her other books, they have been universally quoted as delightful specimens of an English noblewoman's wit. *The Aristocrats,* by the way, was in the hands of the publishers last September. Thus it had a neglected opportunity of being a forerunner of the epistolary avalanche.

The London *Academy* has been making literary capital out of the present bewildered state of the Liberal Party in England, and has awarded a prize of one guinea for the best quotation applicable to their disorganisation. The quotation, curiously enough, that won the prize is

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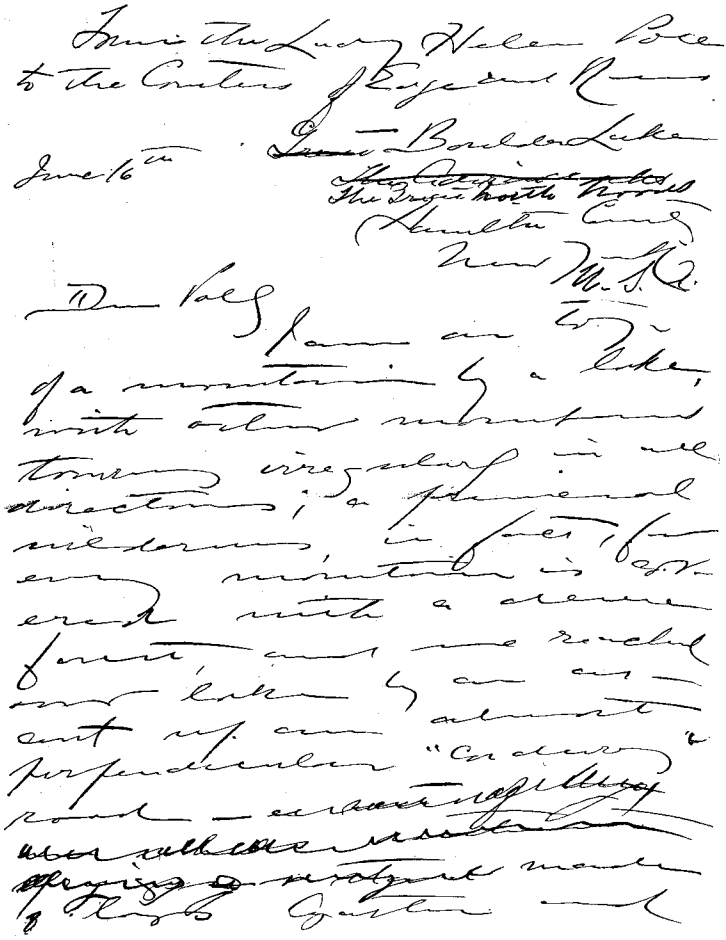

FACSIMILE (REDUCED) OF FIRST PAGE OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF "THE ARISTOCRATS."

taken from Franklin's speech at the signing of the Declaration of Independence, and runs as follows: "We must all hang together, or assuredly we shall all hang separately."

There was a curious blunder in the obituary notice of the late John Fiske which appeared in a recent number of *Public Opinion*. It might be thought that the portrait of Mr. Fiske was familiar enough to prevent any one from making a mistake about it. Accompanying the notice, however, there appeared a portrait purporting to be that of Mr. Fiske, but which is really a portrait of the English scientist, Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace, a follower of Darwin and author of that strange conglomeration of studies, *The Wonderful Century*.

The following appeared in the August Letter-Box:

DEAR EDITORS: Won't you please ask Mr. Lloyd to explain why, in his latest serial, Joshua uses the illiterate language of the typical mountaineer, while his father and sister converse in excellent English?

A LOYAL SUBSCRIBER.

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN.

This is a pertinent question and was expected. In the May BOOKMAN it was stated that Mary received the benefit of a boarding-school education. During this time Joshua associated with field hands and negroes. This condition of affairs was not altogether exceptional. The culture given our girls was often in marked contrast with neglect of boys. One of the

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criticisms made by a clergyman living in that section, who read all the story in manuscript, is to the effect that Joshua should be pictured as even more illiterate. I am not sure but he is right. That Mr. Warwick who read good literature, who preached, and who rubbed somewhat against the world of culture should have used better language is natural.

JOHN URI LLOYD.

For the accompanying skit on the subject of *Alice in Wonderland* we are indebted to the London *Sketch*.

Madame Bernhardt in London.

In the recent London ovation to Madame Bernhardt there was a great deal of humour, of which the English newspapers seemed to be totally unconscious. One particular feature was chronicled with a solemnity and a gravity that were simply delicious. It was something like this: Scene—a room in the Hotel Cecil, London. Time—about one o'clock on July 2. Discovered—the members of the New Vagabond Club and their guests, including a Duchess, the Lord Mayor, Mr. Arthur Balfour, M. P., Mr. Anthony Hope

THE HATTER: Why did Lewis Carroll?
THE HARE: Because Alice threw the looking-glass.

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and some other celebrities. The hour strikes and there is a hush of expectancy. Fifteen minutes go by. There is a whispered colloquy at the head of the table and with long faces the company proceeds to attack the viands. Mr. Balfour, fifteen minutes later, mutters something about being due in the House of Commons to answer questions, and takes his leave. Evidently there is something wrong, and the appetite for conversation and food does not become a nation of beef-eaters. Almost fifteen minutes more have passed when there is a frou-frou of skirts, an exhalation of perfume, and amid the instant relief and purring of the company, enter resplendent and unabashed Madame Sarah Bernhardt, in whose honour it appears the luncheon is being given. The hosts and guests in their exhilaration

THE CHILDHOOD OF THE GREAT. NO. III.

One of Her Future Reviewers: Oh, you are lovely! Let us play together."
Marie Corelli: "If you grow up to be a man you may be a bad man. Can I allow you to boast then that you once played with me? Never!"
Andrew Lang: "Losh! Ain't she grand!"

N. B.—An artistic liberty has been taken with Mr. Lang's supposed age when Marie Corelli played with dolls.

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soon make good the lost time, and at last Mr. Anthony Hope is on his feet as the toast-master of the occasion. He alone during that awful forty minutes had seemed happy and joyous, but now he rises with a look of settled gloom and resignation on his countenance. But as he piles compliment on compliment, coupling the name of Sarah Bernhardt with those of the greatest English actresses of the past, the motley audience feels proud of him. And then the peroration! "Who among us, I ask you, has not felt the witchery of Nell (*'English Nell* or *Sweet Nell,'* queries a voice at his elbow), or the magic and somewhat awful splendour of Sarah Siddons? (Deep-throated 'Ahs!') And who that loves the theatre can doubt that

ONE OF THE LITERARY PICTURES OF THE YEAR.

"The Lady of Shalott." By Frederic Catchpole. Royal Academy, No. 400.

"Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror crack'd from side to side."

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ONE OF THE LITERARY PICTURES OF THE YEAR.

"The Monk Felix." By Frank O. Salisbury. Royal Academy, No. 816.

"And, long, long, with rapturous look,
He listened to the song. . . .
And he would fain have caught the wondrous bird.
But strove in vain, for it flew away, away."
—Longfellow, "Golden Legend."

a like tradition will carry Madame Bernhardt's name—and more than her name—down the years." Mr. Hope sits down amid huzzas, and Madame Bernhardt rises to reply as the company sits back and breathes hard in preparation for a long speech. "Ladies and gentlemen," she says quietly, "I cannot speak English. I thank you with all my heart." Exit Madame Sarah Bernhardt. Collapse of the company.

❧

Balzac's "Duchesse de Langeais" on the stage.

Among the announcements of forthcoming dramatisations of the novels of ephemeral popularity or enduring fame there is one which is peculiarly welcome. Some time in the autumn, London theatre-goers are to have an opportunity of seeing Balzac's *The Duchesse de Langeais* on the stage, and if the work of turning the novel into a play is to be done with any sort of skill and good taste we have no hesitation in predicting a drama of very high order. It is rather singular that so many years have elapsed without any one taking advantage of the extraordinary dramatic possibilities of this book. There is certainly nothing in the whole *Comédie Humaine,* and perhaps nothing in the whole range of great fiction which seems so admirably fitted for stage presentation. Dramatic authors of to-day in talking of their craft dwell persistently on the necessity of a strong third act, and in this book Balzac has flung before them a third act which in its way should prove unlike anything that has before been seen.

❧

The book, as every one knows, deals with a very charming and very noble young woman occupying an exalted place in the most exclusive French society of the Restoration. Although she lives apart from her husband, no breath of scandal has ever attainted her name. Into her life there comes General Armand de Montriveau, one of those splendid soldiers of the Napoleonic wars whose adventures as an explorer of remote regions in Africa have made him an object of popular curiosity and admiration. It is this lion of society that the Duchesse undertakes lightly to bring to her feet, wishing to give nothing herself and yet to receive all. Dextrously and cunningly

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Montriveau is drawn into the net, now inflamed by a glance or a word, and now frozen and crushed by the woman's coldness and cruelty. There comes a night, however, when the strength and power of the man assert themselves. He has been banished for some days from the presence of the Duchesse, and he meets her casually at a great ball given at one of the hotels of the Faubourg St. Germain. An ominous allusion which he makes to the axe which lopped off the head of King

ONE OF THE LITERARY PICTURES OF THE YEAR.

"The Keepsake." By Kate E. Bunce. New Gallery, No. 68.

"Then stepped a damsel to her side
And spoke, and needs must weep:
'For his sake, lady, if he died,
He prayed of thee to keep
This staff and scrip.'"
—"The Staff and Scrip," Rossetti.

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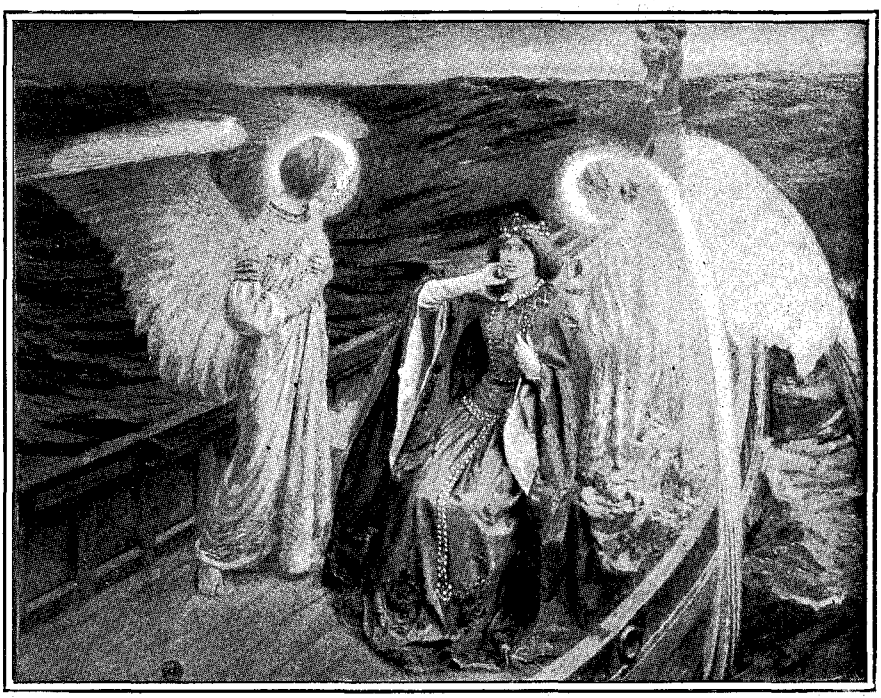
Charles the First ("the difference, Madame, is that you have touched the axe") startles her, and scared by this sudden revealing of her follower's real soul, she leaves the ball and entering what she supposes to be her carriage orders the servants to drive her home. But the archway through which the vehicle finally passes she sees to be not her own, and in an instant she is seized, bound with silken cords, blindfolded, carried through space, and yields and pleads. But while listening she glances quickly about the room at one end of which there is a curtain lighted up by a strange red glow. Again and again her eyes instinctively seek this curtain until of a sudden the glow behind flashes up into a flame by which she sees the figures of three masked men. These men are heating the iron with which she is to be branded on the forehead with the cross of the convict, so that



ONE OF THE LITERARY PICTURES OF THE YEAR.

"Constance Cast Adrift." By Fred Stead. Royal Academy, No. 542.

"Sothly the commander of that (ship) was He
That from the tempest ay this woman kepte,
As well when she awok as when she slepte."
—Chaucer, "The Man of Lawe's Tale."

and when the bandage is at last torn from her eyes she finds herself opposite Armand de Montriveau, who, wrapped in his dressing-gown, is calmly smoking a cigar.

Here is the great dramatic scene. The rôles which they have been playing so long are reversed. It is de Montriveau who speaks with the cold power of the conqueror and the Duchesse who bends never again in life will she be able to wreck the life of a man as she has wrecked the life of Montriveau. Swept away by newly awakened emotions, the Duchesse throws herself at her captor's feet, confesses her new-born love, and says that she will welcome the brand since it will stamp her as his for life. Then Montriveau, his will broken by the spectacle of this cold woman so tender and submissive, sends away the men behind the curtain, unbinds her cords and lets her go.

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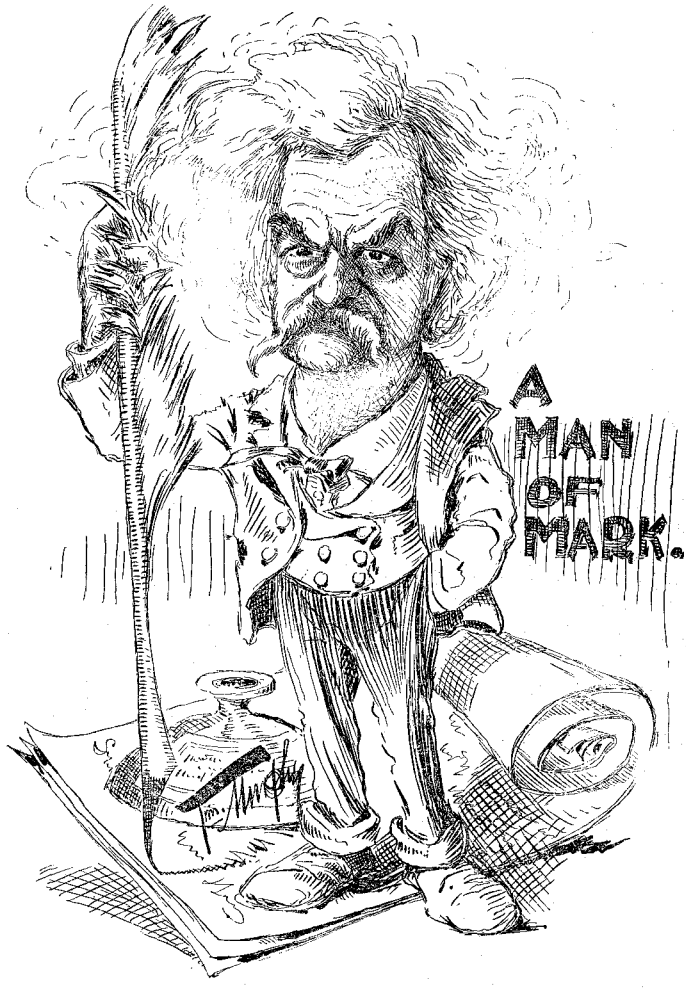
Beaucaire on the Stage.

We may be pardoned for recalling the fact that at the time of its publication a little over a year ago we laid especial stress upon the dramatic possibilities of Mr. Tarkington's *Monsieur Beaucaire,* and suggested Mr. Mansfield as the one player fitted to bring out properly the real charm and delicacy of the character. The stage version which Mr. Mansfield is to present this autumn follows the book with comparative fidelity. One or two new characters are introduced, but in the main the dialogue and scenes of the story have been preserved in the adaptation. The scene of the first act is laid in the pump-room at Bath, and shows the great English society of that time in a fever of excitement over the discovery that the young Frenchman who has won so decided a social success is no other than the French ambassador's barber. This act is supposed to take place at a period before the opening chapter of the story. It ends with a very pretty scene involving a character who does not appear in the book. The second act takes place in the rooms of Monsieur Beaucaire, whither the rakish young noblemen of Bath have been in the habit of going secretly to play at cards. Here Beaucaire lays his trap for the Duke of Winterset, and catching him cheating at cards, insists on being introduced again to the great people of Bath as the price of silence. A second scene of the act again shows the pump-room of Bath with Beaucaire in disguise shining



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as the Duc de Châteaurien. The third act deals with the attack on Beaucaire at the instigation of Winterset. The scene, however, is laid in a garden instead of on the highway. At the end of the act Beaucaire, wounded and fainting from loss of blood, promises to keep an appointment in the pump-room twenty days hence. The fourth and last act, of course, treats of the confrontation of Beaucaire with the French ambassador and the disclosure of his real rank.

The accompanying caricature of Mark Twain has an interest apart from its own value in the fact that it is the work of Mr. Tim Murphy, who has hitherto exploited his abilities only through the medium of the stage.

Some Fiske Anecdotes.

Until the fact was recalled in the obituary notices which followed his death, people in general either did not know or else had quite forgotten that the name which John Fiske had made celebrated was not the name of his father. It is generally understood that the name of Green was relinquished by the future historian when he was a very young man owing to the strained relations which were brought about by his father's lack of sympathy with the son's intellectual ambition. Mr. Green the elder was utterly unable to understand the brilliant and precocious young scholar. Once, after some unusual tension, he alluded to his son's prospects in terms of such bitter contempt that the boy announced flatly that he would change his own name and make his adopted name famous.

It was possibly the recollection of his own cheerless childhood that was the cause of his astonishing and, as the world would generally regard it, extremely injudicious indulgence to children. His nature was genial and kindly, his temper optimistic, his faith in the upward movement of cosmic evolution so great that perhaps he naturally felt that children could be safely left to follow their impulses freely, and that mother nature in the end would bring them along quite as well as if their lives were burdened as his had been with too severe tasks and discipline. While a large-hearted, kindly evolutionist might under exceptional circumstances adopt such a theory of child-training, it would seem as though the general judgment of average men and women would reach conclusions that are safer and better adapted on the whole for the happiness of children themselves. Certain it is that in the frigid social air of a community dominated by Puritan traditions, as Cambridge was, the great scholar's children paid in full the price of the freedom given them in the best of good faith by an indulgent father. How much of the pitiless snobbishness which held little New England prigs aloof from them was due to his ill-repute as a suspected atheist it would be difficult to say. For in common with all those hardy pioneers of American thought who first embraced Darwinism and the philosophy of evolution, the John Fiske was believed to be a veritable atheist, and possibly worse.

But apart from his evolution, in any case John Fiske's heart was so big and kind that he could not have failed to be indulgent to children even if he had been an old-fashioned Calvinist. There probably never were children more wholly free to live out their natures than his. Some of the consequences, as may be easily surmised, were a trifle amusing. A gentleman going to call upon him one evening was shown into the dimly-lighted parlour and stepped forthwith upon a child which, in the exercise of its freedom, had gone to sleep on the parlour floor. On another occasion the same gentleman in the same room, sat down upon a child, the same or another, who was asleep upon a sofa. A lady of delicate nervous susceptibilities who went to a country town for rest and quiet chanced to stay at the same boarding-house one summer with the little Fiskes, whose innocent pranks and unregulated noise she soon found had a very poor restorative effect upon her tired nerves. When, toward evening, she sought the cool and quiet of the porch to watch the splendours of the sunset, she usually found her enjoyment of the scene somewhat marred by the riotous advent of the young Fiskes pouring milk down each other's backs, with an appropriate accompaniment of screams and laughter. Whatever may be said about this applica-

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tion of *laissez faire* to children, certain it is that all the Fiskes have developed into young men and women of great personal charm. Like other extraordinary workers, John Fiske had the faculty of sleeping at will and sometimes involuntarily. Finding her father sound asleep one day in a parlour chair with a much chagrined and embarrassed guest who had come a long journey to see him, the young woman explained to the visitor that her father had been very busy and was rather tired, and that if the guest wished she would play the piano. This she did fortissimo, so that the roar of her melody woke the historian to the duties of hospitality; and seeing this, the tactful daughter left him and his guest to their conversation.

Serials and Serials.

We have been spending an instructive, if not an over-amusing hour in glancing over the pages of a batch of the summer magazines and mentally making notes about some of the serial stories. In almost all of them the typography is good, the illustrations admirable; here and there we find a name of past or present excellence, and once in a while there is even a tale which was worth the telling, but candour obliges us to say that there is not a single one which is, in the proper sense, a serial at all. There was simply the manuscript of a story of more or less merit which had been chopped up into a certain number of instalments, according to the whim of an editor or the exigencies of space. As likely as not the elopement of Sir Francis and the Duchess will be temporarily postponed to make room for a filler poem; or an attractive decorative design will keep General George Washington and his horse waiting outside for another month.

As there is prevalent the very general idea that the serial publication of a story greatly enhances its value when it appears in book form, it is interesting to glance over the great popular successes of the last two or three years and see how far this belief is justified. In tabulated form the result of the scrutiny will read something like the following, which we submit without comment:

PUBLISHED SERIALLY.	NOT PUBLISHED SERIALLY.
Janice Meredith.	David Harum.
To Have and to Hold.	Richard Carvel.
The Gentleman from Indiana.	When Knighthood Was in Flower.
Monsieur Beaucaire.	Red Pottage.
Tommy and Grizel.	The Reign of Law.
Stringtown on the Pike.	The Master Christian.
Eleanor.	Alice of Old Vincennes.
In the Palace of the King.	Eben Holden.
Via Crucis.	The Redemption of David Corson.
Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen.	Unleavened Bread.
	An Englishwoman's Love-Letters.
	In Connection with the DeWilloughby Claim.
	Senator North.

As for Tolstoy's *Resurrection,* it ran serially and again it did not.

The art of writing great novels may or may not be dead, but the art of writing great serials certainly is. In the days when Dickens and Thackeray were running side by side there was a different order of things. People of judgment and discrimination did not then content themselves with waiting until a story had run its serial course; they sedulously followed the careers of Mark Tapley and of Martin Chuzzlewit or of the Brian Newcomes and the Hobson Newcomes from month to month, taking each instalment as if it were something of an entity and commenting that this number was more interesting or less interesting than the last. Perhaps this method was not conducive to what Mr. Howells would call "the finer novel." But it had its advantages. A novelist who wished to hold the attention of his public was obliged to put more or less brains into every chapter that he wrote. It was not a question of padding out a certain number of pages with balderdash in the expectation that the reader would skim them without protest and forgive them on account of the interesting events which were to come a little later in the book. The novels of this school may have been discursive and inartistic, but they possessed fire and humour, and who would exchange them for any amount of the fiction of to-day? Then, too, they were great serials.

To see the serial in its most complete form—as a serial—one must go back to

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the France of the last years of the reign of Louis Philippe, when the Parisian mind was divided between revolution and barricades, and the next batch of adventures that were to befall M. de Monte Cristo or Rudolph, the Grand Duke of Gerolstein. The story of the tremendous vogue of Eugène Sue's two great novels is an old one, and yet somehow it seems always to interest. When *Les Mystères de Paris* and *Le Juif Errant* were appearing from day to day it was quite impossible for any one of limited means to think of buying a copy of the paper in which they were being published. If you were interested in "the Schoolmaster" and "the Slasher"—and who was not?—you paid ten sous for a ticket which allowed you to stand in line; and when your turn came you borrowed a copy of the newspaper for thirty minutes, the time needed to read the daily instalment of M. Sue's romance. Conditions have changed; nowadays there are no such things as limited editions—if we are to believe implicitly publishers' advertisements and prospectuses—the same ten sous will enable you to possess a complete magazine weighed down with any number of so-called serials, and yet somehow we doubt whether, after all, the change is economy. In each one of the instalments of those remarkable books of that bygone day there was a thrill. Your emotions were stimulated, you laughed, you wept, you shuddered; there trooped before you whole legions of heroic heroes, virtuous and supernaturally beautiful heroines, and monsters in human form; you heard gnashings of teeth, wails of despair, and the grating of prison bars, and the crunching of bones against dungeon walls—*le tout pour dix sous!*

Mr. Kipling's verse is ceasing to be disappointing. It is becoming pathetic. The London *Times* recently printed a poem by him entitled "The Lesson," of which the theme is the results of the war in South Africa. It runs as follows:

Let us admit it fairly, as a business people should,
We have no end of a lesson: it will do us no end of good.

Not on a single issue, or in one direction or twain,
But conclusively, comprehensively, and several times and again,
Were all our most holy illusions knocked higher than Gilderoy's kite,
We have had a jolly good lesson and it serves us jolly well right!

This was not bestowed us under the trees, nor yet in the shade of a tent,
But swingeingly, over eleven degrees of a bare, brown continent.
From Lambart's to Delagoa Bay, and from Petersburgh to Sutherland,
Fell the phenomenal lesson we learned—with a fulness accorded no other land!

It was our fault, and our very great fault, and not the judgment of Heaven!
We made an Army in our own image, on an Island nine by seven,
Which faithfully mirrored its maker's ideals, equipment and mental attitude—
And so we got our lesson; and we ought to accept it with gratitude!

We have spent some hundred million pounds to prove the fact once more
That horses are quicker than men afoot, since two and two make four;
And horses have four legs and men have two legs, and two into four goes twice
And nothing over except our lesson—and very cheap at the price.

For remember (this our children shall know: we are too near for that knowledge)
Not our mere astonied camps but Council and Creed and College—
All the obese, unchallenged old things that stifle and overlie us—
Have felt the effects of the lesson we got—an advantage no money could buy us!

Then let us develop this marvellous asset which we alone command,
And which, it may subsequently transpire, will be worth as much as the Rand;
Let us approach this pivotal fact in a humble yet hopeful mood—
We have had no end of a lesson: it will do us no end of good!

It was our fault, and our very great fault—and now we must turn it to use;
We have forty million reasons for failure but not a single excuse!
So the more we work and the less we talk the better results we shall get—
We have had an Imperial lesson; it will make us an Empire yet!

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It would do no good to comment on this. Besides, we haven't the heart.

❧

Morley Roberts on George Gissing.

In a rather clever article on George Gissing appearing in a recent number of London *Literature,* to which we are indebted for the accompanying photograph, Mr. Morley Roberts speaks of his subject as standing "in a high and solitary place," and belonging to no school, "certainly not to any English school. The sincerest form of flattery in any admirer cannot imitate and cannot even caricature him. There is truly nothing visible to copy. His essence lies in a bent, in a mood of mind, not by any means in any subject, even though his satiric dissection of what he has called 'the ignobly decent' showed his strength, and, indirectly, his inner character. His very repugnance to his early subjects led him to choose them. He declared what he wished the world to be by showing that it possessed every conceivable opposite to his desire. Those who have read all his work and are interested in origins may have noted with particular pleasure that in *Isabel Clarendon* he showed an instinctive affinity for the lucid and subtle Tourgéneff. There is perhaps no more intensely depressing book in the entire English language than this short novel. Its last three chapters are of unsurpassable gloom, not because of any outward tragedy, but because of the utter futility of the man depicted. The hero's desire reached to the stars. But he was not able to steal or take so much as a farthing rushlight. Not even Dmitri Roudine, that futile essence of futility, equals this, his literary child of bitter, impotent ambitions.

❧

"So much is certain, Tourgéneff moved what Zola had really failed to stir in Mr. Gissing. For he was never a Zolaist even at his worst. No man without a style could have influenced him for more than a time. Even Balzac, fecund and insatiable, had, it is possible, no more true power over him. For Balzac, though his constructions were often imaginary and his perspectives a gigantic imposture, was truly a constructor and architectonic, even if barbarous. And construction is obviously alien from Mr. Gissing's mind. He needs no elaborate architecture to do

GEORGE GISSING.

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his thinking in. He would have been contented with the Porch. Now, and at last, the critic has been given an opportunity of understanding the bent and nature of this author. In *By the Ionian Sea* Mr. Gissing has not only put the coping stone to his reputation, but he has also declared himself. Able novelist as he is—and Tourgéneff, Flaubert, and Dostoieffsky would not have disdained his companionship—he is by nature a scholar, a man of the cloister, though not conventual. His pessimism is the natural pessimism of misplacement. Nowadays scholars, as he would understand them, do not properly exist. The learned have become specialists; there is no broad culture possible to them. His ideal is the Renaissance scholar. Without any doubt he must be an admirer of Rabelais."

The enthusiasm of humanity, or rather the spirit of camaraderie in the early days of the last century had its own peculiar channels of ventilation. In Volume V. of Lord Byron's Letters and Journals, just published by the Messrs. Scribner, we find that the poet had an extreme admiration for Sir Walter Scott. "My love to Scott," he writes once. "I shall think higher of knighthood ever after for his being dubbed." Then in a burst of healthy exuberance he adds, "Scottish Fielding, as well as great English poet—wonderful man! I long to get drunk with him."

Austin Dobson.

After forty-five years' service Mr. Austin Dobson has retired from his post of principal at the London Board of Trade. For a long time it has been known that this work was distasteful to him. However, it has had a certain advantage. He has been able to give only of his very best. In this country Mr. Dobson is thought of only as one of the most graceful and gifted of all lighter poets. We are prone to ignore the fact that he is also one of the most admirable of literary historians. There are few people who know the eighteenth century as he does. Henceforth, we understand, he intends to devote himself exclusively to literature. He contemplates giving his early attention to a life of Samuel Richardson.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

The Lafayette Statue

In Paris, on the Fourth of July of last year, a number of Americans and Frenchmen gathered in the court of the Louvre to witness the unveiling and dedication of the staff reproduction of the statue of General Lafayette. The equestrian statue, fourteen feet high, to be done in bronze, shows Lafayette when he was seventy-nine years of age. The pedestal, some feet higher than the equestrian statue, will be built in granite and will bear the following inscription:

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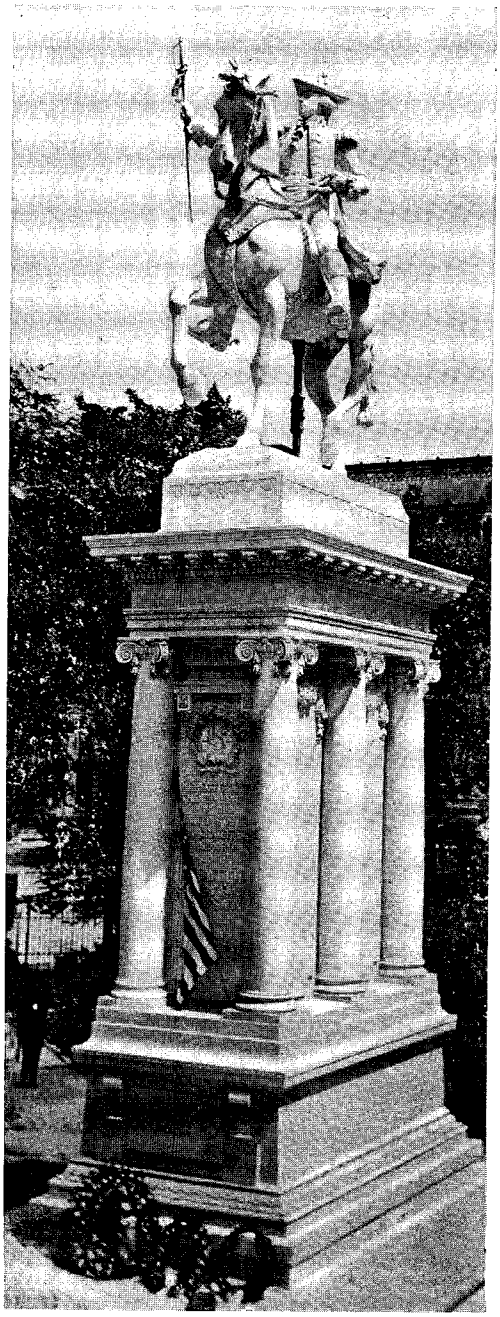
Erected by the Children of the United States in Grateful Memory of Lafayette, Statesman, Patriot, Soldier.

The equestrian statue was modelled by Paul W. Bartlett. The accompanying photograph was taken from the French replica.

"The Manager of the B. & A."

Now that seven books are to the credit of the series of monthly novels of American life which the Messrs. Harper began to publish last January, one is justified in making some comment about this very interesting experiment. The idea, as we have said before, was an excellent one and to be commended, and the result as judged from the seven books already published is far from being a failure. Of course it has not given us a great American novel nor anything like one, but with one or two exceptions all these books have been clever and wholesome and readable, and some day just such an experiment as this may bring forth a great novel. None of these books is more typical of the series as a whole than Mr. Vaughan Kester's *The Manager of the B. & A.* which takes its place as number seven of the collection. It is the story of a railroad and of a railroad manager whose headquarters are at Antioch, a small town of the West. There is a strike and a political campaign and a murder and a forest fire, and it is all told well and simply. The dialogue in especial has the real ring, and all in all Mr. Kester has written a story that is readable and worth the while. Critically, however, we should say that *The Manager of the B. & A.* shows signs of a certain immaturity. For instance, it would have been a better book had the dramatic situations grown out of inevitable conditions, and had more been made of the strike and of the newspaper attacks.

Mr. Kester is another young American who, before he has turned thirty, has given to the public a good "first book." Mr. Kester was born in New Jersey, but he has lived the greater part of his life in Ohio or in the South. The scene of the story is laid in a small town in the lumber region of Michigan, and much of the matter, such as the forest fire, comes within the scope of actual experience. He has done considerable newspaper work, his first position being on the now defunct Irving Bacheller Syndicate, shortly after the author of *Eben Holden* disposed of that property to Mr. John Brisben Walker. At present the Kesters are liv-



THE LAFAYETTE MONUMENT.

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A. HENRY SAVAGE LANDOR.

ing in an old historic mansion in Virginia, just a short distance from Washington. New Yorkers will remember them as residents of the "Big White House," where they entertained many persons well known in literary and artistic circles.

A. Henry Savage Landor.

Mr. A. Henry Savage Landor, the author of *China and Her Allies*, which is reviewed elsewhere in our present issue, originally studied as a civil engineer. He then took up art, principally as a portrait painter. Among those who sat for him were Sir Henry Parkes, Premier of New South Wales, Princess Louise Aribert of Anhalt, President Harrison, Sir Edwin Arnold, and many other celebrities. Some of his early pictures are now in the possession of H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught, the Duchess of Saxe Coburg Gotha, and Prince George of Greece. Mr. Landor is a very rapid worker, and made quite a sensation last year in New York by painting the portrait of Madam Sada Yacco, the celebrated Japanese actress, in one day. Mr. Landor possesses a strong constitution, and neither drinks nor smokes. In winter and summer, and in the tropics or Arctic regions, he is to be seen garbed in the thinnest clothing, such as is worn in the hottest days in the tropics. He does not feel the cold nor mind the heat. He holds the world's record in mountaineering, having beaten all the previous records by no less than five hundred feet, the altitude he reached being twenty-three thousand four hundred and ninety feet. Besides being an artist, traveller, explorer, and author, he owns an extensive farm in Italy, in which he takes great interest, and there he makes oil and wine, and raises cattle. Mr. Landor has two more books in course of preparation.

Another Thackeray London Landmark.

It is not only in "Old Kensington"—repictured for us by his daughter, Mrs. Ritchie, says a recent number of the London *Outlook*—that the memory of Thackeray is preserved through the medium of bricks and mortar. The same may be seen much further East, hard by the Charterhouse, endeared to all by memories of the famous fight in which "Figs" Dobbin cut such a heroic figure, and of Colonel New-

VAUGHAN KESTER.

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come's final "Adsum!" At Kensington a new "Thackeray Street" has just been named hard by Kensington Square, while a "Thackeray House," with a spick-and-span brick frontage, asserts its ruddy dignity in Clerkenwell Road, nearly overlooking the Charterhouse grounds, now cool with verdure. An inscription runs:

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE
THACKERAY
LIVED HERE 1822-1824.

This, as reference to dates shows, must have been at the time when he was a "day boy" at the Charterhouse. Several allusions are to be found to his having lived in Charterhouse Square; but the fame of this Clerkenwell Road house is only now revealed to the general public.

The Story of "The Derelict."

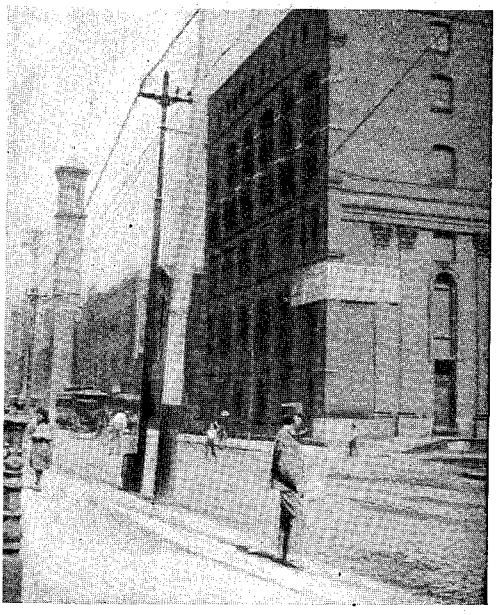
There was a story by Mr. Richard Harding Davis in the August number of *Scribner's Magazine,* and everybody who read it will tell you that "The Derelict" was the late Stephen Crane, and will ask you whom you think Keating to be, and what your opinion is as to whether there took place in connection with the Battle of Santiago any such episode as Mr. Davis introduces into his story. Now, all this is very typical, and it shows the danger which attends the introduction of any real character or incident into fiction, for once they think that they have found the key people will somehow straightway forget that it is all romance, and at a certain point rise and fling the lie into the author's teeth. There can be no doubt that in drawing the character of "The Derelict" Mr. Davis had Mr. Stephen Crane in mind. Channing, drawn from the life, could not possibly be any one else, and Mr. Davis in a perfectly legitimate way made use of a thousand little details of a peculiar career and a striking personality. Yet if he so wished, Mr. Davis would be quite justified in denying flatly that Charles Canning was Stephen Crane, and it is almost superfluous to say that the story of the great "beat" on the destruction of the Spanish fleet and Keating's consequent prosperity is all pure fiction.

SOME REAL PERSONS AND PLACES IN "THE CRISIS"

The question as to whether there are any persons drawn exactly from life in Mr. Winston Churchill's recent book, would receive from those who are in a position to reply at present, an answer touched with considerable pathos. The only individual in *The Crisis* who, by general consent, is drawn directly from life, and that with no uncertain lines, died in the early days of the month of July. As if anticipating this end, which took place at the age of eighty-three, the novelist, in the course of his story, bids him a last farewell. In the seventh chapter of the second book occurs the paragraph:

> Dear Mr. Brinsmade! He is in heaven now, and knows at last the good he wrought upon earth. Of the many thoughtful charities which Stephen received from him, this one sticks firmest in his remembrance: A stranger tired and lonely, and apart from the gay young men and women who stepped from the boat, he had been sought out by this gentleman, to whom had been given the divine gift of forgetting none.

Readers of *Richard Carvel* will remember that the volume was dedicated to a citizen of St. Louis, Mr. James E. Yeat-



THE SITE OF THE CARVEL HOME.

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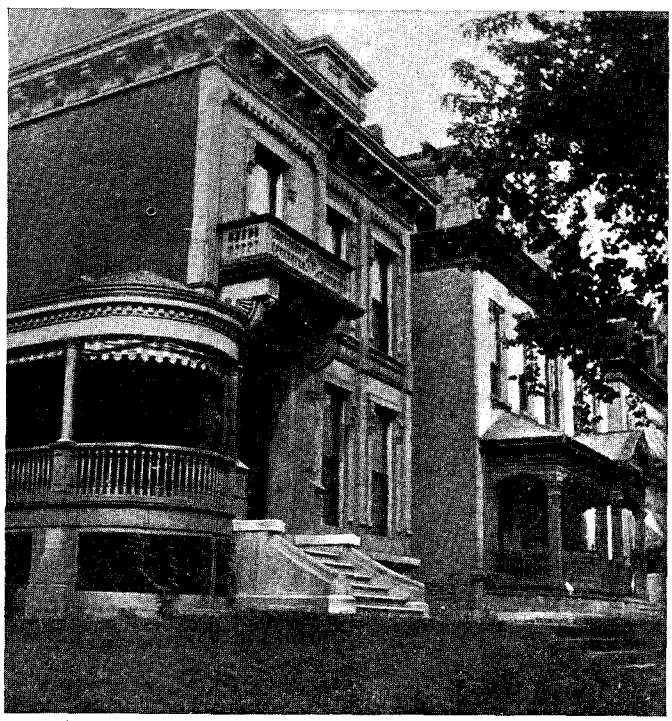
man, whom the writer was not alone in holding in such high esteem. Mr. Yeatman's name was a synonym in the community for benevolence, probity and administrative capacity. A few details from *The Crisis* will serve to show how closely he is reproduced in Mr. Brinsmade.

That character is introduced early in the story as a banker in St. Louis. Thus the novelist describes his appearance:

After church Mrs. Brice and Stephen walked down Olive Street and stood looking at a tiny house wedged in between two large ones with scrolled fronts. As Stephen put his hand on the latch of the iron gate, a gentleman came out of the large house next door. Benevolence was in the generous mouth, in the large nose that looked like Washington's, and benevolence fairly sparkled in the blue eyes. He smiled at them as though he had known them always, and the world seemed brighter that very instant. They smiled at him in return, whereupon the gentleman lifted his hat, and the kindliness and the courtliness of that bow made them very happy.



MRS. BEVERLY ALLEN'S HOUSE, SPRING AND WASHINGTON AVENUES.

Mr. Brinsmade was pleased to rent the house to the strangers, and it became the home of the hero of the story, Stephen Brice. All of the characteristics of Calvin Brinsmade agree with the personality and career of James E. Yeatman. He was cashier and afterward president of the Merchants' (National) Bank of St. Louis, and he did own house property on Olive Street. The last occasion on which the present writer saw his venerable figure was on the day before he was taken ill in June of this year.

Later in the story Mr. Brinsmade becomes the leading spirit in the Western Sanitary Commission. "Brinsmade, if it wasn't for you and your friends in the Western Sanitary Commission," exclaims General Sherman, "we'd all have been dead of fever long ago." Now Mr. Yeatman as early as 1861 became president of the Western Sanitary Commission which was organised under General Fremont's directions. For a considerable time he gave almost his undivided attention to the work. The Commission maintained a central hospital at St. Louis, and fitted out hospital steamers for service on the river. For his devotion to humanity at this critical period in the country's history, Mr. Yeatman deserves to be held in lasting remembrance. He was very closely interested in the presidential contest of the year 1860. Although a staunch Unionist and "Black" Republican, he was by birth a Tennesseean, his father, who died young, having been a banker at Nashville. His mother had for second husband John Bell, one of the defeated presidential candidates in that great contest.

Mr. Yeatman was personally acquainted with Lincoln, who offered him in 1865 the commissionship of the Refugee and Freedman's Bureau, then recently established by act of Congress, a post which he did not accept.

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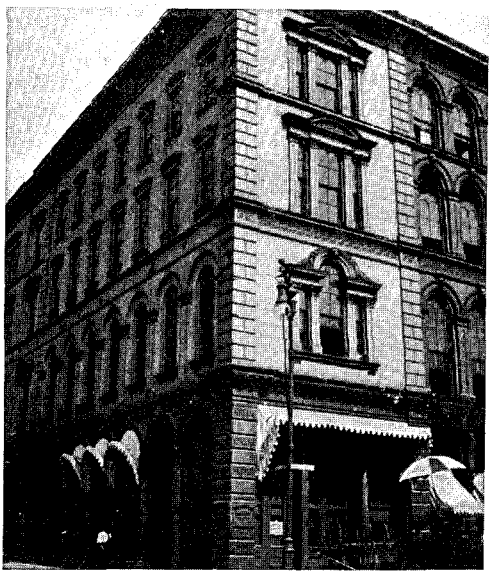

BUILDING AT MAIN AND LOCUST STREETS, WHERE MR. YEATMAN WAS IN CHARGE OF THE MERCHANTS' BANK AT THE TIME OF THE WAR.

The residence of Mr. Brinsmade was on the Bellefontaine Road. So we are told in the fifth chapter of the third book. Mr. Yeatman had his home in the same locality. During all the years of his married life he lived at Belmont, now known as the Eddy House, which stands upon a bluff to the west of North Broadway. Mr. Yeatman was twice married, first to Miss Angelica Thompson, a Virginia lady, and some years after her death to Miss Cynthia Pope, a sister of General John Pope, who lost the second battle of Bull Run.

His second wife died young in 1854, and for nearly sixty years he was a widower. He made his home with his sister-in-law, Mrs. Beverly Allen. The two houses are not far from one another. Her house on the high bluff above Bellefontaine Road is undoubtedly the original of Bellegarde in *The Crisis*. Over the mantelpiece of the front parlour hangs an oil painting of Cynthia Yeatman, showing a face of great sweetness and charm. Her loss must have touched him deeply. His study was in the north-east corner of the ground floor, the east oriel window commanding the flat expanse that intervenes between the bluff and the river, and the Illinois plain beyond. The novelist has described for us the change that has come over the landscape, by which green meadows have given place to grimy factories. The fair grounds are still in the immediate neighbourhood, forty years ago "a receiving camp for the crude but eager requirements of the Northern States. To Mr. Brinsmade when the day's duty was done, the young Union officers used to ride, and often there would be half a dozen of them to tea."

It was from the Beverly Allen house that Mr. Yeatman was borne to his rest on the ninth day of July, amid a concourse of the representative men of St. Louis. The eulogies that appeared in the public press were just such as Mr. Churchill has given utterance to in speaking of his well-beloved Calvin Brinsmade. "His impress upon St. Louis and its manhood is not among the things that can vanish." These were the words used by the leading newspapers of his adopted

BUST OF JAMES E. YEATMAN (CALVIN BRINSMADE) AS IT STANDS IN THE VESTIBULE OF THE MERCANTILE CLUB, ST. LOUIS, OF WHICH HE WAS THE FIRST PRESIDENT.

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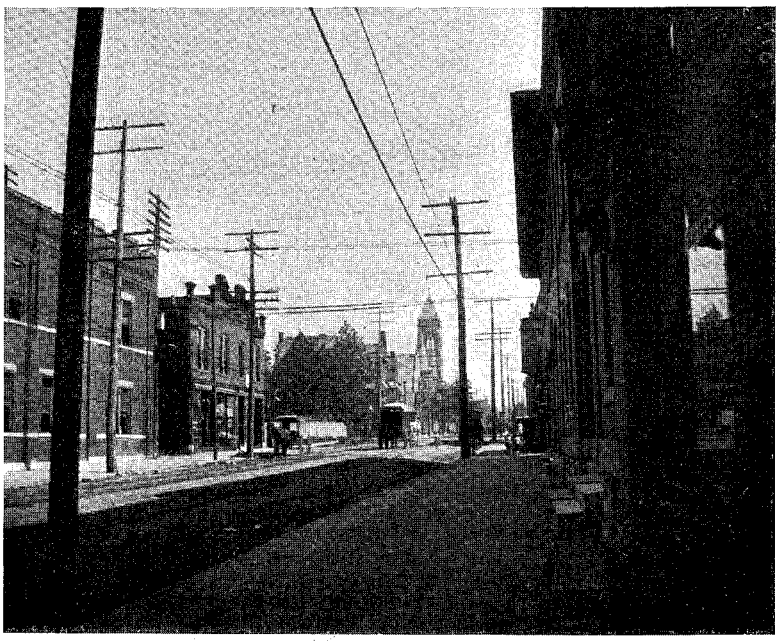

THE SITE OF CAMP JACKSON, AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY.

city in speaking of Mr. Yeatman's character and influence.

In the story, Calvin Brinsmade is spoken of as a Presbyterian, who attended the ministrations of Dr. Postelthwaite, an ardent secessionist. The original of Dr. Postelthwaite, who is but dimly outlined, however, is undoubtedly Dr. James Brookes, of the Third Presbyterian Church, a pronounced Southerner and vigorous polemic. Mr. Yeatman was a staunch Presbyterian, but attended the Second Presbyterian Church, which remained with the North.

The Congregational Church in St. Louis is introduced in an equivocal way in the story as the religious home of the miserable Yankee, Eliphalet Hopper. Mr. Davitt, the pastor, in no way recalls the excellent Dr. Truman Post, a name never mentioned without respect. Most of the incidents in the story hover round Tenth and Locust Streets, where the writer places Colonel Carvel's home. The First Congregational Church of St. Louis worshipped for long in the brick building with Corinthian pillars, situated at the north-east corner, and now used as a warehouse, a place consecrated by memories of Dr. Post, who was its minister during all the years that the society worshipped there.

Many of the details in the career of Stephen Brice, the hero, are taken from incidents in the life of Mr. Henry Hitchcock, brother of Mr. Ethan Hitchcock, at present Secretary of the Interior. Mr. Hitchcock came to St. Louis in the early fifties, studied law, busied himself with journalism, and made quite a reputation by an address he delivered in favour of Lincoln's candidacy. He marched with Sherman to the sea as judge-advocate, and was sent to President Lincoln with despatches after the historic meeting of Sherman and Johnston at Greensboro.

James Main Dixon.

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SOME AMERICAN PARODISTS

Though metrical parody occupies a respectable place in the literature of Greece, France, England and the United States, its relation to the critical and humorous output of those nations is little understood. In this country, at least, it is scarcely recognised as an expression of art, and few persons, aside from students and professional writers, comprehend its claims to attention as a difficult and delightful performance. True, the newspapers abound in examples of cheap and easy metrical imitation of the masters; and from these degraded specimens the popular conception of parody is derived. The higher form of this species of burlesque calls for such exceptional skill that few good parodies are produced—a circumstance which, taken in connection with the flood of poor verses, doubtless explains the common delusion that parody is merely vulgar and trivial.

If we turn but hastily to the records of literature, we find that metrical parody has flourished in England ever since Milton's nephew, John Phillips, perpetrated his famous travesty entitled "The Splendid Shilling;" and the most superficial reader of literary text-books must straightway recall the "Rejected Addresses" of the Brothers Smith. Yet how many persons have turned to the collection itself, and how many are quick to understand that none of Byron's critics has given us a happier insight into the poet's habit of thought than is contained in this celebrated mock of "Childe Harold"?

For what is Hamlet but a hare in March?
  And what is Brutus but a croaking owl?
And what is Rolla? Cupid steep'd in starch,
  Orlando's helmet in Augustine's cowl.
  Shakespeare, how true thine adage, "fair is
    fowl!"
To him whose soul is with fruition fraught,
  The song of Braham is an Irish howl,
Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,
And naught is everything, and everything is
  naught.

A mere glance at the list of English poets who have tried their hands at parody would show us the names of Shakespeare, Byron, Burns, Chaucer, Keats, Shelley, Pope, Coleridge, Swinburne, Gay, Moore, Sir Walter Raleigh, and a host of others. We must not forget that in Miss Catherine Maria Fanshawe's "Fragment in Imitation of Wordsworth" we have the finest parody in the English language—a travesty which follows so closely that poet's style, and affects so faithfully his moral and mental attitude, that we search in vain for a critical exposition of Wordsworth which is at once more terse and telling. In our own day parody has been assiduously cultivated in England. Prize competitions have been conducted frequently by newspaper and periodical, and the performance of the Shakespeare tragedies in London, on an elaborate scale, is often followed by burlesques of them at the minor theatres—a fashion imported from France. These metrical and dramatic effusions will not, however, long detain the attention of one who looks for examples of parody at its best. We must turn for these to the scholar, the poet, and the man-of-letters—to Mr. Andrew Lang and his "Letters to Dead Authors;" to "Lewis Carroll," who, although a clergyman and a mathematician, is best known by the adventures of Alice and the verses so many of us have laughed over without knowing they were parodies; to the productions of the late C. S. Calverley; to Swinburne and his "Heptalogia," wherein this master of metre has gone farther than his satirists in ridiculing alliteration and the extravagant utterance of passion. And yet, after all, a thin volume would hold the metrical parodies of England which are really worth preserving.

This much by way of comparison with what the American has done. In quantity there is quite enough of it; when quality is considered the process of selection eliminates from the list of parodists entitled to high rank all save two or three distinguished names, with Bayard Taylor and H. C. Bunner at the head. At least nine-tenths of the verses popularly accepted as metrical parody are poor stuff, devoid of literary merit. They are written with a particular poem in view, and the dignified theme of the original is perverted to comic purposes by the change of a few lines or words. To this class belong the innumerable imitations of Hamlet's Soliloquy, Longfellow's "Hiawatha," and Tennyson's "Locksley Hall"—the broad burlesquing, in short,

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of any poem which has sunk into the mind of the people. Yet parody of this sort is occasionally amusing and even witty. Catherine Fanshawe herself changed two words in a couplet by Pope, with this effect:

Here shall the spring its earliest colds bestow!
Here the first noses of the year shall blow!

Our own Phœbe Cary, whom Bayard Taylor credited with having written the best American parodies (there were then no competitors for that bit of flattery), revelled in that sort of thing. For example, take this, her travesty of James Aldrich:

Her washing ended with the day,
Yet lived she at its close,
And passed the long, long night away,
In darning ragged hose.

But when the sun in all its state
Illumed the eastern skies,
She passed about the kitchen grate,
And went to making pies.

It is not difficult to write parody of this kind, or even to improve upon it. Suppose, by way of illustration, our sense of humour suggests a gentle satire on the sentiment conveyed in Longfellow's "The Arrow and the Song." By changing a few lines we wholly pervert the lesson. Thus:

I shot an arrow in the air,
It fell to earth I know not where;
And so very bad was the aim I took,
It wasn't worth my while to look.

I sent a song to the editor,
And of its fortune I heard no more;
For who has intellect so keen
That can follow the flights of a magazine?

Long afterwards, when my bow was broke,
I found the arrow in an oak;
And the song, with a fate that ever mocks,
I found in the editor's rubbish box.

Or, suppose, being saturated with Byron, we substitute for Childe Harold a more modern personality. Then straightway we devise stanzas like these:

Come, brown-eyed maid of Gotham! For thou, sweet girl,
Didst ever yet inspire my dog'rel muse.
Goddess Manhattan, when thine orbs unfurl
Their silken lashes for a conq'ring cruise
'Midst the sweet sea called Love, my sex diffuse
The honeyed homage dearest to thy kind;
Yea! they fall down, and worship at thy shoes—
Ones at the most, nor marvel that they find
Bliss, when *my* soul pours forth this purely gratis grind.

Yet would that eye which, soft as the gazelle's,
Wins when it wants to, though it but half try,
Hint not so strongly choc'late caramels,
Or *matinées* which I would fain decry.
O, could he see the too-contemptuous eye
With which the editorial Atlas scans
The concrete rend'ring of the poet's sigh—
The breath of passion which thy beauty fans—
Thy haughty sire would not forbid our marriage bans.

Farewell! A word that must be and hath been;
A sound the poet catches from the lips—
The e'er kiss-worthy lips—of Mabel when
The minute hand the 'leventh hour grips—
A wail—

But that will do. The canto is not come again, since everybody writes poetry, and even the professional poet must be on his best behaviour to get a footing as a filler-in.

Yet we may not altogether scorn the parody of particular poems. "The Rejected Addresses" themselves, and the famous Bon Gaultier Ballads of Aytoun and Martin are modelled, in the main, on specific originals. "Lewis Carroll" in his droll "Father William" had in mind a string of versified platitudes by Southey, entitled "The Old Man's Comforts, and How He Gained Them;" Wordsworth is directly satirised in the inimitable tale of the old man sitting on a gate; and "The Three Voices," in the volume of his collected parodies, is a fling at the metaphysics of Tennyson's "The Two Voices." Among the countless parodies of "Hiawatha" there is one which cleverly burlesques the tautological license of the poet:

He killed the noble Mudjokivis,
With the skin he made him mittens,
Made them with the fur side inside;
Made them with the skin side outside;
He, to get the warm side inside,
Put the inside skin side outside,

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He, to get the cold side outside,
Put the warm side, fur side inside;
That's why he put the fur side inside,
Why he put the skin side outside,
Why he turned them inside outside.

In the hands of Bayard Taylor, metrical parody in the United States became elevated to the dignity of an art. "The Diversions of the Echo Club," originally written by way of amusement, were recast by the poet and published anonymously in the *Atlantic Monthly*. In England the uncommon cleverness of the travesties was quickly recognised, and they were printed there in book form. Afterward they were bound together in this country, and a new edition of the papers was issued a few years ago. The reader unaware of what true parody represents will turn these pages with a new pleasure. In the verses themselves and in the dialogue accompanying them will be found much criticism that is penetrating, yet sympathetic, and which, while unsparing in its indication of the parodied poets' imperfections, is invariably good-humoured. The plan kept in view was to abstain from mimicry of a particular poem, and to make the imitations "a simple echo of the author's tone and manner." Thus:

Therewith he caught an arrow from the sheaf,
And brake the shaft in witlessness of grief;
But Chiton's vest, such dismal fear she had,
Shook from the heart that sorely was a-drad,
And she began, withouten any pause,
To say: "Why break the old Ætolian laws,
Send this man forth, that never harm hath done,
Between the risen and the setten sun?"
And next, they wandered to a steepy hill,
Whence all the land was lying grey and still,
And not a living creature there might be,
From the cold mountains to the salt, cold sea;
Only, within a little cove, one sail
Shook, as it whimpered at the cruel gale,
And the mast moaned from chafing of the rope;
So all was pain: they saw not any hope.

Here the exaggeration of mannerisms and style is so delicate that one at first sight may be led to suppose the passage a literal extract from the poems of William Morris. As one of the members of the Echo Club is made to remark: "Here the dialect and movement and atmosphere are suggested; . . . and the comical effect seems to lie mainly in the circumstance that it *is* a wilful imitation. If we were to find the passage in one of Morris's poems, we might think it carelessly written, somewhat obscure, but still in the same key with what precedes and follows it." This mock of Rossetti is more obvious:

Fair-tinted cheeks, clear eyelids drawn
In crescent curves above the light
Of eyes, whose dim, uncertain dawn
Becomes not day: a forehead white
Beneath long yellow heaps of hair:
She is so strange she must be fair.

Had she sharp, slant-wise wings outspread,
She were an angel; but she stands
With flat dead gold behind her head,
And lilies in her long thin hands:
Her folded mantle, gathered in,
Falls to her feet as it were tin.

Her nose is keen as pointed flame;
Her crimson lips no thing express;
And never dread of saintly blame
Held down her heavy eyelashés:
To guess what she were thinking of
Precluded any meaner love.

There is more of this and numerous other "echoes" in which the translator of "Faust" has unerringly exposed the blemishes of contemporary verse, yet with such gentle playfulness that we can fancy the subjects of the satire joining in the laughter provoked at their expense—just as Byron expressed his admiration for the skill of the brothers Smith. Indeed, the spirit of true parody is such that only the most hypersensitive of poets would resent what, as we have seen, is merely a form of legitimate criticism. Bayard Taylor tells us that he found that the subject of each travesty accepted his share with the greatest good-nature. "I have yet to learn," he says, writing in 1876, "that the publication has given other than a very slight momentary annoyance, and that only in one or two cases." This would seem to sustain the truth of Sir Theodore Martin's utterance in his memoir of William Edmonstoune Aytoun. Referring to the Bon Gaultier Ballads, he writes: "'Let no one,' says Heine, 'ridicule mankind unless he loves them.' With no less truth may it be said: Let no one parody a poet unless he loves him. He must first be penetrated

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by his spirit and have steeped his ear in the music of his verse before he can reflect these under a humorous aspect with success." Such, also, was Fuzelier's view as expressed in his answer to the dramatist La Motte: "We maintain that, far from converting virtue into a paradox, and degrading truth by ridicule, Parody will only strike at what is chimerical and false; it is not a piece of buffoonery so much as a critical exposition." Coleridge, Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt have likewise upheld the uses of parody. Robert Browning is one of the few poets whom we find bitterly opposed to it, and there is record of his resentment which need not be quoted here. There is no evidence to show that Bayard Taylor was aware of this. If so, it did not stay his hand; in "The Echo Club" we find no less than four distinct travesties of his style, submitted with apologetic acknowledgments of Browning's greatness. But this recognition did not obscure Bayard Taylor's perception of the master's palpable and almost deliberate deformities. Witness the following extract from his review of "The Inn Album," in the New York *Tribune* of December 4, 1875:

What's this? A book? 16mo.—Osgood's page,
Fair, clear, Olympian-typed, and save a scant
O' the margin, stiff i' the hurried binding, good!
Intituled how? *"The Inn Album, Robert Brown-*
ing, Author." Why should he not say, as well,
The Hotel Register? —cis-Atlantic term!
Nay, an he should, the action might purvey
To lower comprehensions: so not he!
Reflect, 'tis Browning! he neglects, prepense,
All forms of form; what he gives must we take,
Sweet, bitter, sour, absinthean, adipose,
Conglomerate, jellied, potted, salt, or dried,
As the mood holds him; ours is not to choose!
Well (here huge sighs be heard) commending us
To Heaven's high mercy, let us read!

—Three hours:
The end is reached; but who begins review,
Forgetful o' beginning, with the end?
Turn back!—why, here's a line supplies us with a
Curt comment on the whole, though travesty,—
Hail, calm obliquity, lugubrious plot!—
Yea, since obliquity the straight path is,
And Passion worships as her patron saint
The Holy Vitus, and from Language fall
The rusty chains of rhythm and harmony,
Why not exclaim, *"Hail, sham obliquity!"*
Too hard, you murmur, sweet submissive minds?—
But take a bite o' the original pie! Set teeth,
'Ware cherry-stones, and if a herring-spine
Stick crosswise i' the throat, go gulp, shed tears,
But blame not us! So runs the opening:—

Taking leave of Bayard Taylor, we find that metrical parody had no truly artistic exponent in this country until Mr. Bunner—himself a lyric poet of no mean order—entertained the readers of *Puck* with a series of papers contributed under the name of V. Hugo Dusenbury. Mr. Bunner never saw fit to rescue this "professional poet" from his ephemeral and anonymous environment; the contributions, in fact, ceased before a promise of contemporary criticism by the parodist was made good. Yet, before this quaint creation of a hack writer—pursuing poetry as a business—was allowed to lapse, some interesting examples of metrical travesty had been afforded. Gray, Collins, Cowley, Keats, Wordsworth, and others became Dusenbury's direct models in an "Ode to the Hotel Clerk," and in "His Remarks on a Genuine Antique" the higher form of parody is adopted to show forth the spirit and tone of Whitman, Austin Dobson, and the Persian Omar.

Moore is described as a "kind of Houndsditch Heine for one hapenny," whose specialty was melody. "It was most of it a monotonous jingle," says Dusenbury; "but it was better than anything the public had had in many years. It fixed itself on the memory, and the conservative Briton did not feel aggrieved if occasionally a mild thought gained entrance to his brain, smuggled in amid the new poet's agreeable warblings. . . . On close examination you will find that Mr. Moore's mental attitude was one of enthusiastic admiration for conventional beauty. The staple of his verse is made up of: bells; dark eyes (whether in women or deer); tresses (occasionally 'locks,' rarely hair); magic (of a glance or some crazy wand or other); myrtles; nightingales; moonlight; fountains (meaning springs, wells, or cis-

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terns); breezes (mostly perfume laden); mossy couches (rocks or damp banks); rainbows; shrines; pearls; vales (valleys only when unavoidable); doves; (turtle variety); waves (generally used in the singular, to mean *water*); memory; green things (for purposes of popularity in Ireland); chains; chords; harps; fancy; oars; lutes; Indian and American proper names (almost invariably misspelt and wrongly accented); Peris." With the aid of a book of Eastern travels, he insists, the conscientious imitator of Moore can run off verses like these:

Oh, where are the dews that on Chaldareb's hills[1]
Fell soft as the myrtle-leaf out of the tree?
For the sighing of Soolkas[2] the Samardoom[3] chills,
And the girls of Baloo[4] to the Caubulim[5] flee.

Oh, where are the bows that illumined the sky.
Like the love-light that gleams in the eye of the Bhoolh[6],
As the breezes that laden with perfume went by,
And the Nightingales sung o'er the Bungalow[7] cool?

Oh, where is the magic that gilded the shrine
With pearls that rupees could not purchase in lacs?
And where is the lute like a Djoo zarp[8] divine?—
A bul-iz-zard[9] has blown them to far Halli Phacqs[10].

Mr. Bunner having mastered the technique of verse, sometimes found diversion in mocking the old metres. Among his collected poems you will find in "The Wail of the Personally Conducted" an imitation of the Villanelle, and in "Behold the Deeds!" he has put to comic purposes the difficult Chant Royal with a skill which immediately brings Villon to mind. But the only parody, pure and simple, which Mr. Bunner permitted to be bound together with his volume of verses is the exceedingly clever "Home, Sweet Home—with Variations." There is a rondeau showing how Austin Dobson "might have translated it from Horace, if it had ever occurred to Horace to write it;" two sets of rhyming couplets: "as it might have been constructed in 1744, Oliver Goldsmith at nineteen, writing his first stanza, and Alexander Pope, at fifty-two, the second;" an imitation of Bret Harte, suggesting how—had he chosen the theme—he "might have woven it into a touching tale of a Western gentleman in a red shirt." The style of Walt Whitman, too, is elaborately burlesqued (its vagaries are elsewhere hit off by Mr. Bunner in his disguise as Dusenbury); but there is room here only for the mock of Swinburne's manner, keeping in view that particular stanza of Paine's poem beginning, *An exile from home, splendour dazzles in vain.*

For here we know shall no gold thing glisten,
No bright thing burn, and no sweet thing shine;
Nor love lower never an ear to listen
To words that work in the heart like wine.
What time we are set from our land apart,
For pain of passion and hunger of heart,
Though we walk with exiles fame faints to christen,
Or sing at the Cytherean's shrine.

And for this variation of *'Mid pleasures and palaces:*

As sea-foam blown of the winds, as blossom of brine that is drifted
Hither and yon on the barren breast of the breeze,
Though we wander on gusts of a God's breath shaken and shifted,
The salt of us stings and is sore for the sobbing seas.
For home's sake, hungry at heart, we sicken in pillared porches
Of bliss made sick for a life that is barren of bliss,
For the place whereon is a light out of heaven that sears not nor scorches,
Nor elsewhere than this.

These extracts afford but a faint notion

[1] Elphinstone says that these mountains are of exceeding beauty.
[2] Women are called Soolkas in the Gandarin dialect.
[3] Glance of love.
[4] In the southeast corner of the province of Beloochistan.
[5] Fabled sacred caverns.
[6] The Henna-dyed maidens called Boohls are famous for their loveliness, according to Niebuhr.
[7] Or Bungaloo.
[8] Musical instrument supposed to be used by the Peris.
[9] The breath of Heaven—oriental imagery for a mild and soothing local zephyr.
[10] See Hades, Revised Version.

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of Mr. Bunner's skill in travesty. To read the verses through is a pleasure recommended to all persons ignorant of how much sympathy, apprehension, critical acumen and careful study are essential to one who would successfully attempt this much-despised and little-understood art. Even Bret Harte in his metrical parodies, included among his collected poems, has signally failed to produce anything which is more than a close imitation in the common manner of some specific model. His prose parodies, the Sensation Novels Condensed, are keenly relished; but with all his ability as a versifier, his metrical mimicry of Poe, Spencer, Longfellow, and the rest is not of a high order. His nearest approach to a "critical exposition" is in his satirical attack on "Maud Müller." The verses are little more than a paraphrase of the original, and really belong to parody of the second class; but his rebuke of Whittier's sentimentalism will be enjoyed by those who share the parodist's point of view. These cynics will agree with Mr. Harte that Whittier's lamentation that the Judge did not marry Maud expressed a false view of life, and that the tragedy of such a union might be best summed up thus:

> If, of all words of tongue and pen,
> The saddest are, "It might have been,"
>
> More sad are these we daily see:
> It is, but it hadn't ought to be.

Mr. Harte, however, has made a confession which shows that in one instance, at least, he rose to the true spirit of metrical parody, and in doing so achieved one of his most conspicuous successes. Probably the "Heathen Chinee" would have won popular recognition even if the metre had been more commonplace; yet originality in this respect is no small matter. Mr. Harte himself disclosed the secret in a published interview with Mr. Henry J. W. Dam, several years ago. In writing the "Heathen Chinee," he explained, he borrowed the metre of the threnody in Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon." Observe the likeness:

* * * * *

Atalanta, the fairest of women, whose name is a blessing to speak.

* * * * *

Yet he played it that day upon William and me in a way I despise.

"It occurred to me," said Mr. Harte, "that the grand and beautiful sweep of that chorus was just the kind of thing which Truthful James would be the last man in the world to adopt in expressing his views. Therefore I used it."

The student of parody, turning over the heap of examples in his collection, and finding what a small proportion of it all is proper to the art as Bayard Taylor understood it, wonders more than ever why a literary diversion of such classic antiquity, and demanding such rare skill, should have fallen into contempt. Dr. Johnson affected to despise it, and then unconsciously revealed that back of his contempt was not only his inability to write respectable parody, but an apparent misapprehension of its essential requisites. Byron's use of it in scoffing at Wordsworth was both malignant and ineffective. Burns attempted it with indifferent success. If we review the entire collection in English, from the reign of Queen Anne to the present day, we can yet count the adepts on the fingers of one hand. Hence we are constrained to believe that he who brushes aside the consideration of parody with a sneer is either wofully ignorant of its functions or deficient in certain elements of the literary sense.

Parody as an expression of criticism seems to flourish more abundantly as a nation grows older in literature, and aside from the parodists cited, no other American maker of "echoes" has won distinction in this department of humour. Even isolated examples of true metrical travesty are few in number. Among them may be mentioned a group of imitations by R. H. Newell (Orpheus C. Carr). He describes them as "Poems received in response to an advertised call for a National Anthem;" and Bryant, who is among the bards burlesqued, has included them in his collection of American poetry. It is explained that the following "anthem," ascribed to Emerson, "was greatly praised by a celebrated German scholar, but the committee will feel obliged to reject it on account of its too childish simplicity:"

Source immaterial of material naught,
Focus of light infinitesimal,
Sum of all things by sleepless Nature wrought,
Of which abnormal man is decimal.

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Refract, in prism immortal, from thy stars
To the stars blent incipient on our flag,
To beam translucent, neutrifying death,
And raise to immortality "the rag."

In recent years, two or three volumes of new metrical parodies issued from the London press have found favour in the United States; but our own wits have won little reputation in this way. Among the very few Americans, besides Taylor and Bunner, who have displayed some aptitude for travesty, Miss Helen Gray Cone is perhaps the most conspicuous. She has cleverly mocked Swinburne, with "The Song of Sir Palamede" for a text, and her "Narcissus in Camden" is a faithful echo; but she has not persisted along these lines. So, despite the endless making of books, the long array of rhymesters, and the deterrent belief that the by-paths, no less than the highways of literature, have been worn smooth, it would seem that there are still ungathered laurels for an American Catherine Fanshawe, and ample quarters for a new Echo Club.

William Trowbridge Larned.

THE NOVEL'S DEADLIEST FRIEND

About a century has passed since woman's fondness began to spoil the English novel. Up to Fielding's day, it appears, some good fortune preserved the lusty youth of Fiction from woman's blighting eye; or perhaps the simple appetite of youth made a defence, as the roast of beef and the flagon of ale protected Tom Jones from the blandishments of the strange lady in the inn. But this protection likewise was only temporary; and Fielding, Thackeray said in tears, was the last novelist in England "that dared to paint a man." Thackeray went away from an interview with his editor, with that remark, to write into *Pendennis* those paragraphs which preserve the hero's virtue—and ever since masculine heroes have been made to fit feminine ideals. Woman never has liked the Tom Jones type of hero—the conquering, destroying, self-indulgent young animal. She likes splendour and dash, but still demands that the hero shall represent somehow the idea of self-sacrifice, of mortification of the flesh, and, above all, of constancy. It was Thackeray, again, who said that woman would forgive Nero all his other sins if only he had been a good family man. And this fits in with what Count Tolstoy has said recently, that woman is less noble, less self-sacrificing, than man, since man will sacrifice his family for an idea, while woman won't. It seems, then, to be fairly well established that the heights of self-sacrifice are beyond woman. And in imposing her lower ideals upon the novel she has done the harm that male novelists still deplore. As she has prevented the hero of the novel from soaring to the lonely peaks which she can't reach herself, so also she forbids him to ramp through the pleasant meadows, witlessly enjoying himself. She condemns him to stern probation and as many labours as Hercules had, and all to what end? That he may kneel at her feet for his reward. The modern novel simply flatters woman's egregious vanity. But what to do about it? How to prevent woman reading and buying books? As long as she does so the manful efforts of the novelist to uphold his art must come to naught.

It used to be thought and said not many years ago that the young person caused the trouble; but the higher education has practically eliminated her, and yet the novel is as badly off as before. Indeed, in France, where the young person was never terrifying, the novel has been debased all the same by the influence of woman, who, educated, intelligent and married, is all the more pernicious. Count Tolstoy points out the damnatory evidence in contemporary French literature that "in France everything centres in women, and women have complete control of life;" in particular, Maupassant, "the man of greatest talent in these days," is "depraved and centres all his fiction in women." Women, Tolstoy explains, besides their lack of moral qualities, are also mentally deficient. They "cling to old absurdities." It cannot be denied that they do—romance, for example. It must be admitted, too, that they will not sacrifice their own ideas of what

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makes an interesting story or a proper hero. Self-sacrificing man writes to please them. Hence, woman drags the novel down.

Mr. Howells more than intimated in his recent article on historical romances that women are mainly responsible for the recent "welter of overwhelming romance" in Anglo-Saxendom. Women—that is, and golf. Golf leads to muscular ideals among women, and muscular ideals lead to romance, to the "spilth of blood" and "the horrid din of the swashbuckler swashing on his buckler." Mr. Howells said that women, especially with us, are the "repository of such refinement as we have attained," but also that "their tastes and manners have been coarsened by sharing the rude sports and boyish games of men." However, women are not as bad as their influence; very few of them, probably, really enjoy athletics as much as they pretend, Mr. Howells thought, and very few probably are fond of novels of adventure. Yet athletics have flourished and novels of adventure superabound, because women do not know what they want, or won't say.

Not content, however, with the harm she can do by simply buying and reading novels, woman has insisted on writing them. Having set the pace for romantic novels, she has tried to write romance. But the *Evening Post* and the editor of a literary weekly are agreed that woman cannot do the "genuinely romantic novel —the novel of incident." She does a base imitation of it simply "to please the popular taste and sell her books," but the real thing is beyond her. This is pointed out by the editor of the literary weekly, who says: "Let the men attend to the novel of fight and fury, and the women to the delineation of domestic virtues and faults. We shall get a sounder literature thus than we shall if the women attempt to enter into the fighting nature of man, which they never understand and for which they have no sympathy."

This is, no doubt, sound advice; but has not the critic made a mistake in saying that woman's forte lies in the delineation of character? Are not most great critics agreed that to delineate character, even domestic virtues and faults, is the office of the highest type of novel, while the novel of incident, of fight and fury, is of a distinctly inferior sort? There is some illogicality here. Woman seems to be getting some credit that does not belong to her.

Another thing she is responsible for is the "American boom" in books, which so astonishes English readers and rouses the envy of avaricious English authors, according, at least, to the London *Daily Telegraph*. Why do American books boom so enormously? How does it happen that the successful American novel sells three hundred thousand copies when the English, if very successful, sells fifty thousand? The *Daily Telegraph* answers wisely, because of the enormous population the American publisher has to deal with—a feminine population, for American men do not read. But is it a good thing—for them or for the novel—that American wives and daughters should absorb three hundred thousand copies of some romance? The author who has written a really good, unpopular thing thinks not, and the critic agrees with him. No, it is impossible to be an artist and please three hundred thousand women. There is something gross in these figures; the refined intelligence shrinks from the idea of such a crowd. By taking the novel in such quantities woman has brought it down to the level of the bargain-counter. Can true art be bought below cost?

The worst is, there is no hope for the future. More women are buying and reading every year. *Neith Boyce.*

QUATRAIN

Fear not the menace of the By-and-by;
To-day is ours, to-morrow Fate must give;
Stretch out your hands and eat, although ye die—
Better to die than never once to live.

Richard Hovey.

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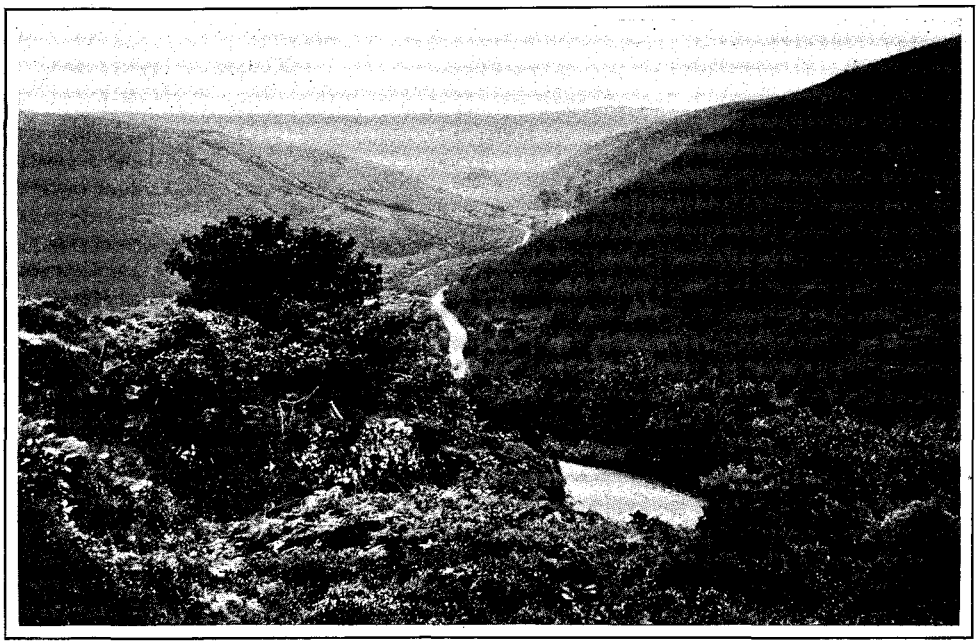
R. D. BLACKMORE'S COUNTRY

The "West Country," beyond all other parts of rural England, is rich in its associations with English romance. It is of Dorsetshire that Hardy writes. Back in the eighteenth century Henry Fielding drew a vigorous inspiration from the roads and the ale houses, the highwaymen and coach drivers of Somerset, and even to-day one may very readily make a pilgrimage in the trail of Tom Jones on his way from the roof of Squire Allworthy to London, or follow the roads over which Joseph Andrews and Parson Adams trudged on that eventful journey which brought them so many strange adventures and so much knowledge of the world. Of Westward Ho! and Clovelly, Charles Kingsley has written in *Westward Ho!* It was of the West Country that Dr. Conan Doyle wrote in *Micah Clarke,* and to a certain few "the country of Blackmore" may, perhaps, mean the various parts of rural England which have been treated in the many books which bear his name; but to many it means only the downs, combes and streams of Exmoor, which are associated with the story of the loves of John Ridd and Lorna Doone. Whatever else one may say of Mr. Blackmore's most widely known novel, none can deny that it possesses atmosphere. The style may be over-strenuous and artificial, the characters and episodes of the story may speedily be forgotten, but there will always remain some impression of the wonderful picture of Exmoor as Blackmore conceived it to be in the days of the second Charles and the second James.

The opening chapters of the book show



THE HAUNTS OF THE DOONES.

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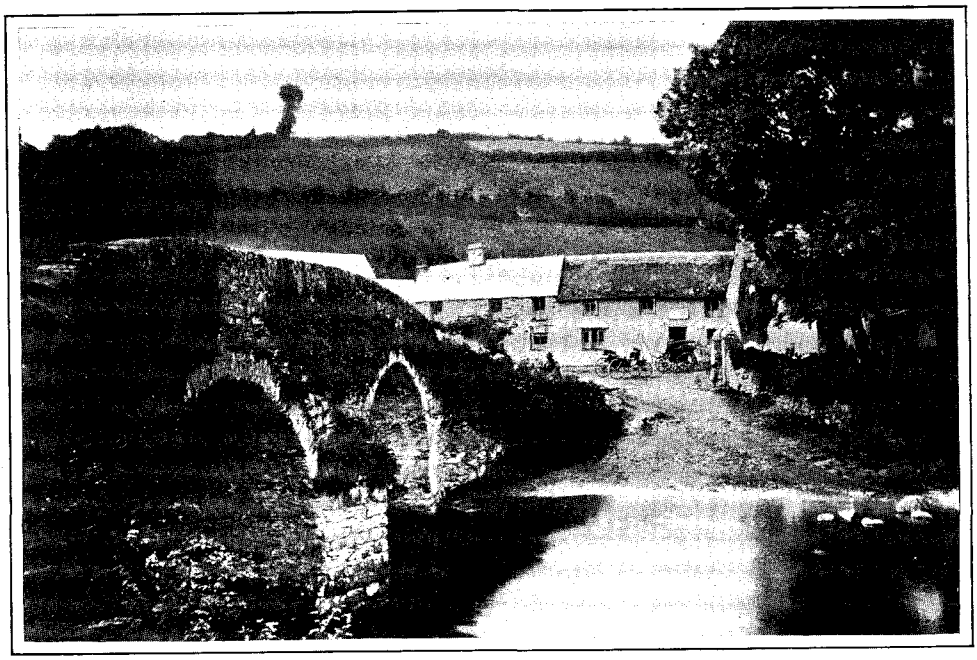
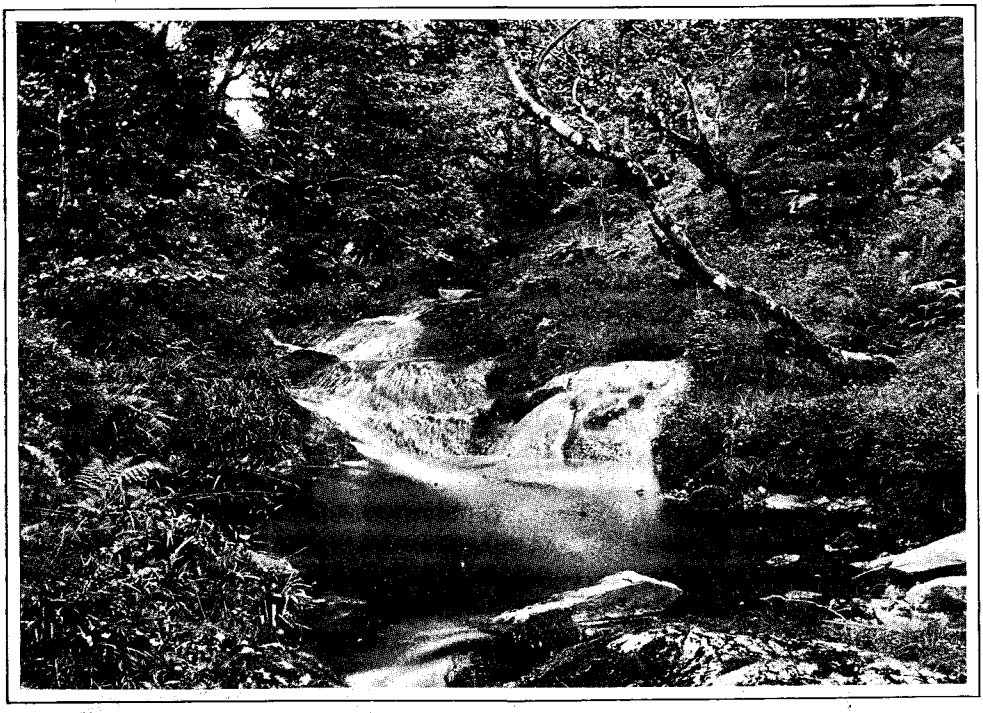


WATERSMEED.



THE WATERSLIDE CLIMBED BY JOHN RIDD. "AND THE LOOK OF THIS BLACK PIT WAS ENOUGH TO STOP ONE FROM DRIVING INTO IT."

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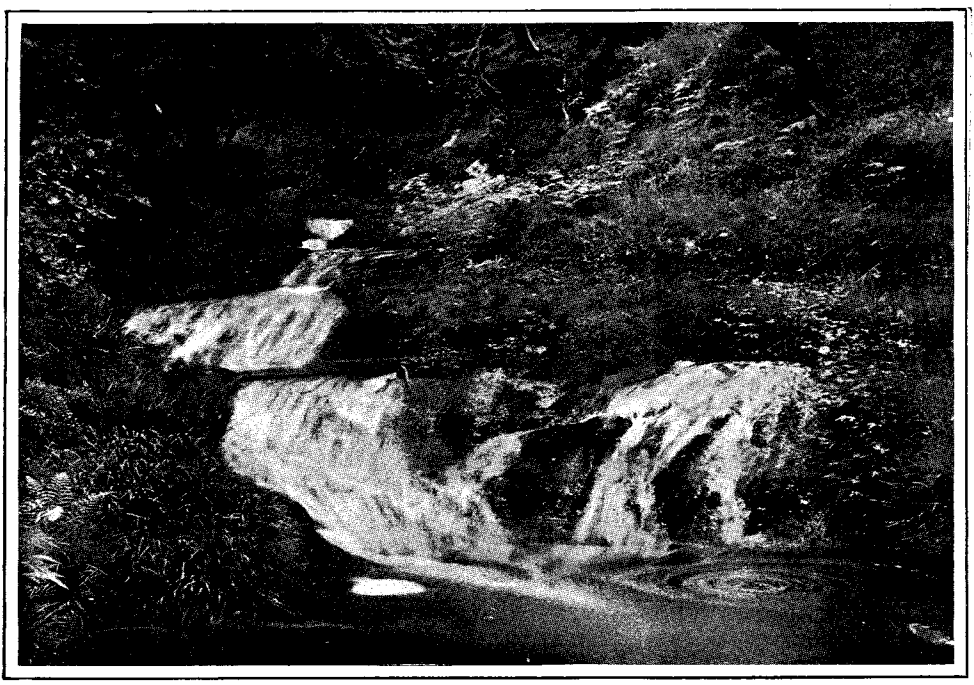
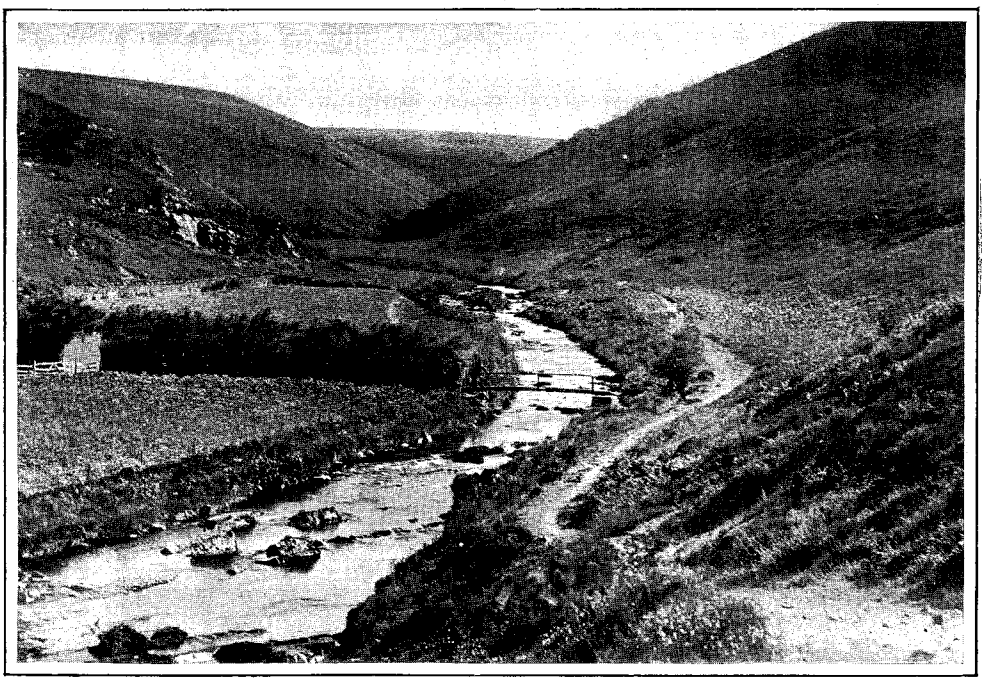


THE WATERSLIDE—ANOTHER VIEW.



BAGWORTHY WATER.

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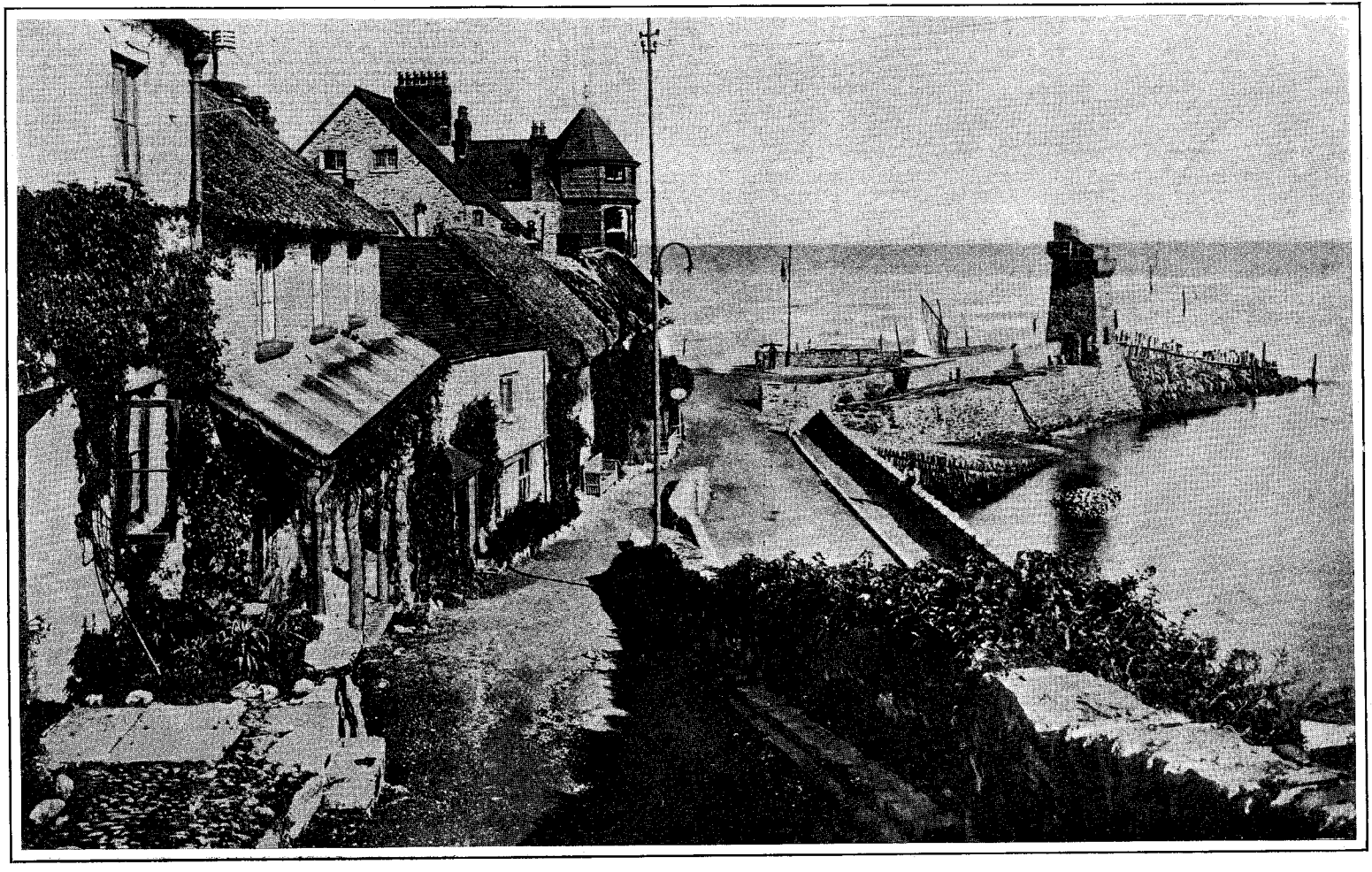

LYNMOUTH.

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LYNMOUTH HARBOUR.

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John Ridd, an urchin of twelve, engaged in a fight with Robin Snell at the ancient grammar school of Blundells at Tiverton, which was founded in 1604 by one Peter Blundell, and which flourishes to this day, one of the most famous of all the schools in the west of England. Thence, in company with John Fry, the boys journey to the town of Oare, to find that his father has met death at the hands of the Doones. In his treatment of this savage and bloodthirsty family, Mr. Blackmore strayed only occasionally from actual history, near Glenthorne, that the people of the countryside dared to think of attacking them. Then, like wildfire, there spread over the moorlands the news that a child had been brutally slain at Exford, and its mother carried away. The doggerel of the novel:

> Child, if they ask who killed thee,
> Say 'twas the Doones of Bagworthy,

was actually sung by the butchers over the infant's body. Then the men of the moors gathered in arms, and with the

OARE CHURCH, WHERE LORNA AND JOHN WERE MARRIED, WHERE LORNA WAS SHOT BY CARVER DOONE. "THE SOUND OF A SHOT RANG THROUGH THE CHURCH, AND THOSE EYES WERE DIM WITH DEATH."

although they seem to have settled in Exmoor somewhat later than would be supposed from reading the novel. The seventeenth century was drawing very near to its close when, under the leadership of a Doone who had in some way made himself obnoxious to the government of James the Second, the band established its mountain home and began a freebooting career, existing by the levying of blackmail and cattle lifting. It was not until a Doone trooper had been killed in a raid on Yeanworthy farm, aid of the king's soldiers swept the Doones from the earth.

The Doone Valley and Bagworthy Water lie in what even at the present day is the most desolate part of Exmoor. Inland from Lynmouth, or Lynton, the road winds about the hills and through the valleys, becoming steadily wilder and rougher. Here and there may be seen a shepherd's hut, half hidden in a corner of the valley; but there are few other signs of habitation. All about nothing but grazing sheep and down rising above

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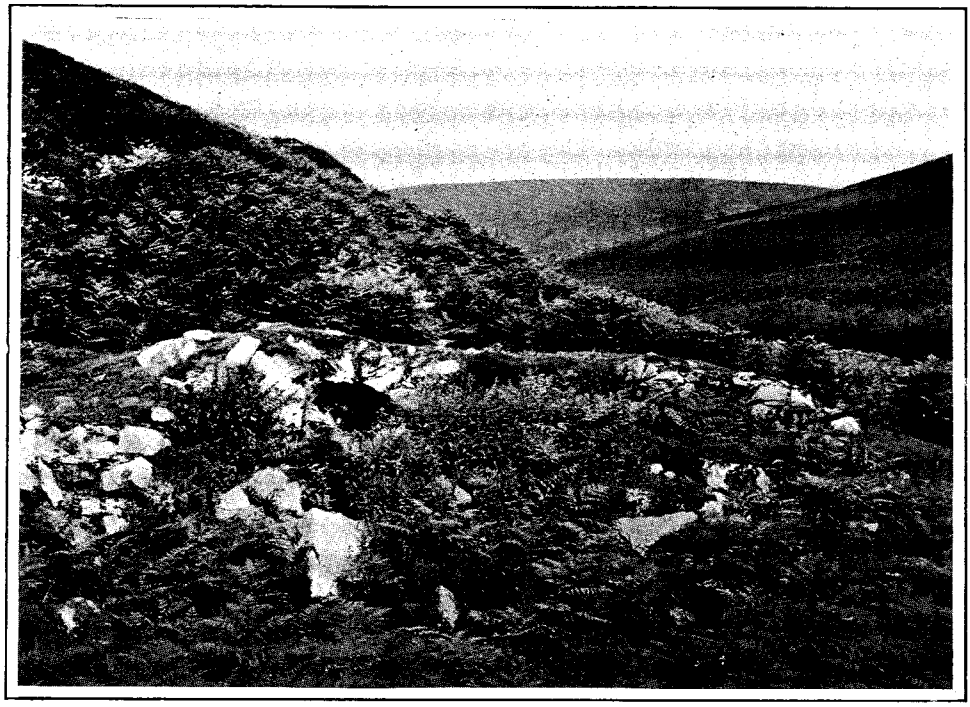
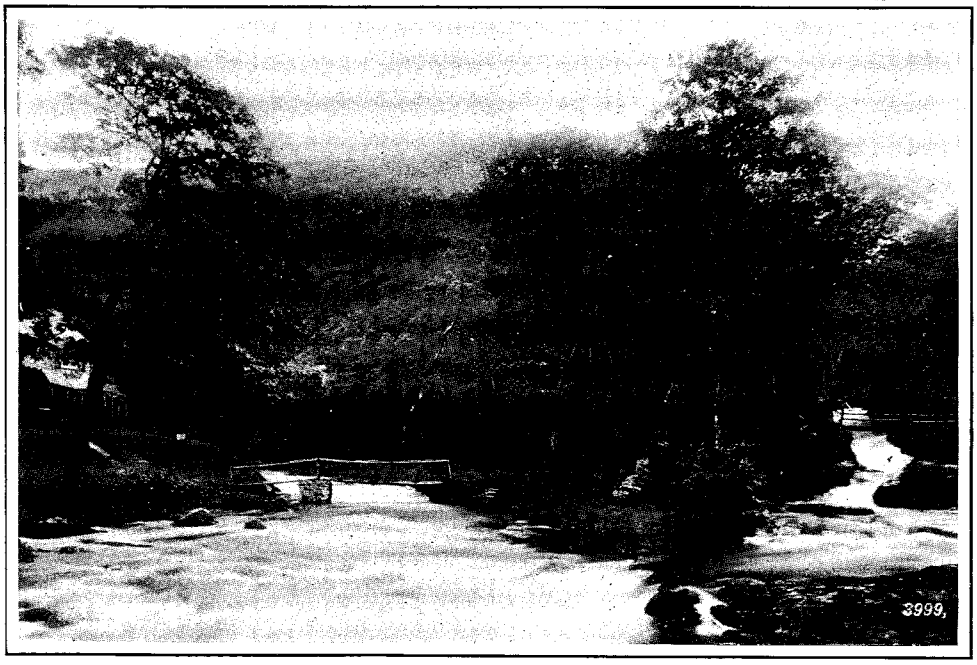


IN THE VALLEY.



LYNMOUTH. WATERSMEED AND COTTAGE.

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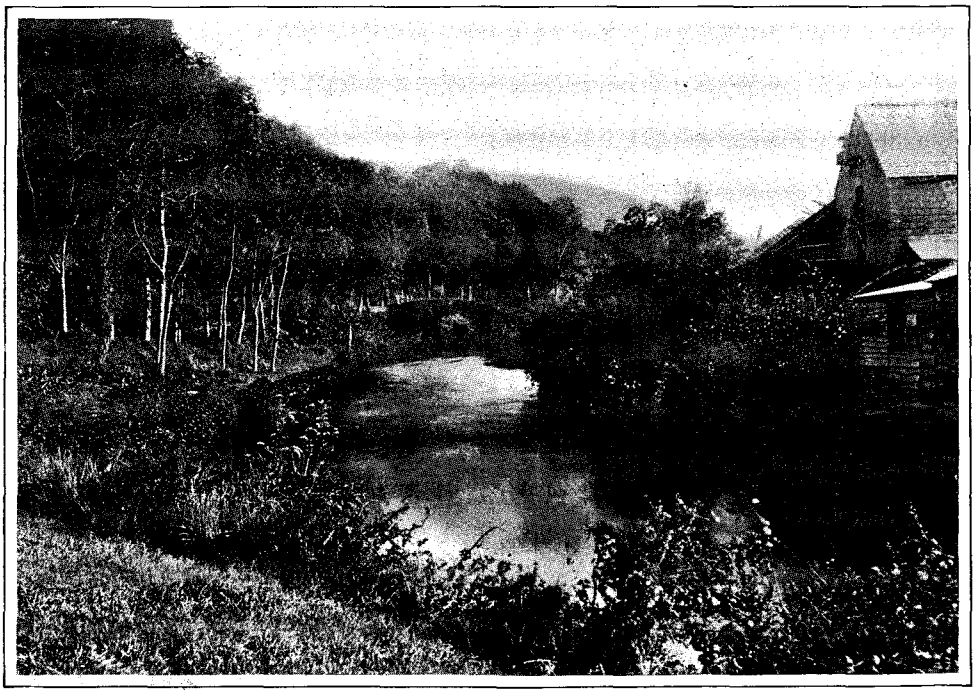
BRENDON. THE VILLAGE.



BRENDON. OLD BRIDGE AND MILL.

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down. In the very heart of this country, where the counties of Somerset and Devonshire meet, is the Doone Valley, through which winds the Bagworthy Water. Splendidly picturesque as the valley is, it is, in the novel, undoubtedly, tinged by the novelist's imagination. There is lacking some of the wildness which one expects to find in the haunt of the terrible outlaws. The waterslide itself which John Ridd climbed with such toil and pain on the famous leach-fishing expedition, which resulted in his first meeting with Lorna, is to-day accessible to the least courageous of visitors.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

DUSK

Beyond the burning rhapsody of noon,
The wind's elusive harp-note in the trees,
Between the sunset and the primrose moon
There is a rapture all unknown of these—
The harmony of twilight. Nature's note,
Prolonged, pellucid, subtler far than song,
Bearing the lifted soul till it doth float
Upon the heart of night and find it strong;
Against this bar the waves of tumult fail
And tides slip back into a silent deep;
The world, beneath a white and windless sail,
Drifts outward to the vaster sea of sleep,
And thought, starlike, doth rise above Time's shoal
To find thee still—thou twilight of my soul!

Virginia Woodward Cloud.

THE ALIEN NEWSPAPERS OF NEW YORK CITY

The cosmopolitan character of the City of New York is mirrored to no better advantage by anything than by its newspapers. The desire to have a newspaper in their own language is no stronger among the Anglo-Saxons on the frontiers of civilisation—where they set up a printing-press long before the advent of railroads—than it is among the foreigners who settle in the American metropolis. However small the colony of foreigners may be it is certain to have a newspaper of some description, and if the foreign quarter is a large one there is a list of journals proportionately extensive.

Besides the fifteen hundred English publications in New York City there are no less than eighty newspapers and periodicals printed in foreign languages and dialects. Of the forty-five daily newspapers issued in the city more than one-fifth are printed in foreign languages. One foreign language, the German, is represented by seven daily newspapers, several of which are comparable with the best of those printed in the official language of the country.

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In the order of their numerical strength, the foreign languages and dialects are thus represented in New York's newspaperdom: German, Hebrew, Italian, Bohemian, French, Arabic, Spanish, Hungarian, Swedish, Swiss, Greek, Armenian, Polish, Croatian, Japanese, Yiddish, Irish, Scottish, British, Finnish, and Chinese. Besides these there are several Anarchist newspapers, a deaf-mute journal, a newspaper for and by negroes, an Irish revolutionary journal, while Boer and Porto Rican newspapers are projected.

THE JAPANESE-AMERICAN WEEKLY NEWS.
Vol. I, No. 4, New york, Saturday, January 12, 1901.
日米週報
第四號
(米國郵務局認可)
紀元二千五百六十一年
明治三十四年一月十二日
(毎土曜日發行)

THE YOUNGEST OF ALIEN NEWSPAPERS IN NEW YORK. EDITED, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY A STUDENT OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY.

The German newspapers are the most numerous, there being no less than twenty-five in Manhattan Borough alone. The Hebrew publications are second in number, five dailies and ten weeklies being issued. The Italian follows with three dailies and seven weeklies. Two daily Bohemian papers and two weeklies are printed, and in the French there are a daily and a weekly. The Arabs of New York have a daily newspaper, one semi-weekly and two weeklies. All the other languages are represented by semi-weeklies, weeklies or monthly publications. Of the latter there are a score which compare favourably with the magazines published in the English language. The majority of the magazines are devoted to literature, and range in size from twenty to one hundred and twenty-five pages.

The youngest, and at the same time the most remarkable, of these alien newspapers is the Japanese-American *Weekly News,* which has the unique distinction of being the only periodical in the country not printed from type or stereotyped plate. The *News,* which is edited, printed, and published by a student of Columbia University and one of his friends, consists of four pages of a lithographed reproduction of hand-written copy. Every line of the paper and all the illustrations in the advertising columns are first written on sheets of paper with a brush, then reproduced on stone by a tedious process, and finally printed by hand. This cumbersome process of making a newspaper was adopted owing to the great expense of bringing fonts of Japanese type from Japan. The language used in the pages of the *News* is a mixture of Japanese and Chinese, similar to that of all native Japanese journals. Chinese picture-signs are used when there is no Japanese equivalent for the idea it is intended to express—a custom comparable with our own of interjecting French and Latin expressions when the English lan-

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Nejstarší denní časopis na východě. Založený roku 1875. Věnovaný zájmům všech Čechoslovanů v Americe.

NEW-YORSKE LISTY.

The Oldest Bohemian Daily Newspaper in the East. Established 1875. Best Advertising Medium. — Try it! —

Číslo 12 | New-York, v pondělí dne 14. ledna 1901. | Cena 3 centy.

Zprávy zámořské. Z jihoafrického bojiště. | ČECHY. Praha, 13. ledna. Při městských volbách do říšské rady zvoleni byli | Proti hlasování žen. Předloha podána v legi- | Maškarní ples, pořádaný Č. S. N. P. spolkem čís. 1. v sobotu v Národní budově měl při | Doutníkářský trust. Státnímu tajemníku v Trentone, New Jersey, podány byly v sobotu | Sensační zatčení defraudanta. V Pošti byl před několika dny | NEJROZSÁHLEJŠÍ

THE OLDEST TCHEK DAILY.

guage is not sufficiently explicit. The *News* is a stanch advocate of a plan to reform the Japanese language by substituting Roman letters for the different kinds of Japanese and Chinese characters now used, and its editor has announced that within a few months he will adopt Roman type in its pages. The circulation of the *News* has not yet attained extensive proportions, but inasmuch as there are a thousand Japanese in New York City and almost twenty thousand in the entire country, its possibilities in that respect are considered bright.

The only Croatian newspaper in New York and the best representative of the two hundred thousand Croatians in the United States is the *Narodni List,* or *National Gazette,* a four-page weekly which proudly asserts that it is "the largest and most widely circulated newspaper in the United States." Excluding that assertion, which is also made by various other newspapers, the *Narodni List* seems to have patterned after no American papers. It is printed wholly in a mixed Slavic, such as is spoken in the Austrian province whence its readers come.

The German newspapers in the city are far more numerous than those of any other language, as might be imagined from the large Teutonic population of the city. Seven daily papers and more than twenty weeklies are printed and their aggregate circulation amounts to more than a million daily and three-quarters of a million weekly, respectively. In no respect are the German newspapers inferior to the English productions, unless the absence of job-type in the headlines is an indication of inferiority. One of the German dailies, the *Staats-Zeitung,* wields an influence throughout the whole United States such as is possessed by probably no other newspaper of whatever language. It is also one of the greatest money-making papers in the country. The majority of the German publications are Americanised to such an extent that they differ from the English papers in language only. To them the Fatherland is secondary always to America and their patriotism is unquestionable.

The Hebrew newspapers, of which there are five dailies, seven weeklies and many monthlies, are almost without exception issued from the east side of the city where the mass of the Jewish population lives. In that quarter of the city, the so-called Ghetto, there is even more ardent competition among the publishers than there is among their brethren of the press in Newspaper Row, and the newsboys are many times more energetic than the gamins of City Hall Park or Herald Square. The Hebrew language and its

NarodniList

THE ONLY CROATIAN PAPER IN NEW YORK.

Broj 3. | New York, Srieda 9 Siečnja 1901. | Godina IV.

Status Porto Rika

Pred vrhovnim sudom Sjed. Država u Washington započela je jučer razprava, koja je...

Družtvo Sv. Roka u Johnstown Pa.

Primamo i rado priobćujemo e da bi se i druga ...

Stožernik Gibbons proti imperializmu

Iz Južne Afrike

...hiljada crnaca južne A... ...nudilo se pomoći ge... ...itchoneru pobljediti ... Zulu

P. D. Armour

U nedjelju 6 tek. umro je u Chicago Ill. Philip Danforth Armour od bolesti na srdcu. Armour je od siromašna dječaka ... energijon i ...

Majstariji Grad u Americi

Do sada uvjek se držalo da najstariji gradovi u Americi su Santa Fe i San Augustine, prvi je bio utemeljen 1605 a drugi 1595.

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SCOTTISH AMERICAN.

VOL. XLV.—WHOLE NO. 2,367. NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 16, 1901. SINGLE COPIES, SEVEN CENTS.

THE BUILDING O' THE CHALLENGER.

(To an old tune.)

What news is this comes frae the Clyde?
Ha, ha, the building o't!
The secret can no longer hide—
Ha, ha, the building o't!
Sir Thomas soon will ride in ease

proposed that they should go around the head of the little lake, where he assured her the trout were plentiful. Without attaching any suspicion to so kind a person she accompanied him. On coming to a marshy place he offered to carry her safely over, [illegible]

no time for vain regrets. Turning to Marion (the faithful servant) she said, "How can I escape? Let me leave this terrible scene." These were not the *tinge* for hysterical exclamations on the part of ladies. On reflecting [illegible] had slain The Mark

chief henchman therefore determined on instant pursuit. Some weeks had elapsed before this action could be arranged and the little army fully equipped, but revenge was the watchword, and onward at all hazards [illegible] command.

rest. But how strange the mutations of time! The St. Clairs (now the Sinclairs) are still prominent in their native country, while their chief—the present Earl of Caithness (T[illegible] resigned the [illegible]

dialects are used throughout these papers and few English characters appear in their pages. Following the custom of many of the alien newspapers, the last page of the Hebrew publications contains the title, and the overflow news of one column runs into the column adjoining on the left instead of running from left to right as the English papers have it. Several of the east side papers are printed in a Germanised Yiddish dialect, and one of the leading publications, the Jewish *Daily News*, divides its space between Yiddish and English. *Vorwaertz*, one of the largest of the Hebrew papers, has a daily circulation of more than twenty thousand copies, chiefly among the Socialists, whose mouthpiece it is. The Jewish *Abend-Post*, the Jewish *Herald* and the *Volks-Zeitung*, the other dailies, have equally large circulations and in general typographical appearance differ little. All the Hebrew dailies consist of eight seven-column pages, and are sold for one cent a copy. The Hebrew weeklies, which cater chiefly to the members of the race outside of New York, have large circulations, one of them selling no less than fifty thousand copies. The magazines devoted to Hebrew interests do not attain such material success, although the *American Hebrew*, a monthly magazine of about fifty pages, has a reputation extending beyond racial bounds even if less than two thousand copies are printed. The *American Jewess* is another meritorious magazine, but like the *American Hebrew*, it is printed in English.

Vol. 9 N. 930 — N. J. ABBEELY FOUNDER OF KAWKAB AMERICA — العدد ٩٣٠ السنة التاسعة

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كوكب اميركا

قيمة الاشتراك من سنة لغاية سنة واحدة بامريكا في نيويورك ٥ دولارات وفي سائر مدن الولايات المتحدة ٥ دولارات وثلاثون شركة في الخارج ٦ دولارات وخمسون شركة

ترسل تحاويل بريدية باسم المدير نيويورك

الجرائد ومطالب المطبعة والشركة مع حضرة

١٠٨ شارع برود — نيويورك

الدفع سلفاً

New York, Friday, JAN. 25, 1901 — نيويورك الجمعة ٢٥ كانون الثاني سنة ١٩٠١ — جريدة يومية سياسية ادبية حرة تصدر ثلاث مرات في الاسبوع

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THE ARABIAN DAILY. THE ORGAN OF THE ARABS, SYRIANS, TURKS AND COPTS.

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THE NEW YORK AGE

VOL. XIII. NO. 18. | NEW YORK: THURSDAY, JANUARY 10, 1901. | PRICE, 5 CENTS.

KNIGHTS OF THE QUILL. — ENTERTAINED AT AN ELABORATE BANQUET BY REGISTER LYONS.

NEW BEDFORD BUDGET.

ABOUT THE EMPIRE STATE. — INTEREST GROWING IN THE AFRO-AMERICAN COUNCIL.

NOTED IN NEW ENGLAND. — GREETING TO THE NEW CENTURY IN A COLLEGE TOWN.

FREEDOM'S ANNIVERSARY. — TWENTIETH CENTURY CELEBRATION AT FANEUIL HALL.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE NEGRO.

The Italian colonies in New York have three daily papers to furnish the news of the new and old worlds. Contact with the conditions in the metropolis has not caused the publishers of these papers to pattern after the local English papers in any respect, and *Il Progresso Italo-Americano*, *L'Araldo Italiano* and the *Bolletino della Sera* are exact counterparts of present-day Neapolitan publications. The Latins' custom of filling the lower half of the title-page with a short fiction story, or *feuilleton*, is strictly followed, and none issues more than four pages—a rule of Italian parentage, undoubtedly. Generally, the Italian papers of New York pay no attention to local partisan politics, though the publishers eagerly pursue the politicians, and secure remunerative orders for space from both parties while a campaign is in progress. Like the publishers of many of the other alien papers, the Italians find that the profits of their publications are so sparse that they are obliged to engage in other pursuits; and so it happens that bankers, brokers and commercial men are also the editors and proprietors of daily and weekly newspapers.

The *Courier des États-Unis*, the only French daily, is one of the most ably conducted of all the alien newspapers. It has a wide circulation throughout the country, and it has a vast and good in-

Intered as Second-Class matter at the New York. P. Oct.-1899

No. 59 New York JAN. 16, 1901. vol. 7

AL-MUSHEER
THE COUNSELLOR
A WEEKLY LIBERAL JOURNAL

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جميع المخابرات والاشتراكات يجب ان تكون باسم مدير الجريدة ومحررها

سليم سركيس

قيمة الاشتراك
٤ ريالات في الولايات المتحدة وكندا والمكسيك * ليرة انكليزية في البرازيل واوربا والممالك الاجنبية
٢٠ فرنكًا في القطر المصري
٤٠ فرنكًا في تركيا

عدد ٥٩ نيويورك في الاربعا في ١٦ كانون ثاني (جانوري) سنة ١٩٠١ السنة السابعة

حنا افندي نقاش وكيل المشير العام
القطر المصري في الاسكندرية

هيئتنا الاجتماعية

لكلّ نزالة غريبة في هذه الجمهورية العظيمة هيئة اجتماعية تعرف بها لدى افرادها وتعتبرها الامة الاميركية وهيئاتهم الاجتماعية تكون على اشكال اهمها وجود طبقة من الناس لها منزلة أسمى من منزلة سواها من عائلات النزالة وتتمازية بالشرف والمال والادب ويليها طبقة ثانية هي الجمعيات العمومية بين سياسية وادبية ثم الجمعيات الدينية ثم العامة

هذا حال النزالات في اميركا الا النزالة السورية فانها ليس لها هيئة اجتماعية مع انها حاصلة على الشرف والمال والادب ولكن لسوء الحظ قد اختلط في هذه البلاد الحابل بالنابل كما يقول العرب فكل سوري شريف وكل سوري غني وكل سوري اديب فلا فقير بيننا ولا وضيع ولا جاهل كل واحد منا يتصل نسبة بالنبي وكل واحد يضرب على جيبه بالالوف وكل واحد يشمخ بانفه الى السحاب فالامة المؤلفة من اشراف فقط لم تخلق بارادة الله تعالى لانه جلّ جلاله اختار ان يجعل الناس طبقات ونحن نعارض الهنا فنريد ان نكون طبقة واحدة لا رئيس لنا ولا كبير فينا ولا صاحب راي نخضع لرأيه

ولذلك فليس لنا هيئة اجتماعية واظن انني اعرف السبب في ذلك

السبب الذي من اجله صرنا الى هذه الحالة الفوضوية هو اعتقاد من باقي اميركا ان اهم مبادي هذه البلاد هي المساواة وان الفقير والغني والعالم والجاهل في درجة واحدة. هذا صحيح وهو الذي جعل اميركا جمهورية ورفعها الى اوج المدنية. ولكن حقيقة المساواة عندهم ليست ما نتوهمه · الا ترى في اميركا العامة والخاصة لا تجد كيف يوجد حاجز حصين بين الغني والمسكين؟ لكل فئة منزلة مستقلة وكل فئة منهم تتمتع في مركزها بكل حقوقها ولكن عامة الاميركان لا يخطر لهم مطلقاً ان يطاولوا الخاصة او ان يناظروهم في معيشتهم · كل انسان في اميركا يعرف اين تبدأ حقوقه واين تنتهي ولهذا صارت لهم هيئة اجتماعية واما نحن فعلى غير ذلك

يقولون للخواجه حنا ابن ابرهيم من قرية عسقلان مثلاً — ولا اريد التعيين — احمل الجزدان واخرج الى بيع الحرير تربح المال الكثير · فيقول انا افعل؟ الا تعرف من انا؟ — وانا كان ابي وكان جدي انا تعلمت

AN ARABIC WEEKLY.

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VYCHÁDZA V UTOROK NA 8. A V PIATOK NA 4. STRANÁCH.

Established 1892.
THE
SLOVÁK V AMERIKE
(PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY)
is the only Slovak Newspaper in the Metropolis and its weekly and is the largest and the Only Lead-Weekly in the United States.
It reaches every State in the Union and Canada and has the largest circulation amongst the Slovaks, so called Hungarians.
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je neodvislý, čisto národný slovenský časopis, vychádzajúci tiaďme v každý utorok a piatok. Noviny tieto majú za účel zastávať, poučovať a užľachtiľo zabávať slovenský národ, žijúci v Spoj. Štátoch Severnej Ameriky.
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Všetky listy a peniaze treba zasielať najedresou:
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180 East 2nd St.,
NEW YORK CITY.

ROBOTNÍCKE A NÁRODNÉ NOVINY.
Naše heslo: Spása národná buď tým najvyšším zákonom!

ROČNIK XII. — Č. 2. NEW YORK, N. Y., 8. januára 1901. Bežné č. 634.

Strašná zima v Europe.

V Paríži pomrzli ľudia. V Rakúsko-Uhorsku zúria sňahové fujavice.

Paríž, 7. jan. V celom Francúzsku a Taliansku panuje neobyčajne tuhá zima. V Marseille napadlo mnoho sňahu a v Paríži zamrzlo niekoľko ľudí na ulici. Rím a okolie je poprvé od mnoho rokov pokryté sňahom. Tiež aj v južnom Taliansku napadnul sňah.

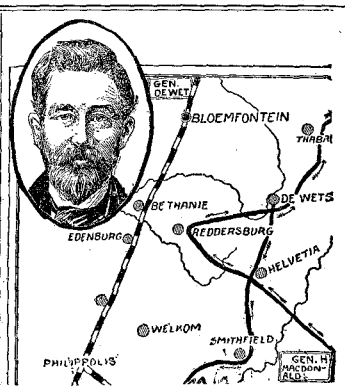
V kanálu medzi Anglickom a Francúzskom duje náramný víchor.

V Petrohrade a Moskve v Rusku je taká tuhá zima, že školy musely byť zatvorené a policisti často zamieňaní, aby na ulici nepomrzli.

Veľká búra zúri na Adriatickom mori a v južnom Rusku ako aj v Rakúsko-Uhorsku panujú sňahové fujavice. Pri Starej Pazue v Horvatsku srazily sa vlaky následkom toho, že víchor vyhasil signalné lampy. Z tej príčiny srazily sa vlaky aj pri Mikola, v solnok-dobogskej stolici, v Uhorsku, pri čom bolo šesť ľudí usmrteno.

V Sedmohradsku (východné Uhorsko) zamrzlo na dráhe devať ľudí. Ruské mesto Odessa leží v sňahu a prístav je zamrznutý.

Asia.



A HUNGARIAN WEEKLY.

fluence among the many French residents of America. Although it consists of only four pages, it contains daily a retrospect of the news of this country, extremely able editorials and a large amount of French news, received by cable from its own correspondent in Paris. Its Sunday edition, fashioned somewhat after the American papers, consists of eight pages, and has a circulation of five thousand copies.

Astonishing though it may seem, there are enough Asiatics in the metropolis to support a daily Arabian newspaper. The *Kawkab America* is the organ of the allied colonies of Arabs, Syrians, Turks and Copts, which have their existence in the southern part of the city, near the Battery. It is a four-page paper, printed every morning, except Sunday, and has a truly Oriental appearance. Owing to the many political dissensions constantly harassing the Fatherland, and the consequent liability of the members of the local colonies to become involved among themselves, the *Kawkab America* is one of the most carefully edited papers in the city. *Al-Islah* and *Al-musheer* are the titles of the two Arabic weeklies printed in the conglomerate Asiatic colony. The *Alayam* is a semi-weekly.

The oldest Tchek daily in the eastern part of the United States is the *New Yorske Listy,* which has withstood the journalistic tempests of twenty-six years. New York's Bohemian colony being in the neighbourhood of upper Avenue A, the *Listy* is published in the heart of that district, and its two or three active newsboys are greatly in evidence there every morning. The Sunday edition of the paper, called the *Nedelni New Yorske Listy,* gives a retrospect of the week's local and foreign news, besides a number of descriptive articles. It has a large circulation in the Western States, where there are many colonies of Tcheks. Another Bohemian daily is the *Hlas Lidu,* a periodical published by the Bohemian Workingman's Co-operative Association. The association elects the editor, and appoints at stated intervals a new board of directors, while the policy of the paper is decided by the majority votes of the organisation. The profits of the paper are added to the funds in the association's treasury. The *Hlas Lidu* is one of the few co-operative publications in this country, and it has attained no little measure of success, due, no doubt, to the fact that every member of the association takes a personal interest and pride in the paper, of which he is a joint-owner. The association's weekly paper, *Nedelni Hlas Lidu,* has a circulation of about two thousand copies.

Of the many alien weeklies in New York, the *Platt-deutsch Post,* which caters to the two million Low Germans in the United States, is notable. It has a circulation of about ten thousand copies, distributed from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Of the Swedish newspapers, the *Nordstjernan,* also a weekly, is the oldest and largest. It is thirty years old, and consists of twelve seven-column pages,

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N. Y. Jewish Abend-Post
(EVERY AFTERNOON)
ניו יארקער אבענד פאָסט
Office, 228 Madison St.
אפפיס 228 מעדיסאן סטריט.
Vol II Friday, January 11th, 1901 No. 585

שוואַרצן טומאה

A POWER IN THE GHETTO.

filled principally with European news. A woman's page, a letter from a special Washington correspondent and a page devoted to literature, are several of the features upon which it prides itself. The *Valkyrian,* the only Swedish monthly magazine in America, is a seventy-page periodical, devoted to the literature of the Swedes. Three Hungarian weeklies prosper in the metropolis. One of these, the *Amerikai Nemzitor,* is edited and published by a woman. Its two most energetic competitors are the *Nepszava* and the *Slovak v Amerike,* both weeklies. The *Slovak v Amerike* is one of the few alien papers which prints illustrations with the news.

The Greek semi-weekly *Atlantis* is the only representative of that language in the city. It is a four-page, five-column paper, printed throughout in modern Greek, and has a class of readers which ranges in quality from the humble push-cart man to the learned college professor. One-third of the paper is made up of advertisements, one-eighth of editorials and the rest of news of the local Greek colony and special correspondences from the Greek archipelago.

The Armenian weekly, the *Hayrenik,* although one of the smallest of the alien papers, is printed in such small type that it contains as much news as some of its more portly brethren. Its quaint type—the angular, slanting characters of the Turks—and the illustration under its title, which represents a young woman viewing a landscape strewn with skulls, scaffolds, shackles and the ruins of devastated homes, serves to remind its readers of the Armenians' oppressors and the punishments that have been inflicted by the sultan. The *Hayrenik* is an ardent exponent of the Armenian cause, and in every issue there are many letters from the leaders of the race in different parts of the world.

The three hundred thousand Swiss in America have a representative paper in the *Amerikanische Schweizer Zeitung,* which has been in existence for thirty-three years. It is an eight-page paper, ably edited, and filled with news gathered by its own correspondents in many American cities and every canton of the Swiss republic. Every issue contains several columns of poetry written by its readers, and it is not extraordinary that the theme of the greater part of the verses is beautiful Switzerland. Until recently there were two other Swiss papers in the city, *Helvetia* and *La Croix Federale;* but they were consolidated with the *Schweizer Zeitung,* leaving that paper the only Swiss publication in the country.

The three Spanish weeklies, *El Eco de la Exposicion, Las Novedades* and *El Americano,* are typical Latin newspapers, which, like the French and Italian, retain the custom of using half of the title-page for a fiction story. Their news items are in the tabloid form, while their editorials are verbose in the extreme. Two semi-monthlies, *El Mundo Americano* and *Borinquen,* are also issued in the city. *El Comprada Hispano-Americano,* the only Spanish monthly, is an excellent magazine of seventy pages, devoted to Spanish literature and art.

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AMERIKANISCHE
Schweizer Zeitung.

33. Jahrgang. New York, Samstag, den 5. Januar 1901. No. 5.

THE ONLY SWISS NEWSPAPER IN AMERICA.

Schweizer Zeitung.
FOUNDED IN 1868.
The ONLY and OFFICIAL Swiss Newspaper in U. S.
Published every Saturday.
Reaches 300,000 prosperous Swiss-Americans.
General Advertisers can secure their patronage only by advertising in the
AMERICAN SWISS GAZETTE
(Amerik. Schweizer Zeitung)
Advertising Rates:
Per line: Single insertion, 20 cents.
Per inch: First insertion, $2.00; 3 months, $5.00; 6 months, $15.00; 1 year, $25.00.
The Swiss Publishing Company
52-54 Trinity Place, 67-69 Greenwich St., NEW YORK.
Chicago: 462 N. Winchester Ave.
San Francisco: 3008 15th Street.
Zürich (Switzerland): Orell Füssli & Co.
Basel (Switzerland): Haasenstein & Vogler.

Notiz.

The Italian weeklies are devoted to certain industries and policies more than to the printing of general news. *La Sedia Elettrica* is a clever, humorous paper with a wide circulation, while *Il Proletario* is an ardent exponent of socialism. *La Lanterna Magicia* confines itself to news and literature, while *L'Eco D'Italia-Rivista Italo-Americana* makes an effort to give a review of every phase of Spanish life and work in this country.

The organ of Johann Most, a noted anarchist, is the *Freiheit,* a German paper, which he edits and publishes. Although seldom spoken of outside of anarchistic circles, the *Freiheit* has a large circulation, both in the metropolis and in the Western States. Editorials breathing fire and destruction are the chief features of the paper. A recent editorial, on the death of Queen Victoria, probably was the most venomous article that has ever appeared in any American newspaper. *Liberty,* another anarchists' publication, is printed in English, and is far less venomous than Herr Most's *Freiheit. Liberty* is a three-column, four-page paper, using quotations from writings of John Hay and Proudhon as mottoes, and devoting much space to dignified refutations of anti-anarchists' writings.

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LA SETTIMANA

La parola a Giolitti!

Dal discorso che Giolitti ha pronunzia-

Polemiche vecchie ma sempre nuove

cadde qualche disordine (sempre, s'intende, colla peggio dei poveri lavoratori) fu appunto dove intervennero i guastamestieri della democrazia cristiana e dove i prefetti mandarono i soldati a com-

dei giovani e valorosi ufficiali, veri capri espiatori.

Il patriota generale dette il gambetto al Duca d'Aosta facendosi nominare ispettore generale d'artiglieria, nomina dovuta per diritto ad un principe di casa reale.

mestiere del tempo dei comuni!) e si proponevan di rifarlo oggi, sempre in nome della religione; e finirono per fondare una Lega cattolica di lavoro.... cattolico.

A Genova, un po' con le mani, un po' con i piedi, un po' con le unghie, un po'

THE ORGAN OF THE ITALIAN SOCIALISTS.

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SEVENTH YEAR.
Published twice a Week.
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Η ΚΙΝΗΣΙΣ ΤΟΥ ΕΛΛΗΝΙΚ. ΕΜΠΟΡΙΟΥ

THE GREEK SEMI-WEEKLY.

cigars all right and editing the *Age*, too; and finds both occupations agreeable." The chief characteristics of the paper are its stanch advocacy of the rights of the race, its alliterative heads—"Newsy Newark Notes," "Peekskill Pickings" and "Elmira Echoes"—and its many advertisements of tonics and preparations for straightening hair.

The Irish have the *United Irishman*, a

NORDSTJERNAN.
TIDNING FÖR SVENSKA BEFOLKNINGEN I AMERIKA.
KONTOR OCH TRYCKERI: 108 PARK ROW.
30de Årg. No 2. New York, Torsdagen den 10 Januari 1901. Löp. N:o 1,476.

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THE CHINESE WEEKLY HERALD.

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紐約文榮中西報館謹啓

Volume 1. SATURDAY, JULY 20th, 1901. Number 23.

敬惜字紙功德無量 主筆 李寶煌 光緒貳拾七年六月初六日 繙譯者 李樓 第廿三號紙

擬上美國上下議院駁除禁例稟稿
旅美各埠華民謹稟
大美合衆民主國
上下議院列位議紳大人閣下、敬稟者、槪利禁制華人之例、瞬將滿限、儻再展行此種苛政、甚非二十世紀中所宜、且與萬國大同之理、文明進步之徵、顯相違背、旅民等念思三再、不能不呼籲 貴台階、熟思審處、秉公議辦也、伏査 貴

而令之動、細其足而令之行、何不按照 貴國施給他國人民之利權、畧分些須與我華人、則我華人向日之被誣者、可以明白證出矣、抑又聞之、通商爲君、 貴國之恒言也、天下耶教之國、無不紛紛設策向中朝請索通商利益、虎視耽耽、彼此各不相下、寧可以兵戎相見、不肯失平等之權、然則欲得中國四百兆人之歡心、之信心、之推誠相與心、惟與中國爲友之國爲然、雖淺識之士、亦能知之、通商非信義不成、然此用苛虐之條、彼行報復之政、謂可永結信義乎、統而論之、爲貴國計、主持公道、

THE ONLY CHINESE NEWSPAPER.

revolutionary journal; the *Irish World* and the *Irish-American* and the *Irish-American Club and Society Journal*. The Scottish population of the city has the *Scottish-American*, an extremely well-edited weekly of eight pages. Its dialect stories, which are a regular feature of the paper, are probably the best of that kind printed in any newspaper in the country. The Briton has no paper specially devoted to his interests, though the *Anglo-American Magazine* appeals strongly to the Englishman in this country. The Finns have a semi-monthly journal called *Nusi Novellilehti*.

The only Chinese newspaper in the East is the *Chinese Weekly Herald*, with editorial headquarters in the heart of New York's Chinatown. The editor is a well-educated Chinaman, and the publisher is a Japanese. The paper contains European and Chinese news, a long letter from San Francisco's Chinatown, the news of the local quarter and the newest intelligence concerning the doings of the starch trust, in which many of its readers are peculiarly interested. The Chinese language is used almost exclusively in its pages.

The distinguishing feature of all these alien newspapers is their loyalty to American institutions and government. Without exception, they are intensely

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ՄԵՐ ԳՈՐԾԱԿԱԼՆԵՐԷՆ կը խնդրենք որ թիւ 73 և 77-ի մնացորդ թիւերը հաճին մեզի ղրկել:

քննենք թէ խարբերդը Հայաստանի [illegible]

[illegible] ՓՐՕ ԱՐՄԷՆԻԱ-ի [illegible]

«ՓՐՕ-ԱՐՄԷՆԻԱ»Ն ՕՏԱՐՆԵՐՈՒ ՄԷՋ
Տարածելու Գործին Ինպաստ
ՀԱՆԳԱՆԱԿՈՒԹԻՒՆ
[illegible] 27 [illegible]

THE ARMENIAN WEEKLY.

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patriotic, and nothing can alter that feeling. This was demonstrated during the Spanish-American War, when all the Spanish newspapers supported the actions of our Government; and several months ago, the United States, making certain demands of the Porte, all the Turkish papers in the city took advantage of the opportunity to show their loyalty to the country of their adoption. Even the German newspapers, in whose editorial mind there is a deep sentiment for the Fatherland, there is constant evidence that the Teutonic population is American first and German afterward.

Socialism, too, seems to have a deep hold on the majority of the papers printed in foreign languages. About one-third of the number are ardent exponents of socialistic principles. Common ownership, strikes, hatred of capital and Old-World governments are the chief topics which these papers discuss, and it is done with a vigour that can be expected only from men who come from countries where the freedom of speech and the press is an unknown quantity.

The amount of good which these alien newspapers accomplish among our vast foreign population cannot be overestimated. That they serve to instil in the hearts of their readers a love of country and the spirit of our laws and institutions, is certain; and that they assist in the great process of transforming citizens of Asia, Africa and Europe into good, patriotic Americans, cannot be disputed.

Howard Clemens.

A PLEA FOR PARODY

That imitation is the sincerest form of flattery is, like most of the cheap morsels the mob loves to smack its lips over, but half a truth. The element of wit confounds the saying utterly. Whether there be just enough or not enough wit, the results are equal in disturbing the analogy between imitation and flattery. Take the case of the realist in art. A successful imitation of nature is his fairest dream, yet it would need a somewhat specious wit to pretend that Messrs. George Moore, Hamlin Garland or William Dean Howells were, as flatterers, anything but maladroit. Take, on the other hand, as I mean to do here, the case of the parodist. He imitates; but does he flatter? Not if he has wit enough to be anything save a parody upon a parodist. It is the popular notion that a parody is either a mere imitation, or a form of flattery, that I mean to perforate. If I can create an increased respect for the parody as a form of art, or convince the world of parody's usefulness in pricking much of the bubble-bookishness our age is flooded with, I shall not have juggled phrases in vain.

At the outset, however, let me eschew any intention to touch upon the rhymed parody. Quite aside from the conscious efforts of C. S. Calverley, Owen Seaman, and others, the mob of minor poets of today constitutes so vast an army of unconscious parodists, that I must plead unwilling to cope with that side of the subject.

It is the prose parody that has the larger possibilities in the future. This is an age of prose. Fiction, most of it mediocre, dominates our literature. If it is to be kept sweet, there is much for the art of parody to accomplish. It will occur to the dullest of my readers that what caricature has done, as in the case of Tweed, parody can also do. Indeed, parody can do more, since its subleties can easily outwit such a muzzle as the bucolic Mr. Ellsworth once tried, in the State of New York, to apply to caricature. The perfect parodist needs no label for his work; he simply distils for you the essence of his subject, adds the inimitable wit that makes him the parodist he is, and lo! the tragedy becomes a thing for laughter, and out of seriousness steps mirth.

Parody has not, in the past, been over active in our English literature, yet even the most superficial survey will disclose much that is valuable and memorable. Such a survey, too, must go far to prove my contention that parody is by no means one of the minor arts. It is an art, of course, that is easily enough debased. the hasty flippancy of newspaper humour has often been mistaken for true parody. But between the cheap witticisms of to-

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day's paper, destined for to-morrow's furnace, and the subtle parody of such a man as, say, Andrew Lang, there is a gulf that naught save the uncannily elastic mind of an American Sunday editor can bridge. Mr. Lang's little volume *Letters to Dead Authors** is, in a way, the finest collection of prose parodies we possess. For here, in these various letters, to Rabelais, to Herodotus, to Lucian, to Theocritus, to Dickens, to Thackeray, to Austen, to Dumas, and various others, we have what seems the highest point any English writer has yet reached in the art of subtly parodying the essence of a style. Mr. Lang's prefatory admission of the parodic nature of his book is in the vein of apology; he avers that "it is, perhaps, superfluous to add that some of the Letters are written rather to suit the Correspondent than to express the writer's own taste or opinions." Which is a neat and modest manner of phrasing one of the cardinal laws of parody. Mr. Lang, of course, while ever memorable for the scholarly skill he has brought to the art of parody, is too much concerned with the classical to serve as aught save a somewhat lofty standard for the militant parodist of this young century. There is little of the militant in *Letters to Dead Authors*. To be sure, there was the Epistle to Lord Byron. So true a note of properly militant parody is struck here that I must, for the sake of quoting a single stanza, break my intention to leave poetry out of these pages. Not even William Ernest Henley, nor any equally ardent admirer of Byron, can refuse a smile to lines like these:

This kind of writing is my pet aversion,
I hate the slang, I hate the personalities,
I loathe the aimless, reckless, loose dispersion
Of every rhyme that in the singer's wallet is,
I hate it as you hated the *Excursion*.
But, while no man a hero to his valet is,
The hero's still the model; I indite
The kind of rhymes that Byron oft would write.

If the volume of *Letters to Dead Authors* were not proof enough of the value of parody in the equipment of a literary artist, surely the well-known beginnings of Robert Louis Stevenson's prose style must clinch the matter. How else, save by incessant pursuit of parody, was it that Stevenson learnt to write? He has told us himself how, in his youth, he played the sedulous ape to Hazlitt, to Lamb, to Wordsworth, to Sir Thomas Browne, to Defoe, to Hawthorne, to Montaigne, to Baudelaire, and to Obermann. Wherever he found some conspicuous force, or some happy distinction in the style, he must needs ape that. That is the way, he declared, to learn to write. Upon that declaration it needs but little logic to confirm my plea that the expert parodist is no mean artist. We have not at hand the countless sheets of paper that Stevenson must have covered while aping the many masters who went to the formation of his own style. Would that we had! But the value of the process remains incontestable. Incessant parody of others breeds a fluency, eventually a style, an ability to really write; only a real writer, again, can achieve the highest form of parody. Stevenson used the parody as a means; he destroyed it, as the schoolboy wipes his slate. With Stevenson the parody was mere exercise; he did not infuse the element of humour; he took everything from his models and gave back nothing, directly. With him it was simply and sheerly imitation. It was not until many years afterward, and then only in a privately circulated volume, that he essayed, with a few friends, what he called a Ouidaesque novel.

Another Englishman who essayed a form of parody somewhat similar to the manner of *Letters to Dead Authors* was George Warrington Steevens. In or shortly after his University days Steevens wrote a number of pages of this sort, mostly of classical application. I do not believe a collection of these is to be had in book-form. Some were reprinted in America a few years ago while the fashion for pamphleteering in miniature magazines was on.

A most interesting study in parody, conscious and unconscious, is the work of that Franco-American, Mr. Vance Thompson. To read him carefully is to become convinced that parody and preciosity are fellows. Mr. Thompson has so saturated himself with the spirit of a number of French and Belgian writers, that in reading his appreciations of them it is hard to say which is the critic and

*Scribner.

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which the subject. Has it ever been your fortune, as you wandered through the famous places and palaces of Europe, to have for your guide one of those elaborate mimics who poses, always, in just the air, the attitude, the tone that fits his subject? When these fellows take you through the galleries of Florence they assume something of the figure of those old splendours that colour the walls; when they discover Rome for you they almost wear a toga. At Monte Carlo they are gamblers; on Capri they are comic opera fishermen; and in Nuremberg they are Goths. Exactly that manner of parody belongs to the ironic politeness with which Mr. Vance Thompson drew for us certain *French Portraits.** He postures throughout in all the styles that belong to the subjects he is expounding. Indeed, it may be objected that Mr. Thompson's force as a critic is somewhat impaired by his agility as a parodist. Yet, the very completeness with which he has entered into the appreciation, the understanding, of all the *nuances* in his subjects, is witness for a claim I would make for parody—namely, that it takes the very keenest insight, the most calm analysis, the firmest judgment, to produce genuine parody. One cannot parody what one cannot understand. Mr. Thompson's volume, while not always intended as conscious parody, serves to show the quality of scholarship and appreciation necessary to parodic creation. Mr. Thompson loses himself entirely in his Gallic models. His English, even in its soberer moments, becomes rank with foreign twists. We lose consciousness of Mr. Thompson himself as other than a human echo. All this is the essence of parody. What Mr. Thompson loses as a critic he gains as a parodist. *French Portraits* remains the best volume of prose parody that America can boast of having produced lately. Of course, its claim on America is slight. It treats of French writers, and it imposes on us, in addition to the contribution it makes to our Gallic lore, a somewhat hazy picture of Mr. Thompson himself, whom we scarce know whether to think of chiefly as an American, a Parisian, a Scotchman, a critic, or a parodist. Yet, what he has done about French writers might easily enough be done, on the parodic side, at any rate, about Americans. It must be done by a writer just as appreciative, just as intelligent, just as plausible as Mr. Thompson. It can be done, too, without insisting quite so much on the ego of the critic as does Mr. Thompson. Even I could do it with less obtrusion of myself.

*R. O. Badger. Boston.

But for the work of M. Ernest La Jeunesse, I dare say *French Portraits* might never have been written. La Jeunesse's little book *The Nights, the Wearinesses, and the Souls of our most Notorious Contemporaries* is something of a model of what prose parody should be. I can conceive nothing—from another's pen—funnier than the parodies on Zola and Maeterlinck in this volume. Maeterlinck is inevitably a constant target for parody. Vance Thompson has parodied him in the book just mentioned, though for the most part unconsciously; so have William Sharp and Henry B. Fuller. In what I have heretofore termed militant parody Mr. Owen Seaman, of *Punch,* has made the Belgian Shakespeare very laughable. Yet the very best of all the parodies on Maeterlinck lies buried, I fear, in the files of New York's weekly journalism; it was written by C. M. S. McClellan, since familiar to lovers of comic opera. Had Mr. McClellan chosen to reclaim for book publication the many fine parodies he was wont to fling upon the town every other week or so, he would doubtless rank to-day as a genuine artist in parody, as does his English master craftsman, W. S. Gilbert. What finer parody was ever written than the opera of *Patience?* It is the essence of parody upon an entire epoch; it shows parody's possibilities for fashioning history. Of the æsthetic period in English art and fashion we have no finer evidence than *Patience.* One thinks of it sometimes as only that and nothing more. But it is a parody that never loses its force. Our society always retains enough of the Bunthorne "nincompoopiana" element to keep the flings in *Patience* keen and laughter-bringing. In one decade it is a Bunthorne; in another it is an Ollie Teall, an Edmund Russell, or a Harry Lehr. The names change, but not the essential spirit Gilbert meant to parody.

It is the modern novel that offers the widest field to the parodist. Here are the

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opportunities for the sharpest commingling of appreciation and irony, analysis and mordaunt wit. The province of the parodist is partly to make the incompetents wince. Literature, at its best, is a reflex of life; but so much that now passes for literature is by way of being a warped reflex, that parody must become a cracked mirror to show it as absurdly as possible. We are deluged with novel upon novel that is nothing save one profit-seeking fellow's effort to trade upon a popularity gained by another. At many points these swiftly selling novels "of the day" leave gaps in their armour; it is the affair of the parodist to find these flaws and hold them up for laughter. He can do this better than the critic. The public is more willing to laugh than to judge. I may eventually convince the public by the clarity of my logic, the vigour of my arguments; but I am much more likely to win my point by a successful parody. It is a good many years since Mr. Bret Harte wrote his parodies on novels of that time, and since then the shelf marked "Parody" stands somewhat bare. Mr. Charles Battell Loomis has quite recently done something in this field, but it is not, I believe, available in covers. There is work of Mr. F. Anstey's, too, that comes to mind in this category. The one man, however, whom I consider pre-eminent in this form of art is Mr. Barry Pain. To many he has doubtless appeared as a quite new author, simply on account of the splendid parody he lately gave us of that much-exploited and mysteriously, as well as profitably, anonymous book, the *Love Letters of an Englishwoman*. As a single parody this one of his certainly deserves high rank; it dims one's memory of *The Quest of the Gilt-Edged Girl* or T. C. De Leon's *The Rock or the Rye*. But no parody of a specific book can, I believe, live as long as the parody of an author's essential style. As the vogue of the subject-book passes, so must that of the parody. Impermanence is the heritage of even the most popular parody of any individual book. Mr. Pain will long be remembered because he has, for many years past, done parodies based not on mere isolated novels, but on the entire manner of this or that writer. It is now almost ten years since London *Figaro* included Mr. Barry Pain in its gallery of "Coming Men." Already he had done the best parodies of his time. He was dubbed a New Humourist, and Mr. Lang refused to like him. There has been, I verily believe, in all the years since that time no finer workman in letters in England than Mr. Pain, yet to the majority he has been unknown. Stories, satires, verses, parodies have flowed from his pen in a steady stream; nothing in his work was tainted by the merely temporal and local note of opportunism that spoils much of our American work of this kind. If the London monthlies and weeklies found Mr. Pain useful, so also did the London *Chronicle*. Yet, despite the grind and wear and tear of even actual newspaper hack-work, the quality of Mr. Pain's prose has not suffered. It is because he is so true an artist in letters and because so many men less competent, so many mere charlatans, have come to fame and fortune since Mr. Barry Pain first appeared on the literary horizon that I am at this exertion to further appreciation of him. No student or amateur of prose parody can overlook Mr. Pain. It will be hard to excel his parodies of the manner of Kipling, of Ruskin, of Pater, of Blackmore, and of Tolstoy. Who that knows well and loves well his Walter Pater but must concede laughter to this paragraph from Barry Pain's *Playthings and Parodies*.*

Marius—susceptible, as he had ever been, to all sweet influence—found himself strangely dominated by the beauty of this new spirit. Standing at the corner of the old *Via Sloanensis*, he felt almost faint with the longing to do something—a little thing, perhaps, but still something—to show how he loved himself. The public vehicles—snow-white or scarlet, sapphire or peach-colour—passed before him in gorgeous procession from the distant circus. To him—as, indeed, to others—each colour had an inner meaning, and was not only decorative. It was an appeal, a voice that called:

"Come unto us. Be part of us. Come to the dreamy South, or to the burning West. Come all the way, all the way!"

The afternoon had been broken by showers, the wind only half drying the pavement before another torrent came; and Marius noted the ardent and special apprehension of the subsellia interiors of their vehicles, and the

*Cassell.

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musical chant of *Plenum intra! Plenum intra!* Yes, even in this crowd of quite ordinary and common people, the new spirit was showing itself. The renunciation of others for self, that true sacrifice, was made again and again, willingly and cheerfully, each time that one of these public vehicles stopped.

A chance gave Marius his opportunity, and he at once decided to take it. "I am going from this wet weariness," he said to Cornelius, who stood by his side; "in yonder vehicle there is room for one only; I shall be that one; and you, dear friend, will wait for the next."

Without another word he pushed his way through the throng. Never had he been more conscious of his strength, his great, fiery manhood. Callously enough he flung from the step of the vehicle some daughter of the people who would have anticipated him. He had not noticed that she was not alone. Afterward he could remember but little of what next happened. His capacity for receiving exquisite physical impressions seemed suddenly satiated by some intense experience. He was only conscious of quick movement; and then he knew that he had seated himself in the road and that the people were crowding about him. For a few seconds he seemed to be living too quickly, too keenly.

"What has happened?" he gasped, with a look of mad appeal.

"You have been kicked," said Cornelius simply, as he helped him to his feet.

"Ah!" He limped away with a young soldier. "I have indeed been kicked," he said very slowly.

Surely that holds the essence of the spirit of parody. The posing of the Epicurean manner upon the street and omnibus life of modern London is quite successful, and brings a smile no less effectively than the equally delightful ease with which Mr. Bernard Shaw, in his play of *Cæsar and Cleopatra,* juggled with apparent anachronisms. For Mr. Shaw it is safe to say that he rarely wrote a line in his life that was not essentially in the vein of parody. His plays are parodies both upon the plays of his contemporaries and upon the play-going intellect. His novels are parodies on novels as well as upon life. Were I minded to stray afield into the domain of indirect parody, Mr. Shaw would have to be put very near the top, if not actually there. In his case the line between parody and paradox is very thin. All the faults that Mr. Lang found, years ago, with the New Humour of Mr. Barry Pain might equally be found with what is now the familiar, though ever new, humour of Mr. Bernard Shaw. With only the direct, conscious parody actually in consideration, however, Mr. Shaw must give way here to Mr. Pain. Nothing that he does is without the irony that is so large a part of parody. I cannot forbear quoting one other fragment of his. Better than anything else, I think, it seizes and holds up for laughter the manner of life and letters typified by the sunflower and green carnation period in London. It is from a story that I am sure you never read, and that I appreciate all the more on that account. It is the best dog-story in our literature. The dog has decided to rebel against the conventional life he is forced to lead. He makes friends with a cat, explaining his soul-hunger.

Now the cat was very high-toned and as full of other people's phrases as it could stick.

"Ah, yes!" it murmured with a mew, "you revolt. It is so very *fin de siècle* to revolt. And you would live? I do not see the necessity; that goes without saying, since I am a quietest. It is almost more *fin de siècle* to be a quietist, you know. You don't know? Ah! How right of you! Never know. Only imagine—dream! There are rose leaves in the world, and old silver and beautiful women, and wind-songs and sea-songs. Go and look for them. Go out into the cool night when it is dark and you can see nothing, and look for them. You're drinking my milk, you pig."

The last remark, which—as compared with the rest—was plain, was unfortunately also true. Fido had done it from absence of mind, and he was sore ashamed. But he liked the way the cat talked; it did seem so very high.

A whole school of fiction is punctured in that brief paragraph. The schools of fiction we now have with us are no less fit for ridicule than that of the green carnation. No critic upon whom fate has bestowed the saving grace of humour can fare through the flying leaves that call themselves the novels of the day, the month, the year, without feeling an itch to leave his supposedly more austere tal-

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ents at home, in his study, and fling forth only the weapons of parody. Ridicule had ever a quick appeal to the general. Permanence, it may be, must be sacrificed. One must point the lance of parody against the particular book; vogues come and go so quickly that an author infrequently stays in the public glare long enough for a parody of his style, aside from the style of his particular book, to avail. Often, too, the parodist will find himself balked by the fact that about the novel he wishes to ridicule there is absolutely no distinction, no special style, indeed, nothing like style at all. In such case parody becomes impossible. Only an inartistic parodist would attempt parody of a book that contained nothing distinctive in its manner.

But one thing keeps me from entering the lists of parody. I rate the art of parody so high that the possibility of handing to posterity a novel that otherwise would die at the end of the month in which it had been "the best selling book" has somewhat of menace for me. My tentative ventures have discouraged me a trifle, too. Because I parodied an author whom I love dearly I have been voted a traitor by a friend who shares with me the love for, but refuses to see the absurd possibilities in, our author. The parodist must have the nice taste that shall keep malice only for the incompetents, kindly laughter for the fine but mannered artists. If there is none else who has that taste, I may, perhaps. . . . One's future is never behind one, unless one turns one's back to it.

Percival Pollard.

DRAMATISATIONS OF DICKENS

"You take the uncompleted books of living authors, fresh from their hands, wet from the press, cut, hack and carve them to the powers and capacities of your actors, and the capability of your theatres, finish unfinished works, hastily and crudely vamp up ideas not yet worked out by their original projector, but which have doubtless cost him many thoughtful days and sleepless nights; by a comparison of incidents and dialogue, down to the very last word he may have written a fortnight before, do your utmost to anticipate his plot—all this without his permission, and against his will; and then, to crown the whole proceeding, publish in some mean pamphlet an unmeaning farrago of garbled extracts from his work, to which you put your name as author, with the honourable distinction annexed, of having perpetrated a hundred other outrages of the same description. Now, show me the distinction between such pilfering as this, and picking a man's pocket in the street: unless, indeed, it be that the legislature has a regard for pocket-handkerchiefs, and leaves men's brains, except when they are knocked out by violence, to take care of themselves."

"Men must live, sir," said the literary gentleman, shrugging his shoulders.

"That would be an equally fair plea in both cases," replied Nicholas; "but if you put it upon that ground, I have nothing more to say than that, if I were a writer of books, and you a thirsty dramatist, I would rather pay your tavern score for six months—large as it might be—than have a niche in the Temple of Fame with you for the humblest corner of my pedestal, through six hundred generations."

Thus Nicholas Nickleby at the Crummles's farewell supper when he encountered "the literary gentleman who had dramatised in his time two hundred and forty-seven novels as fast as they had come out—and *was* a literary gentleman in consequence." It is not easy to accept this as Dickens's final attitude toward the question of adaptations, or the making over of novels into plays. It is rather the tirade of immaturity, resentment under surprise, for, when *Nicholas Nickleby* was written, Dickens was drawing only on his experience with the dramatisations of *Pickwick* and *Oliver Twist*. Later, indeed, he did modify his antipathy to adaptations, for he told Toole, when that comedian came to ask him to write a play: "It will interest you to know that when I was writing *Great Expectations* with a view to the possible dramatic version of the story, I had you in my mind all the time for Joe Gargery and Ben Webster for the Convict." What a change was there here. The detractor of the adaptor became his co-conspirator, and confessed to writing his novels with "a view to the possible dramatic version." Indeed, two years before this the change had posses-

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sion of him, for he sent the proof sheets of *A Tale of Two Cities* to Regnier of the Théâtre Français, and wrote: "I should like very much to know what you think of its being dramatised for a French theatre," and the author supplied the proof sheets of the *Cricket on the Hearth* to Albert Smith, so that the book appeared in the morning and Mr. Smith's adaptation was presented in the evening of the same day. This on the whole is scarcely

HENRY IRVING AS ALFRED JINGLE. "THE PICKWICK PAPERS."

the attitude of one who, as Forster contends, merely made "attempts to render more tolerable what he had no power to prevent." Dickens really loved the theatre. But this question seems, to borrow an amiable simile, to be like a sheet of fool's-cap; a great deal may be written on both sides.

The purpose of this paper, however, is not controversial. The intention is not so much, or at all, to show the great novelist's attitude toward the stage, so admirably set out by his biographers and by Mr. Pemberton in his *Dickens and the Stage,* but rather to gather together, in brief, some account of facts rather than feelings, of the occasions and circumstances attending the transfer of the novels to the stage. It cannot be assumed that this record extends in completeness farther than to give some account of the first appearances of the people of Dickens's world on the stage, in England and America, with some reference to subsequent important creations. Indeed it seems as if some of these friends only sent deputies at first and themselves came afterward. Surely the real Jingle was never seen on the stage till Irving brought him, and one may well ask if there ever was any other Caleb Plummer than Jefferson's.

During the past decade the dramatised novel has been a more dominant factor on the stage than ever before. A process

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which had been looked upon as impracticable is now counted feasible and successful. Nevertheless it is hard to conceive of audiences enduring any worse adaptations of Dickens than they pay for and admire in the instance of the contemporary "best selling books." It is the fashion to frown on the dramatisation of Dickens, but from forty to sixty years ago his novels were not merely "among" but they were "the best selling books," and they had the same commercial appeal to the dramatist and manager, and the same appeal of curiosity to the public, that widely read fictions like *When Knighthood Was in Flower, Sherlock Holmes, Monsieur Beaucaire* and *David Harum* have today. Neither Mrs. Stowe's text or any dramatisation of it ever justified the appearance of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* on the stage. But the same conditions have existed for sixty years. It has never been a question of a worthy play. The allurement has been in the advantage of an established trade-mark in the title and the curiosity of people to see the transmigration of favourite characters from type to footlights.

JOHN TOOLE AS THE ARTFUL DODGER." "OLIVER TWIST."

There is in Mr. Pemberton's book an admirable chapter on the adaptations of Dickens's novels for the stage, but there seems to be something that may be added to the completeness of a treatise which is confined to the consideration merely of Dickens on the London stage and leaves wholly untouched the story of the great novels' dramatisation for American audiences. Surely no account of Dickens's part in the history of the drama is complete without reference to Brougham's and Burton's memorable work on the acted versions of Dickens's stories or to such realisations as Madame Janauschek's Lady Dedlock, Joseph Jefferson's Caleb Plummer and Newman Noggs, Placide's Bumble, Burton's Micawber, or Wallack's Fagin.

Although it cannot be said that the adapters on this side were so alert as to duplicate Moncrieff's feat of anticipating the conclusion of the story of *Nicholas Nickleby,* yet they worked fairly from damp letter press, and the results were as characteristic and as worshipful, and doubtless as weak as across the water. At times there were bursts of enterprise as extensive as our recent multiplied versions of *Cyrano de Bergerac, Nell Gwyn* and *Quo Vadis.* The appearance of *David Copperfield* produced a veritable Dickens craze. The novel was completed in 1850. It followed close in the wake of *Martin Chuzzlewit, Oliver Twist, Cricket on the Hearth,* and *Dombey and Son.* They had all been dramatised meanwhile, the first having enjoyed a run of two hundred and eighty nights at the Lyceum, a record seldom equalled in this alleged period of runs. So the appetite of managers and audiences was keen for Dickens when Copperfield appeared. I have not been able to determine

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which house first announced a stage version, so nearly simultaneous were the productions. But certain it is that Dr. Northall's version came first into the field on December 30, 1850, at Burton's Theatre. Seven days after, on the same evening, January 6, two other Copperfields were presented; one at the Bowery Theatre and another at Brougham's, which was the work of Brougham himself, and the celebrated manager-dramatist-actor played Micawber.

Pickwick Papers was the first long work by Charles Dickens, and it was the first of his fictions to be transferred to the stage. This of all his works seems least to suggest dramatisation. There is no plot, no story; yet the adapter must have hung upon the appearance of the last chapter to complete his last act, for immediately upon the serial conclusion of the Papers the Pickwickians came before the footlights of the City of London Theatre, April 27, 1837. Edward Stirling was responsible for the transfer, and afterward made stage versions of nearly all the novels as they appeared.

LOTTA AS THE MARCHIONESS. "THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP."

Another version was made simultaneously by William Moncrieff, at whom Nicholas Nickleby's tirade quoted above is supposed to have been directed. Moncrieff's play was called *Sam Weller, or the Pickwickians,* and it was presented with a tart advertisement which showed how early began the controversy which begot "the literary gentleman." Another concurrent version was designated as *The Pickwickians, or the Peregrinations of Sam Weller.* It was in three acts and twelve scenes, in almost the exact dialogue of the original text. This excerpt from the advertisement is suggestive:

The adventures of the above celebrated characters abound with Fun, Incidents, Bustle, Love, Elopements, Song and Dance. . . . *Mr. Pickwick* relates his exploits with infinite zest, booking all his "little dodges" with the accuracy of a Cyclopædia; not only for the benefit of the present generation, but for posterity. — *Jingle,* also, a rich portrait of human nature,—"Very!" —claims peculiar attention, showing most decidedly that "the proper study of mankind is man!" — *Sam Weller,* boots at an inn, a fine fellow for jokes and wit, according to his notions of society, calculated to make his "wisits pleasant"; yet with his heart in the right place—the Fleet prison to wit.—*Old Weller,* the dragsman, a "great cigar" either *on* or *off* his box.—The Love Feast—the Shepherd and his flocks united with his feelings of teaching the "young idea how to shoot"—Rich bits for an annual—the *sleeping boy,* Joe —a nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse; yet "wide awake" at times—the peculiar talents of the Club; a fine display of eloquence!—

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Bardell versus Pickwick—delicious bursts of oratory—the Mistletoe Bough; or the pleasure of "chaste salutes"—public breakfast—the advantages of notoriety—the Masquerade; or, this life is like a country dance. *"Le sage entend à demi-mot."*

In spite of this wealth of suggestion the play was poor stuff, and the only permanent memory that clings to the stage career of the Pickwickians came to them in 1871, when Henry Irving realised his celebrated characterisation of Alfred Jingle, the excellence of which is attested wherever the occasion is recorded. Pickwick soon shrunk up into an after-piece, and when Irving revived Jingle some years afterward it was in the setting of a mere farce.

HENRY MILLER AS SYDNEY CARTON. "A TALE OF TWO CITIES."

The delay in Pickwick's appearance on the American stage is accounted for merely by the delay in the ocean voyage of the completed papers. The company at the Franklin Theatre, New York, presented the "comic play" for the first time on July 24, 1837. A more notable presentation was made the next spring by the excellent company at the Park Theatre, where it was after revived.

Not the least interesting feature of Pickwick's theatrical career was his appearance in opera. This was accomplished in 1889, when there was seen at the London Comedy Theatre a one-act operetta, the text by F. C. Burnand, the editor of *Punch,* and the music by Mr. Solomon. The scene was the famous apartment in Goswell Street and the action embraced the incident on which Mrs. Bardell founded her celebrated action for breach of promise. The experiment was praised at the time, but it survives in the interest of the Dickensonian chiefly because therein was brought to light for the first time the mysterious baker who, it will be remembered, was mentioned in the trial as a gentleman in whom Mrs. Bardell took a friendly interest.

Oliver Twist is instinct with melodrama and it has ever been the most satisfactory material for the dramatists and the actors. No less celebrated a woman than Charlotte Cushman found Nancy Sykes a stepping stone to appreciation, and Francis Courtney Wemyss, in his *Theatrical Biography,* declares that "in all her future career she never surpassed the excellence of that performance." Vandenhoof, who often played with her, says, "Her greatest part—fearfully natural, dreadfully intense, horribly real—was Nancy Sykes. It was too true, it was painful, this actual presentation of Dickens's poor, abandoned, abused, murdered outcast of the streets—a tigress with a touch, and but one, of woman's almost deadened nature, blotted and trampled under foot by man's cruelty and sin."

The great story of nether London appeared in *Bentley's Miscellany* early in 1838, and before the close of the year several theatres were receiving the crowds who came to see Charley Bates and the

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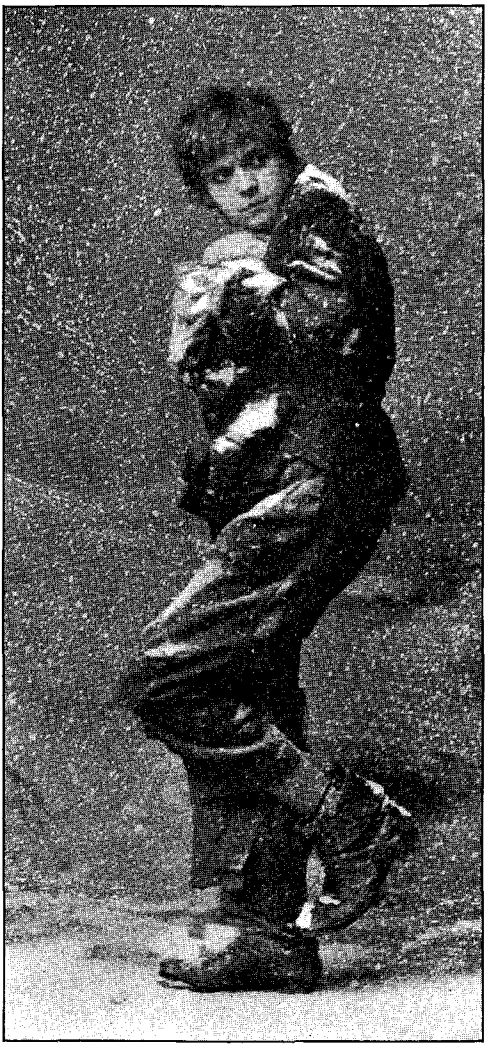
Artful Dodger, Bill and Nancy, Fagin and Bumble. The Pavilion Theatre enjoyed the distinction of first presenting *Oliver Twist* on the stage in May, 1838, though the distinction of presenting so poor a dramatisation could scarcely have been enviable. Passing over other violence done the unities, the action was broken up into nineteen scenes! This is possibly to be attributed to the discursive form of the popular drama at that time, but, in spite of the novelist's deserved indignation and protests, the dramatisations all show an overreaching studiousness to give all of the original story possible and in the literal words of the novelist. This was not, however, the case with George Almar's version, given November 19 of the same year at the Royal Surrey, when the beautiful words with which the story ends were actually put into the mouth of the youthful Oliver. Some years after the British play censor, Bodham Donne, suppressed *Oliver Twist* on account of its tendency to excite crime.

Happily the ban was removed and the chronicler is permitted to call attention to the feast at the Queen's when J. L. Toole first gave his Artful Dodger and Henry Irving played Bill Sykes. In this connection it may be of interest to note that Irving has played the following characters from Dickens, besides Jingle and Bill Sykes: Nicholas Nickleby and Mantalini, David Copperfield, Monks in *Oliver Twist*, Mr. Dombey, and Gruff Tackleton in *The Cricket on the Hearth*.

With one exception *Oliver Twist* has probably been given in America more often than any other Dickens play. The first American presentation of *Oliver Twist* on January 7, 1839, at the Franklin Theatre was the occasion of Charles Mestayer's début. Of vastly greater interest and received with larger success was the second production, given one month later at the Park Theatre, under the title *Oliver Twist, or the Parish Boy's Progress*. This was the occasion of Miss Cushman's first appearance as Nancy Sykes. At Burton's a revival was seen in December of 1851, when Burton gave his memorable Bumble, and another presentation it would have been good to have seen was the version made by Joseph Jefferson himself and presented February 2, 1860, at the Winter Garden with the following familiar cast: Brownton, J. H. Stoddart; Bumble, George Holland (father of our E. M., Joseph and George Holland); Bill Sykes, G. Jordan; Fagin, James Wallack, Jr., and Nancy Sykes, Matilde Heron. Fanny Davenport and Elita Proctor Otis have both been praised for their Nancy, and occasional revivals of Oliver are successfully given nowadays by the stock companies.



BIJOU HERON AS SMIKE, "NICHOLAS NICKLEBY."

It is hard to reconcile Dickens's contradictory attitude toward the dramatisation of his works. Forster leaves the impression that his resentment was directed against the state of the law which gave no protection to the novelist. The assist-

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ance he gave adapters while he reviled them is nowhere more apparent than in the case of *Nicholas Nickleby*. A dramatisation by Edward Stirling was presented at Drury Lane Theatre November 19, 1838 (and for one hundred consecutive nights), although the serial publication of the novel was not completed until the following year. This shows not merely the avidity with which these stories were seized upon for stage purposes, but it indicates that Dickens must have exposed his manuscript to Mr. Stirling in advance of publication, though it contained the famous arraignment of adapters quoted at the head of this paper. Forster says Dickens had been able to sit through this performance and see a merit in parts of the representation. John Sleeper Clarke made a distinguished success of his appearance as Newman Noggs at the Strand in 1855, in a dramatic fragment which was designated "an episodic sketch." Pemberton tells of an adaptation by Andrew Halliday, given at Drury Lane in 1875, when "a great 'realistic' feature was made of the starting of the Yorkshire coach from the Saracen's Head."

WILLIAM E. BURTON AS CAPTAIN CUTTLE. "DOMBEY AND SON."

Stirling gives the following amusing account of a performance of *Nickleby* given at Worthing under disadvantages:

> Without the "Dotheboys Hall" scholars, this performance could not, however, take place. And here was the awkward dilemma. Worthy mothers of the poorer class did not countenance play-acting, believing Old Nick to be in some way connected with it. A local Figaro helped me out of my difficulty. The professor of the razor did a bit of most things at his odd and leisure moments. He was a performer on the French horn, a bird fancier, news vendor, corn-cutter—Heaven knows what besides—a regular Caleb Quotem, in short. "I'll get you fifty, sir, never fear." And he was as good as his word. Lured from the by-streets and alleys by his horn, like children in the "Pied Piper of Hamelin," the small fry followed him to the theatre yard; once there, Figaro closed the gates upon Mr. Squeers's children. Amidst crying and moaning they were placed upon the stage, sitting on benches, and kept in order by Figaro's cane—poor children, completely bewildered. When the treacle was administered most of them cried. This delighted the audience, thinking it so natural (so it was). At nine o'clock, the act over, our cruel barber threw open the gates, driving his flock out, with a pleasant intimation of what they would catch when they got home. Mothers, fathers, sisters, in wild disorder, had been scouring the town for their runaways, and the police were completely puzzled and at their wit's ends at such a wholesale kidnapping. Figaro was nearly torn to pieces when the truth was discovered.

There was palpably a scramble to be first to get this play on the stage in New York. It was given January 25, 1839, at the National, and five days later, January 30, at the Park, where Charlotte Cush-

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man appeared as Fanny Squeers. A performance at Burton's, in January, 1853, made one of the notable chain of Dickens plays for which this house was noted. At the Winter Garden throughout November, 1853, Boucicault's version was presented with Dion Boucicault himself as Mantalini, Joseph Jefferson as Newman Noggs, Agnes Robertson as Smike, and George Holland as the Specimen Boy. It was at one time a popular bill with A. M. Palmer's great company at the Union Square. At all times the centre of dramatic interest has been Smike. So pronounced has this been that the adaptations most used have generally been called *Smike,* or, in some instances, *The Fortunes of Smike.*

Nicholas Nickleby was acted in French at the Ambigu-Comique Theatre, Paris, only a short time after the appearance of the novel. It is chiefly memorable as the subject of a most amusing account, to be found in *Frazer's Magazine* for March, 1842, written by one no less distinguished than Dickens himself. It is in the happiest style of Dickens's gifted admirer, William Makepeace Thackeray.

The mention of *The Old Curiosity Shop* in connection with the drama at once suggests Lotta, whose Little Nell and Marchioness are twin memories in Dickensian triumphs with Irving's Jingle, Florence's Cuttle, Cushman's Nancy, and Jefferson's Caleb. There have been but few other presentations, none notable, of this novel in America. The last is of recent memory when, at the Herald Square only two years ago Mary Saunders essayed what it is impossible to think of except as "Lotta's old parts." It seems natural to say "of course" it was Stirling who made the first London version given at the Theatre Royal, Adelphi, November 9, 1840. The title was *Old Curiosity Shop; or, One Hour from Master Humphrey's Clock.* In the advertisement it was described as "a burletta." It introduced Master Humphrey himself.

From the time of its appearance *Barnaby Rudge* seems to have possessed less attraction for the adapter than any of Dickens's novels, unless exception be made of *Little Dorrit* on equal terms of infrequency. Almost as obscure is the stage career of *Our Mutual Friend.* Nevertheless there would seem to be a capital play in the story of John Harmon's trial of Bella Wilfer and the amiable connivance of Mr. Boffins. Indeed, there are in this remarkable novel several stories and characters as dramatic and amusing as in any other of Dickens's work, though nothing else so suggestive for practical play-making as the incidents surrounding the Boffins household. It is quite probable that this view possessed the dramatist who wrote "The Golden Dustman" from *Our Mutual Friend,* produced some time since in London, and the only adaptation of this book of which I have

JOSEPH JEFFERSON AS CALEB PLUMMER. "THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH."

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been able to find any record. Though Dickens confessedly had dramatisation in mind when he was writing *Great Expectations,* this book has never had anything like the stage vogue of nine or ten others of his stories. The most marked distinction that ever came to it was to have W. S. Gilbert devote his skilful energies to an acting version, but even he apparently failed. I can find no record whatever of the presentation of a play from the uncompleted *Edwin Drood,* although Charles Dickens the younger and Joseph Hatton completed a version which was announced for production at the Princess's Theatre, London, in 1880.

Returning to the chronological sequence, the completion of *Martin Chuzzlewit* was the signal for apparently every manager in London to rush a dramatisation onto his stage. Stirling, Higgie and Lacy all made plays from the novel. Some idea of the appetite for Dickens may be deduced from the following dates of a few of the earliest productions: Lyceum, July 8, 1844; Strand, July 15, 1844; Victoria, July 15, 1844; Queen's, July 29, 1844. As in preceding cases the effort was to give all of Dickens and the result was no drama. Proportion suggested itself later and the succeeding dramas from the book have shown Pecksniff's trusting apprentice as the central figure and Tom Pinch has given his name to the play. E. S. Willard's portrait of this amiable character is fresh in memory as it was rich in charms. The melodrama with its lurid incidents and low comedy has become a high comedy of character.

JENNIE LEE AS JO. "BLEAK HOUSE."

In the early versions Mrs. Gamp was

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always acted by a man, and Bailey, the Boots at Todger's, almost invariably by a young woman. The impersonation of character by players of the opposite sex has been in evidence in nearly all the Dickens plays. Besides Sairey and Bailey, there are of record an admirable Betsy Prig by Mr. Collier; Tilly Slowboy by Lionel Brough; Smike by numerous well-known actresses; Tiny Tim by a young girl whenever it is played; Toots by Mary Taylor; Artful Dodger by Miss Thorne; even a Sam Weller by Nelly Farren, and Jennie Lee has been playing Jo for quite a quarter of a century.

"To *Dombey and Son,*" says Hutton in his *Plays and Players,* "Burton owed much of his success as manager and actor; Brougham his first success as writer or adapter of plays, and Mrs. Hoey her great success as artist and public favourite; and, above all, we, the public, are indebted to *Dombey and Son* for Mrs. Hoey, for Burton, for Brougham, and for the lesser stars it developed and presented to us. Let us, therefore, thank our 'stars' for *Dombey and Son,* and *Dombey and Son* for our 'stars.'"

The play seems always to have been more popular in America than in England. It is not associated with any of the great names of the London stage, whereas here, in addition to those referred to by Hutton, the late W. J. Florence found in Cuttle an imperishable bond to the hearts of his audiences and a reason for permanent fame unsustained even by any of his other celebrated creations. When he visited England *Punch* assented that Phiz-ically Florence was Cuttle down to the ground, and his success was otherwise unqualified. Dickens himself declared that the American comedian had thoroughly realised his conception of the character. When Dickens saw Florence as Cuttle, the play was being acted in Manchester and Henry Irving gave, no doubt, admirable support in the rôle of Mr. Dombey. In England this adaptation is sometimes billed as *Heart's Delight.*

Reference has already been made to the vogue which attended the American stage-birth of *David Copperfield.* It was almost a duplicate of the quartette of simultaneous productions of *Martin Chuzzlewit.* It seems, however, to have been a flash in the pan. Some English praise survives for Samuel Emery as Dan'l Peggotty, and Micawber has proved a blessed opportunity to several of our comedians from Burton to Stuart Robson, but, though in point of popularity it stands among the first of the novels, it is among the least of the plays. *Bleak House* and *Little Dorrit* followed in succession, but left no permanent impression beyond Jennie Lee's perennial Jo, in England, and, in America, the opportunity which Janauschek found to wrest a memorable triumph from Lady Dedlock and Hortense. A somewhat fluffy statesman said after seeing *Bleak House* in Washington: "Janauschek as Lady Dedlock was most artistic, nevertheless the woman who acted Hortense was really greater."

It was ten years after Dombey that adapters and authors found their next substantial material in Dickens. *The Tale of Two Cities* was a product of 1859. Various have been the designations of the stage version from the title of the book, from Palgrave Simpson and Herman Merivale's *All for Her* to *The Only Way,* made familiar to us by Henry Miller's Sydney Carton. But though this great dramatic novel did produce dramas it was more prolific of discussions. Just at the time of the publication of *A Tale of Two Cities* there was produced (November 10, 1859), a play by Watts Phillips, called *The Dead Heart.* It was a story of a *lettre de cachet,* a rescue from the Bastile nearly twenty years after, and the self-surrender of a young man to the guillotine to save the life of his friend. There was at once an acrimonious argument which did not become any less involved by reference to a similar incident in the elder Dumas's *Le Chevalier de la Maison Rouge.* A fairly thorough and a thoroughly fair exposition of the controversy may be found in the *New Review* for 1889 over John Coleman's name. However, *A Dead Heart* secured early possession of the theatre and held it to the practical exclusion of popularity from Carton's early stage career. The belief seems always to have been accepted that *A Tale of Two Cities* contains better and more feasible material for a play than any other of Dickens's novels, but a dramatist has not yet appeared to do justice to the story.

Some of Dickens's minor pieces have proved the major successes of those who

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have prepared them for the stage or have acted in them. They have usually been done into one act. The novelist himself wrote, "as a sort of practical joke," a piece called *The Strange Gentleman,* from his story of "The Great Winglebury Duel." The Keeleys, who acted in nearly all the other adaptations, presented *The Battle of Life* at Christmas time, 1846, and Toole afterward played Ben Britain with much success. He has also been much praised for his Tetterby in *The Haunted Man,* and Toby Veck in *The Chimes,* which latter part found a remarkable exponent in this country in Charles Burke, an admired comedian, the first husband of Mrs. Joseph Jefferson (third). No dramatisation has ever been made of *The Lamplighter's Story.* The reason is that in this instance the business of adaptation was reversed. Dickens wrote a farce called *The Lamplighter* for Covent Garden Theatre under W. C. Macready, and later made the narrative version which became a part of *"The Picnic Papers*—By various hands. Edited by Charles Dickens." The little play from *The Holly Tree* has given many an actor a good chance as Boots.

However, the most popular of the short pieces have been *A Christmas Carol* and *The Cricket on the Hearth.* Many were the dramatisations which appeared almost as quickly as the first story itself. Scrooge and Bob Cratchit, sustained by the supernatural element which never fails on the stage and by the inherent charm of the story, carried the *Carol* at once into dramatic favour which it enjoyed for years. Stirling put it into "three staves," but Barnett recast it into two acts. Nothing of the original was sacrificed, however, for they collectively contained thirteen scenes. Dickens attended the rehearsals of Stirling's play. The dramatist, thinking to make Tiny Tim (a pretty child) more effective, ordered a set of irons and bandages for his supposed weak leg. When Dickens saw this tried on the child, he protested: "No, Stirling, no; this won't do! Remember how painful it would be to many in the audience having crippled children." The first Christmas next after its publication *A Christmas Carol,* Stirling's version, was the festival bill at the Park, New York, and succeeding yule-tides saw various repetitions.

So there remains only to tell of the stage career of the fifth of the Christmas stories, *The Cricket on the Hearth,* which is the one Dickens adaptation preserved for our present enjoyment. Originally it was presented "in three chirps," at the City of London Theatre, January 7, 1846, just a fortnight after its appearance in book form. Albert Smith was the author of the version seen the twenty-first of the month following at the Park Theatre. He included a character of which I have not been able to find any other trace, the Spirit of the Cricket. The early versions were, however, decidedly crude and were characterised, as were all the first adaptations of Dickens by the haste with which they were rushed before the public after the appearance of the respective stories. Dion Boucicault made a new version, the one concurrently presented, and it was acted for the first time September 14, 1859, under the title *Dot.* After that night it was always Caleb and not Dot whom the public came to see. Joseph Jefferson was the toy-maker of that memorable evening, and this creation has survived as one of the principal supports of his fame.

Paul Wilstach.

HERE AND THERE

Admiral Sampson and Admiral Schley.

Of several letters that have been sent us on the same general subject, we publish the following one as a text for certain remarks that we are going to make:

I think that it would gratify a good many of your readers if you would give your views on the Sampson-Schley controversy. While I do not always agree with what you write, and, in fact, often violently disagree, I feel that you form your judgments independently, and that they are sincere. Which side do you take in this matter, and why do you take it?

As to the various questions which are at present very much before the public mind with reference to Rear-Admiral Sampson and Rear-Admiral Schley, any

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discussion ought to begin with a consideration of the characteristics of the two men as these have been revealed in their public acts. Admiral Sampson represents the type of naval officer who is, above all else, strictly and most commendably professional. Cold in temperament, clear-headed, dispassionate and self-controlled, he has many of the traits that were to be found in Moltke and that contributed so largely to that soldier's phenomenal success. His chief aim has been to perform with absolute efficiency the tasks assigned him, and in doing so to spare no pains, to shrink from no sacrifice, to leave no detail unnoticed or unprovided for. He has a very high degree of scientific knowledge, and he represents both what is best in the traditions of the old navy and in the aspirations of the new. Whether he cares for popular applause we do not know. He certainly has never courted it, and least of all has he suffered any thought of it to influence his action. He would probably never be described in the easy-going parlance of private life as "a good fellow." He is too reserved, too austere, too serious, in fact, too professional, for that. His tactlessness is sometimes almost repellent; as when, upon his tardy arrival at the battle of Santiago, in response to Commodore Schley's enthusiastic signal of congratulation, he made the coldly curt reply, "Report your casualties." We fancy that he is not a famous spinner of yarns, a jovial soul, a boon companion. But we know that in the navy he is regarded with profound respect, and that he was precisely the officer to take the chief naval command at the outbreak of the Spanish War. His promotion to that post of tremendous responsibility was wonderfully justified by the event; and the sentiment of the navy as a whole approved it at the time. The smashing of Cervera's fleet was just as much his work as though his own hand had fired every gun upon that memorable day of victory.

Rear-Admiral Schley is a very different sort of man. He is, first of all, a man of impulse, of eager action—in fact, a man more typically French than Anglo-Saxon. You can see that in his face, and you can discern it in his record. He is much more easy-going than Admiral Sampson, less intellectual, less steady, less sure of himself in any sudden emergency. He keeps an eye upon the public, and he likes the approval of the public even in its casual manifestations. Applause is almost as sweet to him as it is to Mr. Roosevelt, and his appreciation of it is almost as naïf. He is decidedly a "good fellow;" and he knows something of the ways of politicians. His impulsiveness, his easy manners, his approbativeness, his lack of reserve, all tend to make him liked by many whose standards of judgment are personal rather than professional. To these he must appear delightfully human, where Admiral Sampson would seem only a naval martinet. For the rest, Admiral Schley is undoubtedly a gallant sailor. The doubt that has been expressed regarding his physical courage is absolutely monstrous. It has not the slightest shadow of justification in the recorded facts. He is unquestionably as brave a man as any navy in the world can show. But when we come to the question of his moral courage the case is not so clear. A nature so impetuous as his and one so sensitive to opinion is apt to lead its possessor into complications; and this, we think, is illustrated in the record of Rear-Admiral Schley. Not to be tedious, let us take the single incident of the famous "loop" described by the *Brooklyn* at the fight off Santiago. This manœuvre was beyond all question precisely what the situation called for. The comparatively light-armoured *Brooklyn* had drawn too near the Spanish vessels, and it was the part of an able commander to avoid a risk which had been rendered unnecessary by the approach of our heavily armoured battle-ships. Enough had been done for glory, and the "loop" was well conceived and admirably executed That the *Brooklyn* was likely to blanket the fire of the *Texas* unless she shifted her position is also the opinion of most intelligent persons who have carefully examined the diagram which the New York *Sun* has several times published to support a contention which the diagram itself refutes. Commodore Schley's exclamation, "Damn the *Texas!* Let her take care of herself!" was simply the impatient utterance of an officer who resented his subordinate's hesitation to obey a command which required the promptest action for its success. That the *Brooklyn* might have rammed the

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Texas is conceivable. The *Brooklyn* might certainly have done so had she not been skilfully handled; but she *was* skilfully handled, and she did not ram the *Texas*. In other words, Commodore Schley knew what he was about. So far, so good. Had he made his explanation of this with simplicity and frankness, and accepted the whole responsibility of everything that he had done and said on that occasion, his action would have been viewed by every one as not only satisfactory but commendable. But here came in that unfortunate tendency of his to be unprofessional, to concern himself with what people generally may think, to play a little to the gallery. It occurred to Commodore Schley that perhaps the motive which led him to execute the manœuvre of the "loop" might be misunderstood by the newspapers and by the public. So, with deplorable shortsightedness, in his various statements made directly and through his friends, he hedged and backed and filled and quibbled. There seems to be no doubt that he even went so far as to edit the report made by Lieutenant Hodgson, and to suppress a part of that officer's account of what occurred. By so doing he brought upon himself the very criticism that he was so anxious to avoid; and he has in consequence suffered severely, where a good stiff backbone and a proper stock of moral courage would have carried him through unscathed.

It is hard to say whether the enemies or the friends of Rear-Admiral Schley deserve the greater condemnation for all that they have said and written since this most discreditable controversy first began. Among his journalistic enemies the New York *Sun* appears to us to have got itself into the deepest depths. The *Sun* is ready to avow at any time that President McKinley is wise and able and patriotic. It is also ready to avow at any time even with curses that Rear-Admiral Schley has shown himself to be inefficient, insubordinate and cowardly. Yet after the Spanish War had ended, the wise and able and patriotic McKinley, knowing all the facts, caused the aforesaid Schley to be promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral in the navy of the United States. But if the aforesaid Schley had in reality been inefficient, insubordinate, and cowardly, then the President who promoted him was dishonouring the service, rewarding baseness, and violating his own solemn oath of office. Hence, either President McKinley is not wise and able and patriotic, or else Rear-Admiral Schley has not been inefficient, insubordinate and cowardly. This is a square dilemma, and we should like to see it squarely met in the editorial columns of the *Sun*,—not with hoots and jeers and cheap vituperation, but in a manner to recall the intellectual ability of the elder Dana. The elder Dana was almost always cynical. He was frequently vindictive. He was sometimes positively malignant. But he was consistently true to his own intellectual standards, he was brilliantly logical, and he never made himself ridiculous. It is not conceivable that, even for the sake of making a point against an enemy (and he was a splendid hater), he would ever have described Mr. Edgar S. Maclay as the most distinguished of living American historians.

But what shall we say of Rear-Admiral Schley's misguided or besotted friends? The sensational journalists, the foolish Southerners who imagine that because he is a native of the South, the criticism which he has received has any sectional significance—the senatorial coyotes, the writers such as Mr. Ambrose Bierce, who, in discussing this question, have too often allowed exceptional literary talent to drift into the depths of drivel; the harm which some of these men have done to themselves is great; but the harm which they are doing Admiral Schley is greater still. Their attitude during the past few weeks seems absolutely inconsistent with the possession of the most ordinary intelligence. Admiral Schley, because the criticism heaped upon him had become intolerable, asked the Secretary of the Navy to appoint a formal Court of Inquiry to investigate and report upon every point at issue. The Secretary granted his request. What course could be more proper? What else could any honourable gentleman do? What more satisfactory means could be devised for silencing his slanderers and removing forever the cloud which rests, we believe unjustly, upon his reputation as an offi-

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cer of the navy? This court is precisely like the "court of honour" with which Continental armies and navies are familiar. It was Admiral Schley's own wish that such a court should be convened. Yet all his yellow friends have set up a portentous howl that he is being persecuted, and that, in the Dooley phrase, he is to be tried for having been victorious! From such friends as these Rear-Admiral Schley should most devoutly pray to be delivered.

The Court of Inquiry is composed of three men of the highest distinction and of unblemished reputation. Americans have known and admired them for years. Their names belong to the history of the Republic. Their personal honour is unquestioned. Their devotion to the service and to their country has been attested by every public action of their lives. They have no bias, no wish for aught but the unsullied truth. Dewey, Howison, and Benham—if these three men can not render exact and impartial justice to a comrade, then, humanly speaking, there is no such thing as justice on this earth. When they shall have begun their task, the voice of criticism should be stilled. We believe that when their verdict shall be rendered it will declare that, in spite of minor errors of judgment such as every mortal man is liable to make, Rear-Admiral Schley is entitled to all the honours that belong of right to a gallant, generous, high-minded gentleman; and that so far as this verdict may indirectly affect the public estimation of Admiral Sampson, it will only strengthen his claims to the gratitude of Americans. But whatever the Court of Inquiry may declare to be the truth, its declaration should be accepted without question and without complaint. This attitude, indeed, is the only one that is patriotic. It is the only one that is manly. It is the only one that is decent. If any considerable portion of the American people shall fail to see this, they will bring discredit, deep and lasting, upon themselves and, in the eyes of the world, upon their country.

H. T. P.

A CHRONICLE OF OUR OWN TIMES

JULY 10—AUGUST 10.

I.

THE STEEL TRUST AND THE STRIKE.

On *July 13* Theodore F. Shaffer, President and Chairman of the Executive Board of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Plate Workers, declared a strike, to take effect on *July 15* against the American Sheet Steel Company, the American Steel Hoop Company, and the American Tin Plate Company, three of the seven constituent companies* of the United States Steel Corporation. This steel trust was incorporated on February 25, for the purpose of placing under a single management the control of most of the bulkier steel and iron products in the United States. Although the corporation was capitalised for at least twice its actual value, yet the aggregate face value of its securities, amounting to $1,404,000,000, marked the company out as the largest and apparently the most powerful combination of capital in the world. As such, it became of special interest to trade unions, always apprehensive lest unfettered employers should illegitimately increase their gains through lowering wages and oppressing the workingman. And so, to build up a countervailing power, the Amalgamated Association essayed to organise all the men who laboured at skilled jobs in the rolling mills of the corporation. The task was not new to the Amalgamated. Formed on August 4, 1876, this association grew rapidly until, in 1890 to 1893, it lost its hold on the Carnegie mills in the terrible Homestead strike, and through separate disagreements lost also the sheet steel plants at Apollo and Leechburg, Pennsylvania, and the large mills of Jones and Laughlins. For some years thereafter the Amalgamated was at

*That is, seven companies finally implicated in the dispute, and alone spoken of in this article. There are actually ten companies in the Trust; see BOOKMAN for April and May.

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a low ebb, especially as the many iron "puddlers" in the Association had been displaced in the mills through the substitution of steel for iron in manufactures. Later, however, and mainly through the unionising of the American Tin Plate Company, the Amalgamated regained prestige. The situation before the strike was that many of the plate rolling mills of the corporation were unionised, and several of the largest and best equipped were not. Outside of the rolling mills the Amalgamated had a scattered membership of skilled workmen in various departments, while the American Federation of Labour had a considerable membership of unskilled workmen. The Amalgamated, however, itself affiliated with the Federation of Labour, was the only really compact and powerful union in the corporation.

The trouble culminating in the strike seems to have begun early in the year, when seven men were discharged from the McKeesport works of the American Sheet Steel Company, presumably because they were known to belong to the union. It is said *presumably,* because, among other things, upon representations made by the Association, six of the seven men discharged were reinstated; and upon the basis of their reinstatement, a truce was patched up until it came time to sign the annual "scale," to go into effect on July 1. The slight advances in wages then asked for by the union were readily granted by the manufacturers, but the union asked* in addition that the "scale" should be signed, not only for the union, but also for the non-union mills of the Sheet Steel, Steel Hoop and Tin Plate companies. Of the non-union mills, the principal were the Clark, Painter, and Lindsay and McCutcheon works of the Steel Hoop Company, the McKeesport and Wellsville works of the Sheet Steel Company, and the Monessen works of the Tin Plate Company. Against the Tin Plate Company the union had no grievance, for all that company's mills were union with the exception of those at Monessen, and the latter, on account of the peculiar work carried on there, had been regularly operated under a separate "scale" with the full consent of the Association. When difficulty was experienced with the other two companies, however, the union threw the Tin Plate Company into the scale, and when the Trust, though conceding four non-union mills to the Association, would not permit every mill to be organised, the Association declared a strike against the three companies. Prior to this time the "scale" had been signed for the ensuing year for every mill of the Tin Plate Company outside of Monessen, and these contracts the union quashed, quoting, as their justification, an article of the Association's constitution to the effect that "should one mill in a combine *or trust* have a difficulty, all mills in said combine *or trust* shall cease work until such grievance is settled." Yet, notwithstanding this constitution, which rose supreme over contracts, the union was willing to promise, and did promise the Trust, that if it would only sign the "scale" for all the mills of the three companies, there should be no stoppage of work in any of the mills of those companies on account of any "difficulty" which might be experienced over the "scale" in the mills of the other four companies of the Trust.

When the strike went into effect, some 74,000 men, it was said, went out, of whom, perhaps, 40,000 belonged to the union; of the remainder, the larger number were unskilled labourers, whose employment depended upon the working of the union men. The declaration of the union that the men in the non-union mills were in sympathy with the Association was in large part proved true, for the majority of non-union mills were forced to shut down. Of the companies, the Tin Plate suffered most severely, all of its mills except Monessen being closed; the Steel Hoop ran in full only its plant at Portage, while the Sheet Steel had its usual output cut about in half.

When the union perceived that the strike was making but moderate headway, and that the sentiment of the country was rather against them, negotiations were again entered into or rather resumed with Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, *ex-officio* ruler of the Steel Trust, and Mr. Charles M. Schwab, its president. At a conference held on *August 3* the Association prac-

*The union at the very first asked that the "scale" should be signed for all the mills of all seven companies of the corporation; but this demand was so evidently unreasonable that it was withdrawn.

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tically offered to accept the Trust's compromise proposal of July 13 with regard to the Tin Sheet* and Sheet Steel† companies, and as concerned the Steel Hoop Company, asked that the "scale" be signed for such mills as had been previously recognised as union or had proved their union sentiments by going out on strike. But the Trust was no longer inclined toward compromise, and agreed only to sign the "scale" for works previously signed for, and then with the exception of the Old Meadow and Saltsburg mills. The union, not consenting to this, President Shaffer, on *August 6*, ordered a strike, to take effect after *August 10*, of "all Amalgamated and other union men in name and heart" at work in the remaining partially unionised companies of the United States Steel Corporation. These companies were the National Steel, National Tube and Federal Steel; for the Carnegie, the greatest of the seven companies, had rid itself of unionism by fire and sword in the Homestead strike of 1892. On *August 9* the American Federation of Labour, an incompact organisation but with an estimated membership of 900,000, pledged, through its President, Samuel Gompers, to give full moral and financial support to the Amalgamated, and to extend aid to all men whomsoever who struck in the Association's behalf. In his letter to this effect Mr. Gompers did not touch upon the fact that the Amalgamated was about to break contracts signed with the union mills of the three additional companies declared against. But President Shaffer had referred to this in his strike order, saying, "You will be told that you have signed contracts. . . . Remember, before you agreed to any contract, you took an obligation to the Amalgamated." The Association "now calls you in this hour of need."

An hour of need it undoubtedly was. For the Amalgamated was strong only in the rolling mills of the various plants, had sparse public sympathy, a bad record for losing strikes, and a questionable one for initiating them; and had, moreover, mainly because the Carnegie plants were non-union, no means of absolutely corralling any one output of the Trust. Besides this, the Association had committed a grave tactical error in first declaring a strike against only three of the Trust's companies, and so forewarning the other three, and in later giving the Trust the better half of a week's notice before the second strike order went into effect.

Upon the merits of the whole matter, outside of the violation of contracts by the Amalgamated, there were various and vociferous opinions. It was at least clear that both parties to the dispute preferred to ward off intimate inquiries on the subject and to keep the public strictly outside of a shell of fact atmosphered in misty generalisation. The one side professed with regard to the mills in controversy that protection from the union had merely been afforded to non-union workers in accordance with justice and the wishes of the men; the other side asserted that the non-union men were pining to get into the union, but that the Trust would not allow it. And probably neither statement was entirely ingenuous or bore much part in the dispute.

For, as commonly understood, the Amalgamated was working for itself, and the Trust likewise, and the two came into collision because both wanted control of the non-union mills. When the Trust signed the "scale" for a mill, it also covenanted to settle "all differences that might arise between the workmen and the mill owners" in conference with the Amalgamated Association and under the rules of the Association; and thereby the Trust made the Association a managing director in the mill. Now, if all the mills were unionised, the Trust, through its size alone, would have its output left to the mercy of the Association; because alternative skilled workmen in sufficiently large numbers, could not readily be found by the Trust, if at all.

In that case the Association could dictate to the Trust the price at which Trust products would be delivered to the Trust by the Association. But so long as the Trust retained a sufficient number of non-union mills, that could be relied upon to turn out trust products for twenty-four hours of every day if necessary, in strike and out of strike, the Trust was in

*Tin Sheet.—The "scale" to be operative, as signed for all mills; Monessen excepted from "scale."

†Sheet Steel.—The "scale" to be signed for all mills previously signed for, including the non-union mills of Old Meadow and Saltsburg, and also for the McKeesport and Wellsville works, not previously signed for.

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a position promptly to smash any attempted "corner" on its goods. And hence the Trust purposed to retain this non-union factor of safety. In pursuance of this policy there seems no especial reason to doubt that the Trust did, in certain non-union mills, require the men to sign an anti-union pledge, and did discharge a number of men for breaking that pledge; and such action, if it was committed, was without question in direct violation of the "Anti-Discrimination Law" of Pennsylvania.

From precisely the opposite point of view, the Association conceived that the Steel Corporation, as the greatest of all trusts, would, if unrestrained, be one of the greatest of labour oppressors; and therefore it behooved the Association to unionise the Trust so thoroughly that labour could meet capital on equal terms. Turned around, the exact argument which impelled the Corporation to resist further unionisation impelled the Association to attempt it. For, as Mr. Gompers said, "Organised labour advances or recedes, never stands still." "If the Trust, by its great wealth, can prevent the extension and growth of the Amalgamated Association, it encompasses its disintegration and destruction. The only power, then, standing between the Trust and workers as a protector is the tender mercies of its directors." To this argument, slightly incomplete in itself, might be added the statement that workingmen, no less than trust magnates, cherish ambition, suspicion of their enemies, and lust for power and gain. In any event, both the United States Steel Corporation and the Amalgamated Association saw for their constituents high strategic value in the same mills, and the strike followed.

The Amalgamated, it was admitted, was fighting not only for itself but to a considerable extent for the whole cause of trade unionism in the skilled branches of the iron and steel industries; and added interest was lent to the outcome because, as in the disastrous machinists' strike in England in 1897, the battle was not for a redress of grievances but for mastership of the mills. While it was not contended that American workmen, however well organised, would in the near future endeavour to emulate the English workmen in scaling down production, shortening hours of labour, and opposing labour-saving machines, it was still thought that power gained would at least incline the unions toward self-ease. It was noted that the "scale" of the Amalgamated already contained a provision limiting the amount of work which could be done by the men engaged in sheet rolling, and it was more especially noted that, in at least one colossal instance, that of the Carnegie Company, non-unionism had proved a rich paying proposition for both employers and employed. "It has been computed that if the numerals 1 to 1¼ be taken as representing the producing capacity of the British workman, 2¼ must be taken as representing the producing capacity of the American workman." This ratio, the press took the occasion to emphasise, it was not desirable to disturb.

That both the Trust and the Association should have preferred to penalise themselves heavily rather than to place the matter before arbitrators, gave rise to much comment and criticism. Several papers took the ground that in cases where the public was liable to suffer so severely by the wholesale suspension of production, an impartial board of arbitration should be appointed, possibly under governmental direction, with plenary powers of decision. On the other hand, it was contended that if the two parties interested, who alone were intimately acquainted with the actual conditions and complications prevailing, could not arrive at a conclusion satisfactory to both, there was practically no chance that an outsider could do so. Moreover, an employer could not be expected, simply on the strength of an *ex-cathedra* ruling, to continue to run his manufacturing plant at a loss or if he were subjected to continual annoyance; nor would employees remain at work if they considered themselves underpaid or tyrannised over.

II.

STATE AFFAIRS.

Senator McLaurin and the New South.

On *July 25*, at a meeting enlivened by the gyrations of Senator Benjamin R. Tillman's "pitchfork," the State Democratic Executive Committee of South Carolina read Senator John L. McLaurin out of the party by a vote of 25 to 5. The resolution set

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forth that the Senator, by voting with the Republicans and supporting their policies, had misrepresented his constituency, ignored the National Democratic platform, and that honesty and self-respect therefore, demanded that he should immediately tender his unqualified resignation. In his reply, made public on *August 6*, Senator McLaurin stated that the Democrats throughout the State, and not Mr. Tillman or the Executive Committee, were the proper judges of his political record. In due time, said Senator McLaurin, he would appeal to the people as to his course in aiding cotton factories, opening highways of commerce, and endeavouring to gain for the Democratic Party the confidence and respect of the business and labouring elements, North and South. In the meantime he offered his condolence to the State Committee "on the unhappy and absurd situation" into which they had been led by the dictatorship of Senator Tillman.

In commenting upon the quarrel between the Senators, the press pointed out that it was much more than a personal matter—it was really a battle for principles, the outçome of which would be indicative of a halting or expanding commercial policy throughout South Carolina, and to some extent, perhaps, throughout the South. For Senator Tillman stood for a Bryanised democracy, inimical to trusts and corporations, favourable to free silver, and to some extent, at least, subservient to the cries and whoops of the multitude for "equality." Senator McLaurin, on the other hand, advocated ship subsidies for the readier exporting of cotton from the South, protection for Southern industries, and a kindly treatment of capitalists, and the latter policy was much more likely than the former to bring in those large aggregations of capital necessary for the development of Southern coal mines and cotton fields, and for the establishment of manufactures. "Loudly as the South has clamoured for capital," remarked a recent writer on this subject, "no other section of the country has so repulsed capital by adverse State legislation and by popular outcry against the evils of trusts. It is a question whether the Southern States could not turn a pretty penny by enduring for a while all the trust evil alleged, obtaining as compensation for themselves the financial prestige, political influence, enhancement of values and extensive demand for labour which follow in the train of capital."

The Corporation Law of Connecticut.

Notwithstanding that the "blue laws" of morality still obtain in Connecticut, her citizens appear to have been keenly alive to the fees derived by Delaware and New Jersey from trust charters given on easy terms. In endeavouring to emulate these States Connecticut distanced them. The new corporation law which went into effect on *August 1* provides that on payment of fifty cents for each $1000 of capital up to $5,000,000, and of ten cents additional for each $1000 of capital over $5,000,000, corporations may obtain charters forever afterward exempt from State taxation. While the corporation must keep an "office" and an "agent" in the State, the annual meetings need not be held in Connecticut, nor is any one in Connecticut required to hold stock in the corporation. In brief, "the cheapest charter that can be bought anywhere in the world" will be issued upon a strictly in advance payment; and whether the corporation thus equipped constructs, reconstructs, or destroys, Connecticut claims no further responsibility in the matter.

The Suffrage in Alabama.

On *August 5* the Constitutional Convention of Alabama completed, subject to ratification by the people, the suffrage clause of the new State constitution. This provided that all descendants of soldiers in any war might register and become life electors at any time prior to January 1, 1903. Those who were not of militant ancestry or who were not freemen before the Civil War were required, if they wished to vote before 1903, to be "persons of good character who understand the duties and obligations of citizenship." Of this good character and the duties of citizenship, a board of registration in each county were to be the judges, though appeals from their decisions might be taken to the State courts. After January, 1903, the right of suffrage was to be determined by an educational and property qualification, applying equally to negroes and white men. Thereafter the negro could vote if he

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had paid his poll tax, if he could read and write, or, in lieu thereof, paid taxes on property assessed at $300, and if, unless physically disabled, he had been engaged in some regular occupation for the greater part of the twelve months preceding the date of registration. The last clause was specifically aimed against those negroes of the younger generation who were sufficiently educated not to be debarred by an educational qualification, but who were, nevertheless, too lazy to work, undesirable citizens generally and apt to be politically corrupt.

III.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

The Everlasting Chinese Indemnity.

A telegram received at the State Department on *July 19* from Special Commissioner William W. Rockhill stated that the indemnity demand against China, fixed at 450,000,000 taels ($323,100,000), with interest at 4 per cent. until paid, had been formally approved by the Powers. On *July 22* Mr. Rockhill reported further that the way in which China should pay this indemnity had also been agreed to. This way was that China should issue bonds covering the entire amount of the indemnity, and should raise annually, for the joint account of principal and interest, 23,000,000 taels. In the first year 18,000,000 taels would be applied to interest and 5,000,000 to principal, and each year thereafter a proportionately larger amount would be applied to principal through the reduction of the interest account, so that by 1940 the bonds would be entirely redeemed. While it was not gainsaid that just debts should bear interest, or that the "total indemnity" was exactly 450,000,000 taels, as stated by Mr. Rockhill, and no more, it, nevertheless remained a fact of arithmetic that 23,000,000 taels annually repeated until about 1940 would make a total of some 900,000,000 taels, or twice the amount of the "total indemnity." On *July 27* Mr. Rockhill informed the State Department that Russia would not press for an increase of the Chinese import duties beyond an effective 5 per cent. tax, and that if the Chinese revenues were then insufficient to pay the indemnity, the Powers would "determine upon necessary changes." So Russia's anxiety that her bonds should be redeemed when due appeared to be relieved, and also England's fear lest by an increase of the import duties her trade should be injured. All things thus working together for good, it was arranged that the settlement protocol, the sole tangible result of the months of negotiations should be signed by the ministers on *August 6*. A relieved sigh was exhaled from the American and European press, and on August 6 Great Britain, for reasons not made clear, declined to sign.

The Status of the Liberal Party.

In response to a request of the City Liberal Club, asking him for his views on the political situation, Lord Rosebery, in a letter dated *July 16*, and in a speech on *July 19*, set forth with much clearness the "irreconcilable conflict" which, in his opinion, was responsible for the present political impotence of the Liberal Party. The truce, he said, patched up between the two factions of the party at the Reform Club on June 14, and the vote of confidence passed at that time in Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the Liberal leader, were simply manifestations of "organised hypocrisy." There could be no peace within the party, and no effective action by it until an agreement was reached in the matter of the war and the maintenance of the Empire. The Liberal leaders had concluded that this was a transient subject, on which they might agree to disagree. Fox also had thought the issue unessential when he opposed the great war with France. "But, in spite of his vast abilities and incredible charm, he split his party and excluded it from power for nearly forty years." The truth was that statesmen who disassociated themselves from the nation in such a national question as war, where all strove and suffered together, disassociated themselves for much longer than they thought. The issue was, in fact, supreme, calculated to create new parties, much more to destroy an old one. For himself, Lord Rosebery said, he approved the purpose and condemned the methods of the war. No impartial observer re-

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membered any government which had crowded into its administration such a frightful assemblage of error, weakness, and wholesale blundering as had the present Conservative one. But until the Liberals determined definitely for or against the Empire, of which there seemed no immediate prospect, a weak government was likely to be confronted by a weaker opposition.

The Boer War.

In accordance with instructions from the Imperial Government, a proclamation was issued by Lord Kitchener on *August 7* stating that all burgher commanders who had not surrendered by September 15 would be forever banished from South Africa, and that the cost of maintaining the families of all burgher soldiers who had not surrendered by September 15 would be charged to those burghers' property. The reason given in the proclamation for these measures was that Great Britain was in complete possession of the seats of government and principal towns of the late Transvaal and Orange Free State, that the burghers were no longer able to offer organised resistance to Great Britain, nor had they any hope of success in the war; but that, nevertheless, they continued to plunder and destroy property, kept the country in a state of disturbance, and prevented the resumption of agricultural and industrial pursuits. In justice to the "great majority of the inhabitants" who wished for peace, Great Britain had determined that this "state of lawlessness" must cease.

The Proposed German Tariff.

On *July 26* a preliminary draft was published of a proposed new tariff law for Germany. According to the schedules of this tariff, import duties on machinery were more than doubled, and in the instance of saws quadrupled; rates on dynamos, motors, telephone and telegraph apparatus were multiplied, and, in fine, intimation was given that Germany intended to reserve to herself a full share of the profits to be derived from the industrial system. But, besides these duties on manufactures, the tariff added in the same proportion to the rates on agricultural products. The duty on wheat was increased from $8.33 a ton to a minimum of $13.09 a ton under commercial treaties, and a maximum of $15.49 without commercial treaties; the duty on rye was raised from $8.33 a ton to $11.90 a ton minimum, and $14.28 a ton maximum; on oats, from $6.66 a ton to $11.90 minimum, and $14.28 maximum; corn and barley were raised in like degree, and the increase in animal foods was in many instances still greater, lard having to pay 1⅓ cents, and fresh meats over 3 cents a pound. The position of Germany, as shown by these agricultural schedules, was of note in the history of national economy. For while all the great Powers, and Germany among the foremost, were striving for distinction in the manufacturing industries and were gauging their relative strength largely by comparison of their factories, transportation systems, and steel, and mercantile establishments, Germany suddenly proposed, in the interest of her farmers alone, and to the detriment of the entire urban and industrial population, to make a radical increase in the price of staple food articles, add directly to the workingman's cost of living and so discourage the very industries she was protecting and endeavouring to develop.

The publication of the government's schedules called forth protestations from all directions. The Agrarians, to whose sole advantage the tariff was, complained that their fruits and cows were insufficiently protected; the manufacturers opposed the proposals because the Agrarians were protected, and the semi-official papers of Russia complained that long-established lines of commerce between the two countries were threatened. The *Fremdenblatt* of the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Office went further, and said bluntly that if Germany wanted a tariff war she might have it. The published complaints of the measure were collected and carefully republished in Germany, by direction, it was presumed, of the Imperial Government. And this made the Agrarians angry because the question was raised as to whether the government was not illustrating to them, in a way that could not be politically resented, the impossibility of their extreme demands, prior to modifying the tariff bill before presenting it to the Reichstag for action.

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The Catholic Orders in France.

The attitude of the Pope toward the Associations Law of France was made known on *July 18*, when a letter was published, written by Cardinal Gotti at the Pope's direction, to the Superiors of the various congregations. In this letter the Pope expressed his continuing disapproval of the Associations Law, in that it encroached upon the rights, prerogatives and lawful liberties of the Church. Since, however, the congregations were of so much benefit to religious and civil society in France, the Pope, in order to prevent their extinction, had concluded to recognise the law, and so gave his permission to the Orders to apply to the state for authority to continue in France. Under the law this application was to be accompanied by full information concerning the statutes, membership, and sources of revenue of the Orders, and this the Pope consented to subject to certain minor ecclesiastical conditions. But whether the two most important Orders affected by the law, the Assumptionists and the Jesuits, would largely avail themselves of the Pope's permission remained doubtful. The latter Order, it was reported, believed that the conditions imposed were too onerous, and that in any case the government would refuse it authorisation. While, therefore, the majority of the members of the Jesuits would remain in France to watch events and take advantage of any favourable circumstance which might arise, the twenty-nine Jesuit colleges in France would be dismantled, and the Order itself would nominally go out of existence.

The New Russian Canal.

A report from Consul Kehl at Stettin was made public on *July 25*, stating that work had been begun on a new Russian canal, to extend from Kronstadt, the port and great naval entrance to St. Petersburg, to Soratskoi, the new naval harbour on the White Sea. The canal is to be 642 miles long, 200 feet wide, and to have an extreme depth of 31 feet, thus admitting of the passage of Russia's largest cruisers. Industrially, the canal will afford cheap transportation for timber and grain from the provinces of Archangel and Olonetz to St. Petersburg, and will in general tend to develop the provinces by affording easy communication and encouraging the establishment of grist and saw-mills. Strategically, the Baltic and White Seas will be placed in direct communication *via* Russian territory, so that Russia's war vessels at both Kronstadt and Soratskoi will be able to unite or find an exit at either port, and thus the efficiency of the fleets will be very nearly doubled.

IV.

CUBA AND THE SUGAR DUTY.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the American Sugar Refining Company, held on *July 27*, a resolution was passed recommending to the stockholders that the capitalisation of the company be increased from $75,000,000 to $90,000,000. The additional capital desired was to be paid in in cash, and was to be used, according to a statement of Mr. Henry O. Havemeyer, president of the company, for the acquisition of sugar properties in Porto Rico and more largely in Cuba. "What Cuba wants," said Mr. Havemeyer, generously, "is the admission of raw sugar free of duty;" "then the sugar industry will boom." And he added, "Congress will grant us such a tariff."

The American Sugar Refining Company, or the Sugar Trust, as it is commonly called, imports crude sugar from Hawaii, Java, India, and the West Indies, and refines it in this country. Of the total amount of refined sugar, amounting to 2.178,615 tons, consumed in the United States in 1900, 67.3 per cent. was manufactured by the Sugar Trust, 28.7 per cent. by independent refineries, .9 per cent. by foreign refineries, and 3.1 per cent. by sugar-beet factories. The sugar-beet factories, though new to this country, have given evidence of phenomenal growth, the total output in 1900 amounting to 76,859 tons. The beet sugar interests work up their own product and sell it independently of the refineries, whose market is thus cut into. Now, the average duty on imported raw sugar is 1.65 cents a pound, and for this reason the Sugar Trust cannot sell refined sugar, taking a broad average, for less than from 5 to 5½ cents a pound. But the beet sugar manufacturers, who have no duty or freight to pay, can produce granulated sugar, it is asserted, at from 2½ to 3 cents a pound,

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and so clear 100 per cent., or 2½ cents a pound on sales, as against ½ or ¼ cent a pound cleared by the Trust. These circumstances lead the Sugar Trust, in the person of Mr. Havemeyer, to declare that import duties on raw material have no justification in principle; that crude sugar was exempt under the McKinley tariff of 1890; that it was only taxed finally for the sake of a depleted treasury, and that the duty should now be promptly removed, since the Treasury is overflowing. To this the beet sugar manufacturers reply that the Treasury cannot afford to lose the $60,000,000 a year brought in by the sugar duties, and that, besides, free imported sugar would work great injury to the infant beet industry, and also to the Louisana cane growers.

The sharply drawn issue between the opposing interests seems fairly certain to be brought up at the next Congress for adjustment. "We note," says the New York *Evening Post*, "the impending struggle as another instance of a tariff divided against itself which cannot stand. We think, however, that the Sugar Trust has the superior organisation and experience, and that it will be able to manage things at Washington in the future as it has in the past." More is involved in the outcome, however, than simply a victory for the Sugar Trust. For Cuba, whose sugar output for the year 1900-1901 is estimated at 600,000 tons, is, perhaps, the place best suited of any in the world for raising sugar. Wars and the poverty of the planters have hitherto allowed but a small proportion of the island to be placed under cultivation, and that not to the best advantage. From the reorganisation of the sugar industry upon an extensive scale may be expected the tripling of Cuba's output and the transforming of Cuba from a very poor to a rich country. But if the sugar industry of the island is to be developed by opening the markets of the United States, why not the tobacco industry also? Here again the American producers, disregarding Cuba's inherent advantages of soil and climate, and the known superiority of her product, give notice that they intend to stand by the rights of "home industries."

Mansfield Allan.

LITERARY LONDON

The future of the halfpenny daily papers is the subject which is most talked of among journalists at present. It was believed for a long time that halfpenny journals were impossible in this country, that advertisers would not support them, and that the public would not be satisfied with the meagre information they could give. It was supposed that such a sale as they might secure would be among the poorest classes of the community, and in short that they would be gutter sheets. When Mr. Harmsworth started the *Daily Mail* he changed all that. He paid lavishly for telegraphic news, and he engaged the smartest writers. His journal was printed on good paper and was in almost every respect up to the mark. The result has been an extraordinary success. The *Mail* has accomplished what seemed the impossible feat of being as much read in the West End as in the East End. Not content with a London circulation, the proprietors have established the paper in large centres such as Manchester, giving local information, and telegraphing from London the main parts of the original sheet. In addition, by the use of special trains they have arranged to sell it in many English towns at the same hour as the local papers are published. This tremendous enterprise has produced its effect. The paper has, perhaps, a larger circulation than all the London penny dailies put together. Nor is this the end. Messrs. Harmsworth have acquired two Liberal papers, the Glasgow *Daily Mail* and the Leeds *Mercury*. The Glasgow *Daily Mail* no longer appears as a penny paper. It may be called the special Glasgow edition of the London *Daily Mail*. What the Harmsworths will do with the Leeds *Mercury* remains to be seen. The change that has passed over our political world is strikingly shown by the position of the Liberal press. In the great days of Mr. Gladstone, the Conservative press in England was so weak that it was actually proposed that Conservatism should endow its journals. Now in England the

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majority of the thriving papers are Unionist, and if Messrs. Harmsworth's plans succeed, the preponderance will grow greater. I should say, however, that Mr. Alfred Harmsworth was rather an Imperialist than a Unionist. He is an Irishman who believes that large concessions should be given to Irishmen, and while he has strongly supported the South African War, he has commented without mercy on the mistakes of the Government. Mr. C. A. Pearson has started the *Daily Express,* a journal conducted with ability, but as yet far behind the *Daily Mail.* He, too, is arranging for printing works in the North with a view to publishing provincial editions.

I have good reason to believe that Mr. Harmsworth's plans were on a larger scale than he has yet been able to carry out. It was proposed to purchase the *Times,* and to sell it at a penny. If the proposal had been carried through, no doubt a great company would have been formed for the purchase and publication of the *Times* and the *Daily Mail,* and such a combination would have been most formidable. With us, however, the halfpenny press at its present size must have limits. It is a small eight-page journal, and cannot give anything in very full detail. For example, it could not report the meetings of the Manchester Town Council or give the commercial news which Manchester men require. My own belief is that its development is only beginning, that instead of receiving as at present a small sheet for a halfpenny we shall receive as much as is now given in a penny paper, the additional cost being made up by additional advertisements. Certainly much money will be lost before all is ended, and perhaps some money may be won.

At the present moment the excitement in the book world centres in Mr. Hall Caine's novel, *The Eternal City.* If Mr. Hall Caine had wished to advertise it he could not have found a more effective way than Messrs. Pearson have given him by discontinuing the publication of the tale in their *Lady's Magazine.* Though the lawsuit has not come on and may not come on, it has excited great curiosity, and the result is that Mr. Heinemann goes to press with an English edition of a hundred thousand copies, and has given a first order to his binder for sixty thousand. I doubt whether larger orders for a six-shilling novel have ever been given, though Miss Corelli must have come very close to them in her novel *The Master Christian.* One result of Mr. Hall Caine's book will be the discussion of what is called realism. I believe such discussions are exceedingly unwholesome and only stimulate curiosity, yet all of us will probably be taking our part. I should not object to a discussion in the law courts; indeed I should like very much to see some authoritative decision. Mr. Vizetelly was condemned for his translation of Zola. Some men of the world who ought to know assure me that in these days a British jury would not be shocked by the passages which Mr. Vizetelly's jury found too much for them. Even in France, however, a limit is marked by the law, and Frenchmen say that in Italy they go beyond France.

The Whitefriars Club is in the way of making an annual excursion to some literary shrine, and this year they visited Mr. Thomas Hardy's house at Max Gate, Dorchester. A singularly pleasant feature of these excursions is that so many American ladies and gentlemen take part in them. Nearly half the company that visited Mr. Hardy were American, and I found that those in my saloon were better acquainted than their English companions with Mr. Hardy's books, and more readily recognised the places he has immortalised under the slightest of veils. It is characteristic of Mr. Hardy that he returned as soon as he could to Dorchester, the scene of his early years. Though he visits London almost every year during the season, he has never become a Londoner. We had a most interesting drive past Egdon Heath and through many of the scenes in *Tess* and *Far From the Madding Crowd,* and at the end were received by Mr. and Mrs. Hardy, who gave themselves infinite trouble in providing for their large company of guests. Mr. Hardy is not at present writing fiction, or at least will not admit that he is doing so, but he is preparing a new volume of poems. The last book scarcely made the impression it should have done. While it may not be poetry of the highest class, it gives original and individual expression to the writer's deeply felt conceptions of humanity and life.

American novelists are steadily making

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their way into the favour of English readers. The books of your best authors are being taken up by our leading publishers, and they find it worth while to advertise them effectually. The result is that both the authors and the books are becoming well known. Mr. Winston Churchill's novel *The Crisis* has been very warmly received, and promises to achieve a great success. At first Mr. Winston Churchill's books sold chiefly because it was imagined that they were by Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill; but Mr. Winston Churchill soon showed that he could stand upon his own merits, and that indeed in the higher qualities of the novelist he much surpasses his brilliant English namesake. *David Harum*, I am told on the best authority, goes on steadily selling. It has never been much advertised here or pushed in any way, but people evidently talk about it to each other. I do not venture to quote the figures of the sale; they would appear to you very small. Almost any of our own novelists, however, would think himself singularly fortunate to reach them. There is to be a sixpenny edition of *David Harum*. Mrs. Edith Wharton, I find, is particularly favoured by novelists. I could name four of our most eminent writers who have spoken with enthusiasm about her exquisite art.

Mr. Leslie Stephen is to write a book on George Eliot, and Mr. Augustine Birrell one on Hazlitt. This will be published in the English Men of Letters series edited by John Morley. It was supposed that this series had been definitely ended; but so long as such authors and such subjects can be found I hope it will go on. Now that Mr. Birrell is temporarily out of political life his admirers expect him to undertake some literary task of weight. Mr. Leslie Stephen shows to the greatest advantage in his comparatively brief biographies. There is no better book on the same scale than his biography of Dr. Johnson in English Men of Letters.

While I write, Mr. Barrie has not definitely decided to go to America this autumn, but the probabilities are that he will. If he goes he will follow the fortunes of his new play to some extent, but will not attempt an extended trip over America. He is busy at the new series of articles he is to contribute to *Scribner's Magazine*.

W. Robertson Nicoll.

LITERARY PARIS

Book lovers in this country were not a little surprised when, about eighteen months ago, they were informed by Libby, of Boston, that he was about to bring under the hammer the whole library of the well-known French bibliophile, the late Anatole de Montaiglon. I, personally, wondered how the books of my old teacher of bibliography in the École des Chartes had, so soon after his death, taken such a long trip. The story has just come out, and is rather curious.

Montaiglon completed his seventieth year in 1893. He had then to retire from active life and to live on a pension for the rest of his days. He had no fortune. He had always been a man of very simple habits, but every cent he saved went for books. His library was an admirable one. Rare books, beautiful bindings, presentation copies, curious prints, everything that makes the book lover's mouth water was there, and he knew no other joy than to add to his store of treasures. The prospect of having to give up buying and binding books was to him simply appalling.

He had been brooding over his sad plight when suddenly the rescuer appeared in the person of a venerable ecclesiastic, the Supérieur of the Paris convent of Benedictine monks, Father de la Tremblaye. While the two men were dining together one day in the old Rue Garancière, under the shadow of the Church of Saint-Sulpice, the Father suggested to him that a fitting resting place for his books could be found in the home of such a learned order as the Benedictines are known to be, that it would be considered a favour to have him come from time to time and give lectures on bibliography in the convent, and that in order to free him from all troubles, the

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payment could be made in the form of a life annuity. The old man was overcome with joy, a contract was soon prepared, and his ignorance of worldly things appeared in the statement of the yearly sum he was to receive. His library consisted of, some say eighteen thousand, others eighty-five thousand volumes. But taking only the lower figure, what price for such a library as I have described was a yearly payment of twelve hundred francs to a man already past seventy! The contract, however, was soon signed. Montaiglon had no near relatives, and we may suppose that his acceptance of such a ridiculously small compensation as I have mentioned was partly due to his satisfaction in feeling that his beloved books would be as well cared for after his death as during his life. One of the articles of the contract stipulated, moreover, that a full catalogue of the collection would be published at the expense of the purchaser within five years of the vendor's death.

On September 1, 1895, Montaiglon passed away, at peace with himself and with the world, having received in all from the purchaser of his books the sum of eighteen hundred francs. What would his feelings have been if he could have foreseen that within less than five years the Montaiglon library would go, volume after volume, under the hammer of a Boston auctioneer?

For here opens a new chapter of the story. In 1899 the Benedictine convent moved from the Rue Vaneau to a more commodious home, the Rue de la Source. A little while later the books were sent for. They had disappeared. An examination of the contract showed that they had been purchased, not by the Order but by Father de la Tremblaye in his own name. And as for the Reverend Father, he had then given up his connection not only with the Order but with all priestly functions, had returned to the world and taken a wife unto himself. By his orders the books had been sent to the New World, and as the contract contained no provision forbidding the scattering of the library, and every cent of the purchase money had come out of his own pocket and not out of the Benedictine treasury, he had acted, so it seems at least, within his legal rights.

While poor Montaiglon, through these strange events, due, no doubt, to a certain extent to his own carelessness, goes without the only monument by which he wished to be remembered, a statue is erected in the small provincial town of Charleville to a man who would have been more than surprised had he been told that there was such a posthumous honour in store for him—to Arthur Rimbaud. Whether the subscribers wished to honour the young poet whose early life was rather strangely mixed with that of Verlaine, the author of the famous *Sonnet des Voyelles,* or the somewhat more mature explorer and trader who spent a number of years spreading French influence in Abyssinia, is not quite clear. Charleville mothers may have awkward moments when asked for explanations about the statue by their promising and inquisitive offsprings.

The present season is the period of the annual "Distributions des Prix" in the French schools and colleges. This period seldom passes without friction of some kind. This year there was quite a little stir about Émile Faguet. It seems that the educational authorities had selected him for the presidency of this annual function in one of the Paris lycées. But Faguet has, of late, given some of his attention to politics, and has taken position very strongly against the present administration. So the political powers stepped in and had his name removed from the list of presidents.

I am not a great admirer of Faguet, and my sympathies are rather with the Waldeck-Rousseau cabinet, but I must confess that this looks rather like petty persecution. Faguet is a university professor, he has just been received into the French Academy; it was rather natural that he should be sent as president of the day to the college from which he graduated, the Lycée Charlemagne. It does not seem that any words of his on such an occasion would have imperilled the existence of the Republic.

Before I come to the newest books I wish to call attention to the 15th of July number of the *Revue de Paris,* which contains two articles of very great interest. One is due to the pen of Professor Michel Bréal, and has for its subject *Le Choix d'une Langue Internationale.* The inquiry into the claims of all existing idioms, and even of artificially made lan-

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guages, is both searching and impartial, and the conclusion, which is very cautiously and moderately presented, is in favour of an American-Anglo-French understanding, by virtue of which English and French would both be taught compulsorily in all the schools of the United States, the British Empire and France, thus enabling members of other nationalities who happen to know one of these languages to correspond and converse freely with several hundred millions of human beings. As all educated Germans, Italians, Spaniards, Russians, Dutch, Swiss and Scandinavians know either French or English, this would mean practically the whole Western World.

The other article is a chapter of Hugo criticism; its title is, *Le Véritable Claude Gueux,* and its author, M. Julien Brégeault. Every reader of Hugo's works knows the two little sketches: *Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné* and *Claude Gueux.* They are both included in Hugo's romances, and are usually thought to be purely imaginative. M. Brégeault reveals to us that Claude Gueux was a stern reality. He died on the scaffold on June 1, 1832, that is about two years before the appearance of Hugo's book, and the sources upon which Hugo based his narrative were the reports of his trial and execution, published in the *Gazette des Tribunaux.* The real Claude Gueux was, of course, not quite so interesting as the title character of the poet's sketch, but some of his traits were sufficiently exceptional to account for Hugo's action in making him the centre of an emotional argument against the death penalty.

Running among the titles of new French books one would think that a great find in Goethe literature has just been made. We see among the most interesting novelties *Nouvelles Conversations de Goethe avec Eckermann,* but the date that follows the title is rather puzzling, 1897-1900! The fact is that the book is a series of exceedingly bright imaginary conversations about the events, and especially the literature, of the last years of the nineteenth century. Prudently the author has given his book to the public anonymously, thus preventing a rather awkward juxtaposition of his real and his assumed name.

French bookstalls have not been of late suggestive of midsummer. A number of interesting books have recently come from the press.

Two of the most distinguished members of the University of Paris, Professors Alfred Fouillée and Alfred Croiset, the latter the dean of the Faculty of Letters, have given out in book form their thoughts on urgent educational problems, the former in *La Réforme de l'Enseignement par la Philosophie,* the other in *L'Education Morale dans l'Université.*

I group together three books of travels, one of picturesque, the other two of sociological interest, *Voyage en Patagonie,* by the Comte Henry de la Vaulx, the same man who is about to attempt crossing the Mediterranean in a balloon; *Les Nouvelles Sociétés Anglo-Saxonnes (Australie et Nouvelle Zélande, Afrique du Sud),* by Pierre Leroy-Beaulieu, the worthy son of a very distinguished father, and *Le Socialisme Sans Doctrine: La Question Agraire et la Question Ouvrière en Australie et en Nouvelle Zélande,* by Albert Métin. M. Métin's book is the outcome of the trip around the world undertaken by him a few years ago as one of the travelling fellows of the University of Paris.

La Chine des Mandarins, by A. de Pouvourville, Professor Seignobos's *La Méthode Historique appliquée aux Sciences Sociales,* and the French version, partly rewritten by the author, of Bodley's *France* will appeal to about the same class of readers as the preceding volumes.

Two volumes, one by a layman, Edmond Biré, the other by a priest, Abbé Follioley, contain interesting chapters on the history of liberal Catholicism in France during the second quarter of the last century. One is: *La Presse Royaliste de 1830 à 1852; Alfred Nettement, sa Vie et ses Oeuvres;* the other, *Montalembert et Monseigneur Parisis.*

I do not find a great deal else for the lover of history, except in quite special lines, *Les Sports et Jeux d'Exercise dans l'Ancienne France,* by J. J. Jusserand, Dr. Cabanès's very amusing book, *Les Morts Mystérieuses de l'Histoire,* and a volume which has a special claim upon the columns of THE BOOKMAN, *Les Bourbons Bibliophiles,* by Eugène Asse.

Of course, novels are numerous: First I shall name *Les Aventures du Roi Pau-*

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sole, by Pierre Louÿs, not a Sunday-school book by any means. Under the signature J. H. Rosny we have a charming, albeit rather sad, sketch, *Une Reine,* after which as an antidote, one may read the short stories gathered by Richard O'Monroy, under the collective title of *La Vie Folâtre.* The title of Abel Hermant's new book, *Souvenirs du Vicomte de Courpière, par un Témoin de sa Vie,* will deceive no one. It does not belong to history. Vicomte de Courpière and Abel Hermant get their clothes from the same tailor. The same merciless and ironical philosophy of life which we find in that book will be found also in Jules Renard's *Le Vigneron dans sa Vigne.* And the reader who is then tired and sick of our commonplace earth may rise up with Jules Verne, in his ninety-ninth or one hundredth volume, *Le Village Aérien,* or he may take a peep into the future and read *La Femme de Demain,* by Étienne Lamy.

But if he wants something really strong, he will take up *La Constitution du Monde,* by Clémence Royer, the woman of whom Renan once said that she was "presque un grand homme."

Adolphe Cohn.

WARWICK OF THE KNOBS

A Story of Stringtown County

BY JOHN URI LLOYD

CHAPTER XV.

"PAP'S HIMSELF AG'IN."

The soldier, who to this time had held their attention, seemed now to be forgotten. The father and son spoke back and forth, the one seated, the other standing. Deep and hoarse was the tone of Warwick's voice, earnest that of Joshua.

"Father, thet rock-hunter came to us a stranger. Yo' saved his life from the flood in the creek; yo' gave him a bed in our house, yo' trusted him."

"I trusted the Lord, my son."

"And what has the Lord done fer yo', father? While yo' prayed to the Lord, the rock-hunter said soft words to sister. Yo' sang praises and psalms, and the rock-hunter sang love-songs. Yo' trusted the Lord and went to the 'Sociation to preach the Lord's Word, and sister trusted the rock-hunter."

"'And others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonment; they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword; they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins, lying destitute, afflicted, tormented.' Such was the faith of old, according to the apostle Paul; such is the faith of my people to-day," replied the minister.

"Father, et's tough to stand what yo've stood, and stick to the Lord through et all. First, the Home Guards marched into the meetin'-house, the Lord's own house, and pulled yo' out. Next, they toted yo' to jail and made yo' took the iron-clad oath thet disgraced us all. Then yo' had to go back on General Morgan because ov the oath; and because ov et, too, sister went out in the night to do what she'd not hev had to do ef yo' hadn't been so trustin'. Next, she shot brother Samuel through the heart. Now, brother Ezra's murdered, shot like a pigeon, and sister's lost forever. Yo're trustin' the Lord yet. Pap, isn't et time to begin to trust in yourself er in me?"

"'Now, sayeth the Lord. Turn ye even to me with all your heart and with fasting, and with weeping and with mourning,'" replied his father.

"I don't mean no harm, pap, but I says thet et's time now fer yo' to turn to yerself er to me. Go back with this man and git brother's body and let me gō north and track thet rock-hunter. Let me find thet villain; trust now my arm and gun, fer, I says, now es the time to trust in powder and ball; now es the time to shoot."

"Son, the girl you once called sister has deserted her home. She has abandoned her father in this, his day of trouble and distress; she has now no father, no brother—this girl you once called sister. My cup is full; no more shame, no more sorrow can come to me."

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"Pap, I don't lay everything up ag'in sister, fer she's hed a monstrous lonely time here. I'll always call her sister, pap, and I'll have vengeance on thet sneak from the North. I'll—"

"'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord,'" interrupted Warwick.

"Pap"—and now Joshua spoke with even greater earnestness—"ef sister ever asks et, so sure es God made Adam—and yo've preached thet He did—I'll take my gun and go to her; and ef the Lord don't git His work in on thet rock-hunter quick, when He does git ready to move He'll hev to take His vengeance out on a dead rock-hunter. Them's my sentiments. And ef et turns out thet thet feller didn't marry sister Mary, es I take et he promised to do, er she'd never gone off with him, thar ain't air enough in this world fer both ov us to breathe. Them's my words. Yo' trust in the Lord gittin' His vengeance, and I hopes He will; and I'll trust in my gun, and betwixt us both I guess the Yankee stone-hunter'll hev a rocky old time ov et. I'll jest wait until sister writes, er comes back, and then I'll start north." The boy took a revolver from his pocket and held it up.

"Pap, I don't mean no disrespect to nobody ner nuthin', but sech times es these are mighty tryin'. I swears by all the gods and devils your Bible tells 'bout—and et's full ov 'em—thet this gun shall avenge my sister, ef she needs her brother's help."

Warwick arose and strode the room, as was his wont when in deep reverie or when excited. His forehead stood in ridges, the veins of his brow were like blue whip-cord. He stopped before his son, and took the revolver in his hand, where, like a toy, it laid in his great palm. Speaking then, partly to himself, partly to the pistol, he said:

"Such a toy as this has no place in Warwick's hand. It may be good enough for youngsters, or for men who know not such times as have come to the Warwicks of old in these Kentucky wilds—to a line of Warwicks whose honour I am bound to keep. But I'll not trust a flimsy thing like this."

Turning to his son, he added: "If you fail, it'll not be because you are afraid to shoot; no Warwick ever flinched in his hour of trial."

The troubled man stopped short and again paced the little room—the room from which two sons had gone out to sacrifice and his only daughter to be sacrificed. Finally he stopped before the "clown" of a boy and said:

"Joshua, in case this heartless young man has ruined my dear, innocent child, and you fail to avenge her—" He stopped again.

"What, pap?"

"If you fail, my son, your childless old father will take yon bear gun"—he pointed to a great gun that hung below the mantle—"the gun your great-grandfather carried in the Revolution, and next my father carried in these Kentucky wilds, and will start for the North. If my daughter be not a wife, and you fail, may the Lord God Almighty will that I, His servant, be the instrument through which vengeance shall fall on the miscreant's head."

He sank upon his knees beside a chair and rested his forehead on its arm. His thought turned to his God, who did all things as all things should be done.

Joshua turned to the man who had been an unwilling and, apparently, unobserved listener, and took him by the sleeve.

"Come, let's go. Pap's himself ag'in." Together they left the room.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE RETURN OF SPRING.

And then the days passed—the days that brought sleet and snow and frozen earth. The winds of winter blew from north and west, but not hard enough to keep Warwick from his church when came the first Sunday following the first Saturday. Nor could snow nor sleet nor swollen winter's torrent hold the man back—he who preached without pay, who worked his farm, and gave the returns thereof to the cause of the God he served.

The trials that had crushed so rapidly upon him did not in the least disturb his faith. The disgrace that came with Burbridge's oath left him as it found him, loyal to his charge. The dramatic loss of two sons, the pathetic desertion of his daughter, served but to draw him nearer to God. More often than before was the sacred book upon his knee; longer and more fervent were the blessings that he asked before each meal; louder sang he the evening and morning hymns. But yet the stern man of other days was softened somewhat in demeanour, as could have been noticed by contrasting with the present his austere methods at the time Lionel first came to the Knob. The family pride of the *man* was broken, but his spirit clung yet in unswerving faith to his God. And knowing whom he believed, he never doubted that from the foundation of the world God had predestined that all these afflictions should be. Faith had he, that severe as had been the sacrifice and deep the sorrow,

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all had been foreordained by Infinite Wisdom, and all was for the best.

Other men, weaker minds, might have reasoned or have tried to reason, and thus have been led by conceit and narrowness of intellect to either deny or curse the Creator, for no mental power could have helped any mind to find a touch of good in the misfortunes that within a few months' time had come to Warwick. To have questioned at all, would have led the strongest, step by step, ultimately to cast his faith aside, and eventually to curse God.

Not once did the name of his wayward daughter pass his lips, nor did Joshua again mention her. Neither father nor boy touched upon the events that had so recently come into their lives, which, however, must have been ever in thought, for how, otherwise, could these two have brooded in the same room during the long winter evenings; how could they, three times a day, sit one on either side of the table the sweet-faced girl had graced from infancy, and not experience the sinking of soul that comes to father and brother under grief such as turns the heart to stone and bids the tongue be silent?

Then came the touch of spring. The snow that fell in the night melted with the morn; on the edges of the creek skims of ice yet formed when frost fell, but disappeared when rose the sun; the sap flowed into the maple when the soft wind blew; the smoke from the fire that boiled the tree syrup curled from many hillside camps. With the warmth of noonday the honey-bee awoke, and buzzed about the black sugar-tree trunk, and sipped the partly dried juice that gummed the edges of the buckeye trough; the squirrel laid outside in the old nest of leaves, and revelled in the sunshine when the wind was down and the day was bright. These were the never-failing signs of advancing spring.

During the soft, wet days of the winter that had passed Joshua and his father had stripped the cured tobacco that, hanging in the barn, had turned from greenish yellow to brown. This had been wrapped into "hands," packed on wagons and taken to Covington down the Stringtown Pike Joshua so recently had hauled the fossil collection of the "rock-hunter," down the pike where, too, had passed the buggy that carried his sister to the North. The days were lengthening fast, plans had been made for the crop to come, a bit of new ground had been cleared of brush, the "plant-bed" on the south hillside in the deadening had been burned over and set in tobacco seed for the coming tobacco-patch. During this approaching season of warmth, one Sabbath evening, sat Warwick and his son in their home; one intent on his Book, the other polishing a newly made hickory axe-handle; concerned, perhaps, in thought if, indeed, he thought at all.

Suddenly Joshua started up, and the axe-handle fell from his grasp; a shadow crossed the window, and next a timid knock came to the door, a touch that was not quite a knock, and which, but for that flitting shadow, might have been unheard. Opening the door, the youth stood for a moment, motionless. There, shrinking, stood a female form with bowed head and hands close pressed against her face, which was entirely hidden. Such dress as this strange woman wore had never before been seen in the home of Warwick; never had such garments clad a form on that Kentucky knob. A suit of grey, travel-worn; a hat of tattered velvet, with torn feathers; a dilapidated cape of Persian lamb, trimmed with silver fox, in keeping with the dress and hat. Misery spoke from each rag and tatter; the covered face betokened grief and shame. Kindly, in his homely way, did Joshua speak to the stranger.

"Won't yo' come in, mam?"

The woman dropped her hands, raised her head; and as she did so Warwick lifted his eyes from the Book. They rested on the face of his daughter.

The three who had so abruptly met seemed transfixed; so suddenly had that face burst upon the men as to unnerve both. The girl, wan and disconsolate, stood again in the doorway of the old home. Joshua was the first to move. He reached out both his arms, and took the cold hands of his sister into his own great warm palms, and drew her into the room. Turning to his father, who, with Bible in hand, sat unmoved and unmoving, the brother said:

"Pap, sister's come home ag'in."

CHAPTER XVII.

"LET'S HAVE THE MERCY TEXT."

The father made no movement; no word of greeting came from his lips, no softening touch to his furrowed brow, no sparkle to his cold, grey eye. As though gazing upon a stranger, sat the man, and pierced the girl through and through with a formal stare, that drove despair deeper into her heart, and caused her to cling closer to her brother.

"Pap, sister's home ag'in," the youth repeated.

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"I know nothing of a sister who claims here a home."

The girl would have fallen but for the strong arm of the young man, who gently, tenderly, guided her to a great rocking-chair. Then he turned on his father.

"I said thet sister's home ag'in, and I means it, pap."

Turning the leaves of the book to a familiar passage, Warwick read aloud:

"'The lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes and the pride of life is not of the Father, but of the world.' The girl who sits yonder has no home here. She is of the world."

"Father, ef sister hes no home here, I hav'n't none either. Ef she must go out into the world, I'll go with her."

Sternly did the man of God gaze upon the rebellious youth. Then he turned to the girl.

"The good Book says, 'A fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be in the earth.'"

Joshua stepped between the two and hid the miserable child from her father.

"Pap, thet book speaks tough things to-night. The text yo' preached from to-day was a better one. I remember et, and I'll leave et to yo' ef I am not right.

"'I am merciful, saith the Lord, and I will not keep anger forever.' Thet's a better text, and, I takes et, God was in a better humour when He wrote et."

"Joshua!" spoke the father, shocked at his son's irreverence.

"Listen, pap. I hate to say et, but I must. Yo' preached one thing this morning, and yo' acts another thing now. Didn't yo' say thet God 'retaineth not His anger forever, because He delighteth in mercy?' I may not hev the words right, but I've got the sense."

"My son!"

"Pap, I axes the question on the square. Ain't thet what yo' preached?"

"That was the text."

"It ain't fair to preach one text in the meetin'-house and act another text at home."

"Joshua!"

"Let's hev the mercy text to-night. Pap, sister's home ag'in. Let's act the fergivin' text out."

Joshua stepped aside, and the minister, rebuked by his "churlish" son, glanced at his daughter, a softened glance, that seemingly spoke of affection, but he made no movement toward reconciliation, nor did he reply to Joshua. Then, while he yet gazed upon her, the girl slowly arose and turned toward the door. Never once did she take her eyes off the father's face, but yet, step by step, she edged backward toward the door by which she had entered the room. Now her hand grasped the latch; the door moved on its hinges.

"Stop, sister," spoke Joshua. "Pap, ef sister opens thet door, I go with her, and then yo' will sit all alone in this room ferever. Yo' will be the last Warwick of the Knob."

The man to whom this combined threat and appeal was made, stern as was his nature, could not withstand the ordeal, much as his will seemed to demand it.

"Come back, my children," he said. "It is also written, 'I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more.'" And next, as in former times, the head of the girl rested on the knee of the man.

Then Joshua spoke again. "Sister, father and I held some words consarnin' you the night the 'Sociation closed—" He hesitated.

"Tell us your story," said Warwick. "Tell us all."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE STORY OF WARWICK'S DAUGHTER.

But the girl pressed yet more firmly her face in her hands, which rested on her father's knee.

"Tell us the story, child. Whence came you?"

"From the cliffs, father; from the great cliff."

"Alone?"

"Once before I came from the cliffs alone, alone in the night. Then I had reason to fear. No reason for fear have I now."

"Tell us your story, daughter." The man, who to this time had refrained from speaking that word, now reached out his hand. Gently, as was once his custom, did he stroke the hair of the wayward child who came as a refugee to her old home. "Tell your father what you have to say, for it now concerns both Joshua and me."

The girl to this time had been quietly sobbing; she raised her face, and then, while yet the rough hand of the austere father stroked her hair, in a low tone spoke:

"Did you forget my dream of long ago, my father?"

"What dream?"

"Mind you not the day I stood by the road, that summer day when the young people passed to the picnic, the day the young man rode to my side while the girls and boys in the wagon chatted and laughed? Then it was the young man asked me to join the party.

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Mind you not that day? I told you all about it."

"What has this story of to-night to do with a dream of last summer?"

"I dreamed that mother came to my side and spoke. 'Tell your father that the passing of these young people will mark the beginning of his afflictions, unless he makes his God lovable, his religion enjoyable, his daughter's happiness one of his objects in life; unless—'"

"Stop. What has this to do with the story you have to tell? You mock me, girl."

"Father," interrupted Joshua, "et 'pears to me thet sister's beginnin' at the beginnin'. I says et ain't fair to make her try to tell a story and skip all but the last part ov et. I wants ter hear et all."

"A dream is but a dream. It comes out of nothing and ends in nothing."

"That is what you said when once before I started to tell the dream. You would not let me tell it out. You stopped me before I came to what I wished to say."

"A dream begins in nothing and ends in nothing, I say. I will have no trivial dream stories."

The eyes of the girl fell to the floor at her feet, and then Joshua spoke.

"Pap, a king of Egypt once dreamed a dream 'bout a famine." He pointed to the Bible in his father's hand. "Didn't God send thet dream, pap?"

"That was in the holy days of old, Joshua. Solomon has said, 'A dream cometh through the multitude of business.'"

"Pap, ef Pilate hed listened to the dream ov his wife"—again Joshua pointed to the Bible—"wouldn't et hev been better fer Christ? Thet dream was not so long ago." Joshua now pointed to his sister.

"Pap, I don't give no wife ov Pilate a better right to dream than sister hes, an' I axes yo' the question square. Ef yo' don't listen to sister's dream, won't yo' be powerful like Pilate?"

"What has this story of to-night to do with a dream of last summer, Joshua?" asked the discomfited preacher.

"Let's hear the dream, and see what's in et. I can't tell till I hears et."

"You may tell the dream, Mary; but to dream is vanity according to the Scriptures. It is written in Ecclesiasticus, 'For in the multitude of dreams, and many words, there are also divers vanities.'"

"Father," continued the girl, "as I told you once, this dream said that unless you did certain things your afflictions would begin. When, soon after that you were arrested, I thought of the dream you would not let me tell. When you took the oath, I thought of the dream. When you turned General Morgan from your door, you know why; when brother was shot on the cliff path, you know who shot him. I thought of the dream, for I had seen it all unfold before; I saw it in my dream, but just then I awoke; the rest of the dream was lost. Would that I could have dreamed to the end, and seen what was to come to me! My father, did not your afflictions begin the day I wanted to tell you what that dream predicted?"

"That day came the flood, which brought the first link in the chain of persecutions," mused Warwick. "Go on, child," he added.

The girl shuddered. "Yes, my father, *he* came that day."

A startled look overspread her face. Seemingly affrighted at the word "he" and the accompanying recollections of the past, she arose, as if alarmed, and turned to the door.

"Let me go back—back to the cliffs; back to where creep the pigs beneath the great cliffs. With beasts and brutes belong such as I am now."

Warwick reached out his long arms and drew the sufferer to his breast. His Bible fell upon the floor, but the man did not heed the sacrilege. The book of his fate was beneath his feet; the girl of his heart was on his breast. For the first time was this true of Warwick.

"Your place is with your father, Mary. Tell me the story, as if you were speaking to your mother."

After a time the agitated girl spoke. "The dream had passed—the dream in which mother spoke. Affliction after affliction came to you, my father, just as my dream predicted; my heart ached day and night. You gave me no word in it all, but, instead, turned to your Bible; and Joshua, he turned to his crops."

"I was alone all day long—alone, I may say, but for *him*. Then it was that he came between us; he who till this time seemed concerned only in his studies concerned himself now in the cares of your daughter. He spoke kind words. He said that you meant well, but—"

"But what, child?"

"I forget. The words are gone. Oh, yes; he said that I had seen life's cares, had met life's sorrows, but knew nothing of life's pleasures."

"And you listened?"

"He felt sorry for me, father. He spoke

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very kindly. You did not object. Why should I not listen to him?"

"Go on."

"The morning I came back through the woods, after brother was shot, I met *him* before the door. But I thought nothing of that. Too much frightened was I to care for aught but escape from the creatures you preach about—beasts with terrible eyes, those horrible Bible beasts. Oh, my father, but it was terrible!"

"The story, child."

"When next I met *him,* he said yet softer words. Very smooth was his tongue, more often were we together, but not when you were about. I did not intend to do wrong, my father; I did not see that he arranged the meetings during your absence; but it would not have mattered had you been here all the time."

"Why?"

"Your Bible came first. It covered your eyes, my father."

"And stopped his ears, too," muttered Joshua.

"Mighty nice were the words *he* said now; and to hear them, I followed him from the house in the morning, and to hear them, I walked down the path to meet him in the afternoon. Very sweet were his words, and often, while he studied rocks, I listened to his voice. More than once did he take my hand in his own—"

"The scoundrel!" interrupted Warwick. "Daughter, you knew nothing of this man. Why did you permit such familiarity?"

"I knew that you brought him to our home. You said that afternoon, 'He has been guided to our home by the hand of the Lord.' Why should I distrust the Lord, my father?"

"The story. Go on."

"And then, one day he asked me to marry him. I was frightened, for I had not thought of such a thing. I only knew that you were very busy with God, and that Joshua was very busy with crops, and that *he* thought very much of me. I was too much surprised to say no or yes. I had never thought of marrying any one."

"You should not have permitted any young man to say such things."

"My father, you did not let me go with the young people. No young man came to our home. How should I know these things? You told me about the wicked world, and about God's wrath, and about things you read in the Bible, and about the wicked young men and girls who go to balls and picnics, and who dance and frolic; but you did not say that any wrong could come from talking with a young man the Lord sent to our house. He did none of these wicked things, my father."

For the once Warwick made no reply.

"He held my hand very close and very long that day. He looked me in the face and I made no answer, for it all came so sudden. I felt the touch of his eyes. I forgot myself; I forgot you, brother; all but him. He reached out his arms, and drew me to his bosom. I laid my head on his shoulder. I felt his warm breath on my cheek. It was all so sudden and so new to me. He kissed me, my father."

Up started Warwick. He touched the Bible with his foot; it spun to the centre of the room, but the man gave no heed to the second sacrilegious act. He rudely thrust the girl into the vacated chair and paced the floor. Then he turned on his daughter.

"Why did you, a Warwick, allow this man to do this thing?"

"I was a girl, and loved him. Have not other girls done as much for the men they loved?" And yet Warwick paced the room.

More composed now, he seated himself, and the girl standing before him resumed:

"I did not tell you of our engagement, because *he* said it was best not to annoy you while your troubles were on. But one day when he came home and I met him, he said that he intended to leave the Knobs the next Tuesday. He told me that Joshua and himself had that day talked the subject over, and that Joshua had agreed to take his specimens to the city. I asked him to speak to you about our engagement, and he said he would do so. But you were studying your sermons and went to the Association, and Joshua took Lionel's specimens and went to the city, and—"

The girl burst into a flood of tears. "And I listened to *him,* and together *we* went to Covington. There he left the horse and buggy and paid a man to drive it home again. Then we crossed the river on the wire bridge, and next stopped at a big brown house, bigger than all the houses in Stringtown together. There were gas lamps in the rooms, there were carpets on the floors; even the halls were carpeted with soft carpets, in which my feet sank like moss. It was a hotel, he said; and there I had a room all to myself, a fine room with lace curtains and gas-lights and a bell-cord with a tassel, which he told me I could pull if I wished anything. When I got a chance I asked him about the wedding, and he said it would come later; that I must have new clothes, and that I needed first to see the

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world. He took me to a big store and asked a lady to fit me out in style, saying we wished to travel. It was a pretty dress."

The speaker stopped, then spoke in reverie. Seemingly the turn of conversation to the subject of dress had brought a new train of thought.

"A pretty dress of light grey, with a blue silk waist, a Persian lamb cape, trimmed in silver fox about the shoulders. The hat was large, and trimmed in feathers and chiffon. I was very happy." Then, speaking again to her father, she continued:

"That evening we were driven to a depot, where we sat for a time waiting for the train. Lionel was mighty nice to me; everything was so new and strange and wonderful. I told him that the new clothes were too nice to wear every day, but he said not for a wedding party. Then, to amuse me, he got a picture paper that showed how play people dressed and acted, and we were so happy."

"How about your father, girl? Did you think of him—the old man in the house on the Knob?"

"Lionel said that you would not be angry long, if at all; for, said he, 'After we are married your father will see that it was foreordained to be; and he knows that all that is, is for the best.' He used your arguments, my father, and repeated some of the very texts you preached from; and I felt that they were true, because neither you nor he would say what was not true. Besides, I was in a great, strange city, and many people looked at me curiously. A man in the depot sat and stared at me most rudely, and I would have been scared to death had I been alone. At last the train was ready, and we got on it, and found it full of cupboards, holding a curious lot of beds with curtains before them. I felt frightened, but he said there was no danger; and that night I slept in one of the cupboard beds, while the train ran on and on in the night. Some time during the next day we stopped in a new city, and went to another hotel, where we put up, as Lionel said, to rest out."

The girl stopped abruptly, gazed upon her father and turned again to the door, but before she reached it, Joshua stood before her.

"Let me go, Joshua, out into the night; out to where, on the Gunpowder Hill, the dead Indians sleep in the stone graves, or to the far-off Middlecreek cliffs where the foxes hide. Let me out, Joshua."

The youth took the startled girl in his arms; great, ungainly boy, the shrinking creature seemed like a child in his grasp. Tenderly did he fold her to his bosom, and then seated himself, her head upon his shoulder. The forlorn child sobbed a bit and continued:

"What could I do, my father? *He* said we were married by a Northern law, which required no minister; *he* said that our names were on the big book in the office as man and wife, and that we were married. I slipped down to the office, and saw them both; he told the truth. What could I do—I, a strange girl, in a strange city, a hated rebel in the dreadful North, the land from whence come the men who hunt us to death?"

Warwick, with ashen face, arose and towered to his full height. With arm extended and clenched fist, he struck out as if to crush an imaginary foe.

"Rebel or Yankee, girl, matters little in a case like this. Fathers, brothers, *men,* were in that Northern city; mothers and sisters stand ready, both North and South, to save a waif from ruin, be she of the North or the South. You had but to tell your story, child, to find a thousand Northern hearts respond. The bluest-coated Yankee in that city would have faced death in behalf of the honour of the rebel soldier's sister, or of the rebel father's child, had she but spoken."

Huskily the father asked: "Why did you not turn to the first one you met, be his face black or white, his coat blue or grey or black; be he clad in broadcloth or in rags? My child, my darling child, why did you let this great shame come to the house of Warwick?"

"Alone, my father, alone was I in the North; alone but for him I loved and trusted, who told me that which I have told you, and which I believed, because I knew not what else to do. Oh, I did wrong in leaving you, my father; but am I the first girl to have listened to a story that brought shame? Am I the only girl who, forlorn, alone, far from home, trusted one who should have been to her all she was to him? Am I the only girl who, knowing nothing of the world, loved unwisely? I am lost, my father—lost to you and brother and God; but am I the only sinner?"

"Would that you might be the last."

"Pity me, my father. I have not told you all. Pity me, my father."

Then spoke Joshua. "Et don't make no difference now 'bout whether thar hev been others in trouble, ner whether any others are to come to trouble. What consarns us now, es to git the endin' ov this story, fer when sister gits through, the time hes come fer me to begin to make another one. Go on with the

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story, Mary. Tell us what become of the rock-hunter. Thet's what I'm waitin' fer."

"We stopped in the hotel about a week, and all the time he spoke of me as his wife. I wanted to write to you, my father, and ask forgiveness; but Lionel said that he would take me home after you had time to think the matter over. But one day he did not come to dinner nor to supper nor to the room that night. I cried all night, and next morning got a letter saying that I would never see him again. It contained some money and a railway ticket to Cincinnati, and ended by telling me to go home to my father on the Knobs."

"That was months ago, daughter. You did not come home?"

"No. I went to Cincinnati, and there looked for work. I was afraid of you; I feared the Bible on your knee, my father. I found a place in a family, where I washed dishes and did housework. The lady was very kind—"

Warwick interrupted. "You, my child, a Warwick, washing kitchen dishes, doing house-work in a stranger's house?"

"Could I bring more disgrace to the name I bore—I, who for shame feared to come home, because of the anger of my father?"

"Go on, my child."

"The lady was kind, I say; kind, until one lay she suddenly turned upon me. What could say—I, who told her when I came that I as a lone girl, seeking a place to make an onest living? Oh, my father, the names she lled me—me, who could no longer hide my ame! She would not listen to what I said , who needed just one friend, just one word m a mother. 'Out of my house,' she cried; disgrace my daughters by your presence e;' and, oh, she said so many things that ned me! 'Go where such as you belong. —'"

top, sister! I've heard enough, ef yo' 't nothin' more ter say 'bout the rock-er. Him's the feller I'm trackin'." Without heeding these words, the girl continued: 'here *did* I belong—I, who had no home human beings; where, I say, but with and beasts? Back I turned to Kentucky. ped across the great suspension bridge, old Stringtown Pike, hiding my face homsoever I met, slipping through the s and underbrush, eating a bit of corn he shock, or whatever I could beg of rs. When I got to Stringtown, it was ight. I tried the door of the school-It was not locked. I slept on the floor he warm stove, and ate some lunch ound in a basket on a desk. Then, before daybreak, I slipped away, hoping to get through Stringtown unseen; but just as I turned out the pike, by the Reform Church, a wagon overtook me. It was driven by old Mose, the Jew. I tried to hide my face, but Mose knew me. He stopped and asked me to ride. I climbed in and, out of sight, laid down on some sacks. Good old Mose! He stopped at a house, and got me some breakfast, bringing it to the wagon; and when we got to the bottom of the hill before our home, he let me out and drove on.

"Good old Mose, the Jew; he was so kind! But I was afraid of you, my father; and when Mose was gone I turned and ran to the woods, back to the Gunpowder hills, back to the great cliff, where I crept in beside whatever creature came there to seek a home. Hunted were they, outcast was I. One night I slept in the old abandoned Indian graveyard on the top of the knob, over near Buffalo Hill; slept in one of the stone grave-boxes that stands there yet. But at last I could no longer stay away from you, my father and brother; and so I slipped here, where once I had a home."

For the last time the girl started toward the door, only to be stopped, as before, but this time by Warwick.

"Mary, this is again your home. While your father has food or shelter you shall want for neither. Oh, my erring daughter, how you must have suffered!" He drew the child to his breast and turned to his son.

"Sister's home again, Joshua."

"But the story ain't ended, pap; and et won't be till I finishes et. To-morrer mornin' I starts north."

CHAPTER XIX.

JOSHUA BIDS FAREWELL TO THE HOME ON THE KNOB.

The next morning father, son and daughter again breakfasted together. The son was dressed in his Sunday garments, while the daughter, pale-faced, sat in the place which had for months been vacant. No reference was made by either party to the painful conversation of the past evening, nor yet to the fact that the brother was soon to start on a journey that to one reared as he had been promised to be both fruitless and reckless. What chance had he to discover the artful stranger who, a year ago, came to them from out the North, the great North, into which he had returned? What could a lone, uncouth boy accomplish, in case he found the man?

The daughter left the room as soon as the

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story was told. Evidently she realised that father and son should now be alone.

"Joshua, have you considered that the North is large and that you have never travelled?" said the father.

"Grand-pap came to Kaintuck among the Injins, bears and wolves, pap. I'm a Warwick, too," replied the son.

"That will not help you find a man among millions of men."

"I'll find him, pap." The boy took a card out of his pocket. "The rock-hunter gave me this keard wonct and told me to call on him and make sport. I told him thet yo' preached 'bout a feller named Samson who made the wrong kind ov sport fer a lot ov jest sech people as he 'peared to be, an' thet I mought not make the kind ov fun he wanted. But I kept the keard, an' I'll start fer the place named on et."

Warwick took the card and read the address, which he then copied in his note-book.

"Manifold are thy ways, O Lord!" was all he said.

"Pap, ef I finds the rock-hunter, et'll be me and him fer et. Ef he's the best man, I'll never come back. What'll yo' do then, pap?"

The father leaned his head on his hand, but made no reply.

"I hain't no brother left. Ef I don't come back, what'll yo' do, pap?"

"Joshua, if you do not come back, I'll go to the North. I'll wring the neck of that villain, Joshua. Say to him, that as sure as God guides my footsteps aright, so sure will I find him out."

"Thet's what I wanted to hear, pap. Ef I ain't home in two months yo' kin put your Bible in your pocket and your gun on your shoulder, fer yo'll be the last livin' man of this family of Warwicks."

"Have you enough money, Joshua?"

"Two crops ov terbacker in greenbacks." The boy held out a large pocket-book wadded with bills. "Half ov et is sewed inside my vest, pap."

Warwick put his hand into an inner pocket and drew out a heavy purse. This he handed to Joshua.

"There's gold enough to buy the help of any man in the North, Joshua. But hold, my son; in such a cause as this let us not consider money. True, the North seems to worship gold, but mammon need not be God in all things. Should you need help, tell your story to any fair man and ask assistance. You are of a rebel family, Joshua, tell the truth. Say that you lost two brothers in the cause you love, say that your father, too, loves the South." The minister took from a drawer a medal award of honour and handed it to Joshua. "On this you will find engraved the name of *Warwick*. A Virginia artilleryman, my grandfather earned it in the Revolution, when North and South were one. Tell this, Joshua, in case it becomes necessary, and in the name of justice and honour demand that help which one brother must give another, for this tie makes you kin to millions in the North."

The youth took both the medal and the purse, but did not attempt to answer his father's argument; turning to the subject that alone held his thought he said:

"Pap, ef I finds thet rock-hunter, all I'll want es a one-cent cartridge and—" he touched his coat. "I keep a stock of 'em ready in this six-shooter. Now, let's talk 'bout sister. I ain't complainin', pap, but et 'pears to me thet ef thar's a soft side to religion, now's the time to find et. Sister's a weak girl, and hes struck mighty hard luck. I ain't blamin' her fer all the trouble thets come, neither. She couldn't see jest what yo' find in the Bible, no more then I kin see et. She dreamed 'bout ribbons and dancin' and young people—*vanity* yo' calls 'em, pap—and yo' put your foot down on all them fixin's, and on our Stringtown County boys and girls, and brought her a feller from the North. Sister didn't want him, but yo' and the Lord, too, accordin' ter your way o' thinkin', did. What sister wanted yo' two, the Lord and you pap, didn't. Now, I axes a favour, pap, and thet is thet yo' won't blame sister fer more'n her share ov this trouble thet the Lord has sent to us Warwicks."

His father attempted to reply, but Joshua continued:

"I ain't through yet, pap. I axes thet yo' won't blame sister fer what *yo'* did, and I says facts when I says, ef thet rock-hunter hedn't been brought here, sister wouldn't hev run away to marry him."

Again Warwick started to interrupt the speaker.

"Keep still, pap, till I'm through. It's my last chance maybe, fer the Lord only knows what'll come to me next. Now, et 'pears ter me thet sister hes hed trouble 'nough fer her share ov the devilment, and thet ef yo' ain't careful, yo' and God, too, maybe will be blamin' her fer your part ov et. I says, pap, thet she's suffered her share, and thet the thing to do now es to show her thet yo' know she hes. Thet Bible ov yourn is full ov good

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things; hunt 'em up, preach 'em, pray 'em, sing 'em; make sister smile, fer she needs to smile."

"Joshua, this is blasphemy."

"I don't mean no blasphemy. I feel awful bad, and ain't thinkin' much ov what I says. Pap, sister's heart es as pure as enny trustin' girl's. She trusted yo' and the Lord; she trusted the man yo' and the Lord brought to her, but the cuss deceived her. Thet ain't her fault. Now, I'm comin' to the p'int. I knows thet nex' Sunday she'll hev to go to meetin' down in the old stone church on Gunpowder Creek, and I'm afeard yo' will take some sech text as 'The way of the transgressor is hard.' I'm afeard ov the *text,* pap."

Warwick turned in wrath upon his son.

"Joshua, no man ever before dared to say such things as you have said to me. That book is sacred, every line, every word. From that book I preach the word, as the Lord directs. To the Lord only do I look for guidance. Say no more; if the Lord directs it, the text must be 'The way of the transgressor is hard.' "

"Pap, I know yo' can't help but preach what yo' are goin' to preach, but I knows, too, thet ef yo' don't open thet book to the page thet carries thet text, the Lord won't put et whar it don't belong. Thet's good sense, pap. Now, I axes es a favour thet yo'll open the Bible to the page thet's got this text which I'll give as near as I kin remember." Then he repeated, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

"I says ag'in thet sister's heart's pure and thet the devilment came from outside. Next Sunday yo' preach the text I give, and leave the workin' of the transgressor's way to me. I'll fit thet text whar et belongs, an' I'll make et hard 'nough for the rock-hunter, too."

Without giving his father a chance to reply the youth left the house and, leading his horse, soon returned from the stable. Just outside the gate he met his sister, who, awaiting him, stood by a bunch of lilac bushes. "Joshua, must you leave us? Must you go North?"

"Yes, sister." The boy spoke very kindly.

"Possibly *he* may come back to me if you tell him how much I have suffered."

The boy shook his head.

"Give him a chance, Joshua. Tell him that I love him very dearly, tell him that I'll forgive him all if he will come back and prove that I am his wife."

Again the boy shook his head.

"Joshua, before you return, you may be an uncle. Have pity, Joshua, on the innocent child. Do not shoot its father. Tell *him* that the girl he took from her home on the Kentucky knob awaits her husband. Please grant me this favour, my brother." She plucked a violet from near her feet. "Tell him I send this violet from where, beneath the lilac shade, we sat together on the old knob; tell him I look for him, my husband."

"Sister, he may get the drop on me. It's risky business and thar ain't no use in tryin' et on, fer a feller mean 'nough to do what he did, es too mean to care fer anything."

"Please, Joshua, do not kill him for the sake of the child," and the girl's eyes overflowed with tears.

"Sister, yo' puts et mighty strong, an' I'll give him a show; but et ain't no use ter try et on. I jest begged pap ter do a thing thet's harder fer him than this es fer me, and so I promise yo' I'll give the rock-hunter a chance. Ef pap preaches the text I axed and I keep my word to you, things may come out all right yet." But the tone of the boy's voice indicated that this was said for his sister's sake.

The girl threw her arms around her brother's neck and kissed his tanned cheek time and again. The boy gently released her grasp, mounted his horse and turned down the hill. When he reached the creek road at its base he raised his eyes toward the house on the knob. Outlined against the sky, by the side of the lilac bush, stood the sister. Then the horse turned toward Stringtown, and next a honey-locust tree cut her from his sight.

That night, after the lights had been extinguished, after the girl had gone to her room, after Warwick had read his chapter and said his prayers, he might have been seen to quietly slip out of the door, which was next gently closed. Soon thereafter he could have been distinguished in the gloom mounted on his horse; slowly did he pick his way down the hill to the creek road.

Up the hillside, across the highlands, through a little village nestling in a valley, on toward Stringtown, passed Warwick. Now and then he met a horseman, once a buggy, once a troop of cavalrymen, but no recognition did Warwick give to either man or men; through the night he passed along the very road his son that morning travelled, but while the boy had gone through the village of Stringtown and moved thence down the pike toward Covington, the father went no farther than the Stringtown grocery kept by Mr. Cumback, about whose store was wont to cluster the village circle.

(To be continued.)

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THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

CHINA AND THE ALLIES. By A. Henry Savage Landor. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $7.50 net.

Whatever shortcomings Mr. Savage Landor may have, as a writer he is always piquant. In these two sumptuous, well-illustrated volumes we have the most complete history of the campaign in the Far East yet put together. The writer landed in Tientsin at the close of the fighting, and marched with the allies to the relief of the legations. It was his good fortune to be the first European to set foot within the Forbidden City, and to ride side by side with the Russian commander, and receive the ceremonious salute of the British general, who, a day or two before, had refused him permission to be present at that historic function. The best description of the palace interiors at Pekin and the suburbs, within reach of English readers, is to be found in the latter half of Mr. Savage Landor's book. It is strange to learn that these jealously guarded shrines of Oriental prerogative are lit by electricity, and to be told that the installation was successfully carried out by Chinese workmen who had been specially trained for the purpose, as no Europeans could be admitted within the sacred precincts. This enterprising observer is not always a consistent historian. He argues that while looting as between civilised Powers is reprehensible, such practices are perfectly innocent in dealing with the Chinese. He furthermore declares that practically little or no looting was done by the allies, the Boxer locusts having swept the country beforehand; while, in describing the march through the palace, he says that an attempt was made to break open the locked boxes containing the emperor's knick-knacks, and that a European officer actually took a necklace of jade and amber from the person of a custodian of the palace. Sir Robert Hart's effort next day to secure its return was unavailing. It seems a sufficient amount of looting was done at Tientsin to give Mr. Landor the data for a philosophical narrative of the various forms into which the passion for loot is differentiated by race and nationality. The American soldier cares for silver ingots, the British for bits of silk for his sweetheart, the Japanese for a silver watch, the Cossack for a musical box, while the Sikh is quite indifferent to costly furs. Mr. Landor found it strange to hear looted musical boxes producing their European melodies amid smouldering ruins and blackened corpses at Tientsin and in the emperor's palace at the metropolis.

This famous traveller is not altogether trustworthy when he gets off his own ground; perhaps his intrepidity betrays him. The Chinese god of war is really a hero of early Chinese history; and while Buddhism in China is ready to incorporate the most promiscuous forms of idolatry, it is an entire mistake to speak of Kwan Tai as "a Buddhist Deity." The ancestral shrine of the reigning dynasty is described as a "pagoda," a name quite inapplicable to such a structure. Indeed, Mr. Landor seems to have Buddhism on the brain, possibly an effect of his terrible treatment at the hands of the Lamas in Thibet. The Boxer movement he thinks Buddhistic in its origin and organisation, a theory for which there is neither established fact nor probability. Buddhist monasteries are nests of the langour and nasty ineptitude produced by sensuality and opium-smoking; and, for that reason, the life-respecting traditions of Buddhism apart, are not likely to have been head-centres of murder and insurrection. Is Mr. Landor serious when he tells us that on a journey in the northwest provinces, some years back, he prescribed washing for fifteen days in salt water to a poor leper whose hands had been wasted by the fell disease, and who, in a pathetic confidence in the healing skill of Europeans, had asked a remedy for his affliction? Let us hope that in giving this story the writer is only indulging his well-known vein for exaggeration, or that if the poor leper was mocked after this fashion, it was only in a thoughtlessness, for which after-regret was felt. All travellers in China ought to be thoughtful—thoughtful for those who have to follow in their steps, and thoughtful also for the honour of foreign science. How European skill would

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suffer in the esteem of that particular village when the fifteen days were over and Mr. Landor was pushing his adventures elsewhere! This redoubtable traveller has already been reminded that the shambles and the charnel-house are not suitable places for work with a camera, and it would be well if he would accept another note of warning on the same line. If Chinese translations are attempted, it is well not to reproduce the original Chinese script by photography. Those who have passed the smatterer stage in the study of Chinese literature are tempted to scoff. Mr. Savage Landor is daring as a traveller, and also daring as a linguist; and in this second capacity he is sometimes as unfortunate as in the first.

Thomas G. Selby.

MODERN ITALY, 1748-1898. By Pietro Orsi, Professor of History, Venice. Story of Nations, Vol. LIV. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

The nineteenth century has been an heroic age for one country in Europe. We may smile—and, more, if we will—at Signor Orsi's dictum that "it would be difficult to find in the history of any other people a period so replete with great men as Italy offered in the first half of the nineteenth century;" it is nevertheless true that the patriotism, prudence, and valour which made Italy a nation afford the descendants of her deliverers every motive for pride and thankfulness. The fear of every friend of Italy has of late been lest the work of the creators of Italian unity should be undone by degenerate successors. Signor Orsi's narrative should perform a useful work in reminding the present generation of Italians how their independence was gained, and indicating how it is to be preserved. It may be somewhat mortifying to acknowledge the emptiness of the vaunt *"L'Italia farà da se;"* to realise that nothing could have been effected without the sympathy of Liberal Europe; and that this could not have been obtained without the leadership of the House of Savoy. But these things are none the less true, and if the Italians of the present day are wise they will continue to regard the Savoy dynasty as the palladium of their independence. With a great unfriendly military power on the frontier, and the Papal question still unsolved, the day has not arrived when it is no more possible to speak of the dismemberment of Italy than of the dismemberment of Russia.

Signor Orsi is in general so fair that it can only be by inadvertence that he twice represents English policy in a light unjustly disadvantageous. He says that England laboured to separate Sicily from Naples from the egotistical expectation that the Sicilian tariff would be more favourable to her than the Neapolitan. So far from this, England, at the time to which Signor Orsi refers, was pressing upon the King of Naples the adoption of the only measures which would have enabled him to retain Sicily. At the time this policy seemed reasonable, but Mr. Gladstone's exposure of Neapolitan atrocities rendered persistence in it impossible. Signor Orsi's acknowledgment of Italy's debt to Mr. Gladstone is ample; it is surprising, however, that Lord Palmerston should be named only once, and then merely as an eulogist of Cavour.

Another point which demands criticism is the assertion that Italian troops "were sent to occupy Massouah with the idea of pleasing and perhaps of assisting England, then planning the conquest of the Soudan." It is notorious that there was nothing to which the English Ministers of 1885 were more averse than the conquest of the Soudan. The expedition which public opinion had compelled them to despatch for the relief of Gordon had just failed, and they desired nothing more fervently than to wash their hands of the country forever.

It is curious that the name of Charles Albert's Polish general should be invariably given as Czarnowsky instead of Chrzanowski. Mr. Senior's conversations with this unlucky officer show that he was at all events a man of information and *esprit.*

Some of Signor Orsi's errors in Italian history have been pointed out in other quarters, and need not be dwelt upon here. They do not interfere with the substantial merit of his able and seasonable book, any more than a clear and spirited translation is marred by a few Americanisms. One especial merit is the attention devoted to the comparatively unexciting period of the eighteenth and early nineteenth century, when the seeds of nationality and independence were sown.

Richard Garnett.

SPANISH HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS. By Katherine Lee Bates. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Here is one of the most interesting and entertaining books of travel it has been our fortune to come across for a long time. Let our one grumble utter itself at the outset, Miss Bates's Protestanism is just a little too much in evidence. She has done her very best to understand the Catholic country intellectually; but the effort is too visible to us. And then why should so bright, so original a book be

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illustrated by photographs? The hastiest scrawl of a traveller with good eyes and clever fingers is better than the best reproduced photograph. But here Miss Bates and her publishers sin with so many others that they deserve no individual blame. Miss Bates modestly describes her book as only a record of impressions, yet you will ransack many volumes on the subject without gaining half the substantial or the out-of-the-way information she gives in unpretending and most readable fashion. The secret of the worth of her book, apart from her extraordinary interest in Spain and her general desire to be pleased with it, lies in the fact that she got near the people, had opportunities of mingling with all classes, and had the gift of making them talk. We are not given guide-book descriptions of the great monuments, but charming talk about the Carnival, Passion Week in Seville, Corpus Christi in Toledo, children's games, the pilgrims of Santiago, the dwellers in the Basque provinces, gypsies and their ways, and a great deal else. There are no wild adventures on the road, but the portraits of characters, pictures of household ways, and reflections of the Spanish point of view are excellently vivid. Here is an old impression of our Sunday in London, but painted with fresh feeling: "It was always colder Sunday, and there was not even a café. There was nowhere to go. There was nothing to do. Why is that good? At the bull-fight one feels the joy of life. Is it more religious to sit dull and dismal by the fire? I had no use for the churches. Walking is not amusing, unless the sun shines and there is something gay to see. I do not like tea, and I do not like reading." Here is a peep at family life in Madrid: "The slightest neighbourhood incident . . . takes on a poetic vividness and a dramatic intensity, and when it is all told over again at the dinner-table, excitement waxes so high that long after the dishes and the cloth have been removed the family may still be found seated around the board, flashing a thousand lights of suggestion and surmise on that dull bit of scandal. The husband cannot cease from discussion long enough to read the evening paper, nor the wife to send the little ones to bed, and midnight may find the three generations, from grandfather to four-year-old, still talking with might and main." The infinite leisure, the brilliant colour of the country, as reflected by Miss Bates, must act as mighty magnates to many Northerners. She has much to tell of misery, of political incapacity, of discontent. But her conclusion is that "Spain is far from unhappy. It is beautiful to see out of what scant allowance of that which we call well-being, may be evolved wisdom and joy, poetry and religion."

MEN AND LETTERS. By Herbert Paul. New York: John Lane. $1 50.

From Mr. Paul we get the expected. Not many people are competent to write comprehensive common-sense judgments on men and letters, though most critics can repeat commonplaces. What saves Mr. Paul's criticisms from the charge of commonplace is that he sees his subjects in perspective, and not as flat surfaces to be checked and measured. With great energy Mr. Paul addresses himself to giving a fair, comprehensive summary of the whole figure before him; and his essays, if they do not show much original insight, by their catholic acceptation of the "general view," have a certain breadth which is pleasing. That Mr. Paul's sympathies are not limited can be judged by his sympathetic papers on Swift, Macaulay and Matthew Arnold. That Mr. Paul's thought is at times acute may be seen by his paper on the Philosophical Radicals—Roebuck, Mill, Place, Molesworth and Grote—a paper in which the characteristic defects of the Radical temperament of the fifties is hit off with some niceness. There is a very sensible criticism of Sterne, and an able, if slightly acidulated, summary of Gibbon's Life and Letters; moreover, the essay on the Victorian Novel is eminently suited to the English taste. And greater praise no English critic will require. We would, however, expound this praise by adding that Mr. Paul, though qualified by his alert and well-trained intelligence for critical work, shows some deficiencies in æsthetic taste. What a curious bluntness of taste is revealed by the following pronouncements of Mr. Paul:

"Cæsar," says Mommsen, "is the entire and perfect man." Such a judgment lacks distinction, and might, by an unfavourable critic, be called crude. Mr. Mackail says with more effect, because with less violence, that "the combination of literary power of the very first order with his unparalleled military and political genius is, perhaps, unique in history."—p. 55.

Good heavens! "Combination — literary power—first order—unparalleled military and political genius—unique—history"—that this string of commonplaces should rank above that deep and pregnant criticism, "Cæsar is the entire and perfect man," shows that Mr. Paul can never have grasped Cæsar's greatness, or, indeed, have looked at Cæsar's head,

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in any sculpture gallery, with the seeing eye, or he would have "apprehended" Mommsen's meaning. Similarly, Mr. Paul gives us a curiously blunt dictum on Swift's poetical powers:

> But those who deny the title of poet to Swift must deny it also to Pope. They stand and fall together. Pope was Swift's avowed model. He never, he said, could read a line of Pope's without wishing it were his own. —p. 281.

Swift and Pope as poets "stand and fall together"! Surely, this is the naïvest criticism. No doubt, Swift and Pope both held the eighteenth-century ideal of poetry; and, no doubt, Swift tried to attain to Pope's rank; but that we must deny the title of poet to Pope because Swift failed utterly to elaborate for himself a style that was not essentially prosaic, this is a most arbitrary decision. We pass on, however, to another point of critical taste, which is, perhaps, more debatable. Speaking of the classical poems of Tennyson, Mr. Paul says:

> "Heap'd over with a mound of grass,
> Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass."
>
> This is surely one of Tennyson's most magical feats of poetical compression. Far more finely and completely than Horace's *pulvis et umbra sumus,* it expresses the idea of death common to Horace and Homer.—p. 8.

Now, to us Tennyson's lines, beautiful lines as they are, seem essentially *modern.* It is only the modern brain looking back at antique life, and striving to make it living by the picturesque faculty, that could prefer the picture contained in Tennyson's eighteen words to the idea in Horace's four words. Yet Mr. Paul assures us that Tennyson's "idea of death" is "more fine and complete" than Horace's. Truly, this is the age of modernity. Mr. Paul, indeed, is "modern," in the sense of not wishing the actual life of his own age to be recorded, except in the terms of the literary recipes that please him. We have some girding at Ibsen, and Mr. Gissing is commended thus: "A little more romance, a little more poetry, a little more humour, and Mr. Gissing would be a very great writer indeed" (p. 155). Well, well; no doubt, this is criticism, for the judges are many, and criticism, we know, may be judgment of any sort.

A HISTORY OF THE FOUR GEORGES AND OF WILLIAM IV. By Justin McCarthy and Justin Huntly McCarthy. Vols. III. and IV.

Mr. Justin, and Mr. Justin Huntly, McCarthy appear to dissent widely from Lord Beaconsfield's dictum that "England is a great Asiatic Power." At first sight this may appear otherwise; the reader may even be dismayed at observing forty pages of Vol. III. devoted to the history, principally the trial, of Warren Hastings. But should he refer to the index to ascertain how much more information of the same nature he will be required to absorb, he will be relieved, if amazed, to discover that in Vol. IV. there is no reference to India whatsoever; that, save for an occasional and casual allusion, Indian history after Warren Hastings is for the writers and readers of this history a total blank. The colonisation of Australia has been deemed an event of some importance; but Australia is as entirely absent from the index as India is. Napoleon at first seems about to fare better. Chapter LXII. is actually headed "Napoleon Bonaparte," but after five pages, save for the most casual allusions, Napoleon is as much out of sight as though he had never existed. Clever and intelligent men like the Messrs. McCarthy must be aware that this is not the way to write history. They must know that their work is not really history, but is a series of disquisitions upon such historical episodes as happened to strike their fancy. From this point of view it deserves praise; the style is easy and graphic; the general fairness and moderation, the author's political opinions considered, most creditable. It is well adapted to beget or foster curiosity respecting the extensive domains of history, upon which the writers have not thought proper to enter. As a stimulus to the study of more complete and exact histories, the book may be of service; in so far as it may be accepted as a substitute for such works, it can only be mischievous. It has too much history to pass as biography, and too little to pass as history. It is something in its favour that it is remote from the crammer's point of view, and for merely examination purposes will be found a mockery, a delusion and a snare.

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NOVEL NOTES

THE SILVER SKULL. By S. R. Crockett. New York: F. A. Stokes Company. $1.50.

CINDERELLA. By S. R. Crockett. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.50.

Mr. Crockett has written several more exciting stories than this, and, at least, two superior to it at once in technique and in the loves and humours of life; but none that is, in the true sense of the phrase, more of a genuine historical romance. But for certain Ouidaesque touches—and even these are, perhaps, not inappropriate—like "the swarthy fisher-folk of Adria" and "the red-lipped, saucy-eyed maidens by the fountains," it comes very near the perfection of a compact melodrama. And such a compact melodrama a book of this kind ought to be, or it is an absolute failure. Mr. Crockett deals with an actual historical incident, the putting down of the Red Terror in Apulia by an Englishman, General Richard Church. Ciro the priest—by the way, his "red eyes" and his "seventeen murders" are insisted upon once too often, and with too aggressively Dickensian emphasis—and his Secret Society, and the cigarette he was smoking when he was executed, are all hideously fascinating facts. Mr. Crockett was bound to make a powerful narrative or a powerful melodrama out of the material at his disposal. It was unnecessary for him to perform the one task; if he was to perform the other, then Incident, Incident, Incident, was bound to be his cue. And so, from the moment when Isabella, who is Countess of Monte Leone in her own right, though she is ignorant of the fact, sees the chief of her house struck down by the agent of the "Silver Skull" Society in the midst of festivity, to the happy honeymoon time when she goes off with her dull-witted Scotch husband Walter Cameron, and sees the mother of the Vardarelli sitting on the roadside and gazing at the head of Ciro "with a kind of holy joy on her countenance," there is nothing but blood and fire, plot and counter-plot. And this is all as it should be, because it is historically, as well as luridly, Italian. There is certainly not a dull page in the book; under the circumstances this is success. But it has much positive, as well as negative, literary merit. Mr. Crockett's powers as a descriptive writer—occupying a position midway between James Grant and R. L. Stevenson—stand him in good stead. There are some excellent battle-pieces, although the last stand of the Vardarelli is too long drawn out; and one siege-piece, a better than which it would be difficult to find in contemporary fiction. Then the three heroes of the story—the picturesque and "legitimate" brigand, Don Gaetano, the chief of the Vardarelli; the patient and masterful Englishman, Richard Church; and that modern "damn'd Iago," the Abbate Ciro Annicharico—are admirably contrasted. Strong in incident, Mr. Crockett is weak for once in the realisation of female character. The mother of the Vardarelli is a very conventional avenging angel; and the heroine, Isabella, although she acts her part well enough as an Italian "daughter of the regiment," going out with "the gay Vardarelli riders," plays the sweetheart very poorly. Even she, however, deserved somebody of more character than such a sobersides as Cameron, Church's aide-de-camp, whose ridiculously impossible jealousy of his superior officer is a blot upon Mr. Crockett's art. *The Silver Skull* proves that its author would make a most effective playwright.

In *Cinderella,* Mr. Crockett is once more on his native heath, in the company of eccentrically single-minded ministers, of robust lads and lasses, of tyrannical, warm-hearted and plain-spoken serving-men and serving-women, and thorough-going scoundrels. The story is as different as it well could be from *The Silver Skull,* and it is at once more pleasant and more disappointing. One feels that in telling how poor Hester Stirling came by her own in the shape of a lover who is the son of a peer, and a fortune in rubies, which amounts to £10,000 a year, in giving us rich specimens of the "ranch" tongue of Megsy Tipperlin, Hester's nurse, and even in dwelling on the pull-devil pull-baker of Sylvanus Torphichan and Juno Chetwynd, Mr. Crockett "lets himself go," as he certainly does not in narrating the duel

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between Richard Church and the diabolic Ciro. On the other hand, *Cinderella* does not possess the very genuine plot interest of *The Silver Skull.* It is somewhat incoherent; here and there it suggests—though the suggestion may be very unjust—the probability of its having been written hurriedly and in instalments to suit the emergencies of serial publication; and it is too crowded with characters. Hester Stirling is a good contrast to the artificial and selfish, but not wholly bad, Torphichan girls, but she is not so full-blooded as some of her author's other creations; and Cyrus Darroch, although he is worth a score of Cameron in *The Silver Skull,* is not a young Scotsman, but an English public-school boy. His father is a trifle too contemptible; David Stirling, Hester's mysterious father, is too Italian in his vindictiveness; and his father-in-law, though, on the whole, he makes a good scoundrel, is too aggressively oily. Nor can Mr. Crockett be congratulated on the manners of his aristocratic society. All the same, *Cinderella,* as an old-fashioned, yet vigorous story of poetic justice, will be appreciated by other than Scotch readers. Megsy Tipperlin, too, the careful watch-dog, is a valuable addition to Mr. Crockett's gallery and to the portraiture of disappearing Scottish "types."

William Wallace.

MILLS OF GOD. By Elinor Macartney Lane. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $1.50.

In her preface, Miss Lane states that "the events which are here set forth I had by way of my father, John MacLaren Macartney, who received the papers direct from his uncle, Robin Killduff;" and in order to enjoy the story to the full, it is well that one should believe in its veracity. The book appeals to one at first because of its attractive cover and the beautiful reproduction of miniatures which are scattered throughout its pages, and then it holds one's attention because of its simple charm and pathos. The story is told by Robin Killduff with all the loyalty and the pathos of a true Scot. The principal scenes of the story are laid in Virginia in the early years of the nineteenth century in the home of Sir William Grafton, "who was seeking to mend the family fortunes by some ventures in the New World." The heroine is his wife, Lady Elinor, many years his junior, and described as wondrously beautiful. About her birth there is a veil of mystery, but we are told that the blood of kings is in her veins. The feeling that the narrator has for her is summed up in these words: "I am glad to remember that I have never spoken Elinor Grafton's name with my hat upon my head." Into the home of Sir William and Lady Elinor comes Lord Bedford, who wins the heart of "my lady" for all time. Although always the sweet and dutiful wife to Sir William, in secret she belongs to Lord Henry; and when her child is born, he inherits the weak traits and the lawless nature of her lover. The tragedy of the story comes later in life, when Lord Bedford and Elinor's son love the same woman. It is Lord Bedford who wins her, and the wedding is described thus:

It was just upon the hour when Miss Anne and Lord Bedford entered together. The man carried a kind of splendour about him, every line of his handsome face—and hate him, as I have ever done, I have never been able to deny that he was a handsome man—softened by love or by what he thought was love, which to a nicer nomenclature was, to my thinking, mere passion. He wore a full court dress of white, with his own hair, and so covered Miss Anne with his eyes, which had in them a curious light, as though they beckoned her, that all the ladies nodded approvingly, and whispered words among themselves of admiration for such an ardent lover. Miss Anne, young and beautiful, fearless of the future, spoke her vows with no tremor of the voice, but gladly, rapturously gave herself into the keeping of this man, who never, since my return to Deepdeen, had once looked me in the eye.

. . . Father Spofford paused a moment, and then—

"Who giveth this woman to this man?" he asked; and my lady, who was standing a little apart, came slowly forward. There was a yellow shaft of the afternoon sun which had struck into the room, and made a pathway for her as she came. She took Miss Anne's hand in hers, and, placing it in Henry Bedford's, in a voice low and firm, solemnly said, "I do"; and as she came back to her place beside me—I swear it solemnly on my honour—there was a smile upon her lips, as if life's grim humour had for the while overcome her sorrow, and she smiled at the ways of men.

The story is beautifully told, and the glimpses which are given of London society at that time, with its scandals, connecting certain personages of the story with royalty, add piquancy to the book.

F. M. H.

DOOM CASTLE. By Neil Munro. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. $1.50.

It is greatly to the credit of Mr. Neil Munro that already he has a school of admirers, though, happily, not yet of imitators, who look forward to a new work by him as eagerly as did the adorers of the *Golden Art* that reached perfecton in the Raeburnian portrait of Brax-

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field. The Munroites of the inner circle are quite as enthusiastic as the Stevensonians, and quite as exacting, equally ready to swear by and to swear at their favourite. I am doubtful whether in their hearts—whatever they may do or refrain from doing with their tongues and their pens—the Munroites will place *Doom Castle* on the same shelf with *The Lost Pibroch* and *Gilian the Dreamer*. It is not all compact of West Highland tragedy like the one, or of West Highland mists and mysticism like the other. But the ordinary Saxon critic, who is grateful to Mr. Munro as he is grateful to Mr. Barrie for illuminating Scottish history and character, and who subscribes to the dictum of Mr. Andrew Lang that in *The Lost Pibroch* there is displayed a "genius as obvious and as undeniable as that of Mr. Kipling," will compare *Doom Castle* with *John Splendid*. And he will come to the conclusion that in point of movement, of variety of mood and passion, of that reality which is as indubitably three-fourths of romance as conduct is three-fourths of life, it marks a distinct and remarkable advance upon its true predecessor. *Doom Castle* is a "rattling good story," and indeed it is the first "rattling good story" Mr. Munro has written. There is no question as to the rattle; the book is alive with the hail of bullets, the clash of swords, the duel of passion, the development of intrigue. The bulk, too, of the men and at least one of the women are flesh and blood. It takes Victor Jean, Comte de Montaiglon, the nominal hero of the story, all his time, it is true, to be much more than a first-class walking gentleman. But the dismal Baron of Doom is an admirable example of the prematurely "done" gentleman of the old Highland school, bereaved of wife and "cause," but not of honour or dignity; and Mungo Boyd, the Fifeshire serving-man, with his temper and his dialect, is at least full cousin to Andrew Fairservice. And, above all, there is Simon McTaggart, chamberlain to the Duke of Argyll, traitor, sensualist, compound of "Melancholy Jacques" and "damn'd Iago." "Who will say that man's fate is in his own fingers? From the day I breathed I got no chance. A clean and decent road's before me, and a comrade for it, and I'm in the mood to take it, and here's the glaur about my feet. I wonder what Monsieur there would do in a plight like mine! Lord! I envy him to be sitting there and never a skeleton tugging at his sleeve." This is Sim's philosophy. It is as false as everything else in the life of a man who is sincere in nothing except, perhaps, his love for the flageolet. But it saves him from being absolutely repulsive. Then Mrs. Kate Petullo, although she makes love to her Sim too much in the style of the importunate courtesan, has force of character—which Olivia Lamond, a bread-and-butter miss before her time, has not—and so it is immaterial whether she is a reality of experience or a product of Mr. Munro's brain and studio, whether, as Mr. Courthope might say, she is the universalisation of the individual, or the individualisation of the universal. But the chief merit of *Doom Castle* is the skill with which Mr. Munro develops his plot. Montaiglon comes to Scotland to unmask a Jacobite scoundrel and swindler, and takes nearly four hundred pages of which the reader never tires, to accomplish the task. Altogether, there is more promise of success for Mr. Munro as a romancist in *Doom Castle* than in anything else he has written. He has still a weakness for Stevensonism in phraseology—of the R. A. M. rather than the R. L. variety—such as the high rumour of the seabreakers. But his style will soon be as direct as his method of plot construction.

William Wallace.

THE LORD OF THE SEA. By M. P. Shiel. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. $1.50.

Here is midsummer madness of so extraordinary a kind that we hasten to recommend the book to as many readers as we can reach; for the judgment of a great many persons is needed to decide on the meaning and the worth of the thing. There is so much confidence, such superfluous vigour, and such thundering eloquence in the book that not all those who throw it away as intolerable will throw it into the rubbish heap. Absurd it may be—and we think it is—but its absurdity has something sublime about it, and its audacity is magnificent. It is one of the "Strong Man" books. For the most part there are idealisations of Mr. Cecil Rhodes. But Richard Hogarth is not another Rhodes. His dominion extends—or is to extend, for it is a tale of the future—over land and sea. But Europe isn't quite ready for him. Poor Europe! It has indeed had little preparation for embracing so tremendous a saviour, and stabs and beats the regenerator, till he thinks he would like to go back to his blacksmith's forge. (For he had been English yeoman and blacksmith ere Destiny found him.) But finding out that he is a full-blooded Jew, he elects rather to lead the chosen people in Palestine. This he does with extraordinary success, and we see him again there as an old man, like David before the Ark, dancing to the Lord. "With body and

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arms danced he; and with toe and heel he danced. And he sang a Song of Ages." But, no, we will not give that Song of Ages. Our readers might implicate us in Hogarth's madness. Oh, we haven't hinted at a thousandth part of his adventures or the wonderful things in his career. No cold-blooded Northerner this man, who was made to rule us all, and lead us to the real goal of humanity, but an Oriental; and Mr. Shiel seems to exult in making him as extravagantly Oriental as possible, and in defying all tame conventions in his picture of the man with the "ninnying laugh" and the three black moles on his cheek. Well, Orientals have their moments of exaltation. But they are mostly distinguished for their gravity. However, this isn't a book that admits of discussion for a moment. You must swallow it or cast it away —far away. Is it nightmare or inspiration?

THE AUTOCRATS. By Charles K. Lush. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. $1.50.

The Autocrats is Mr. Lush's second novel. The first, *The Federal Judge,* was brought out several years ago, and received a moderate degree of notice. Mr. Lush uses American conditions as the subject of his book—conditions which he has, doubtless, studied very carefully. *The Autocrats* is the story of millionaires and politics and street franchises, with the scene laid in a western city. Mr. Lush works out his plot very carefully, and shows just how the millionaires can control men and affairs. He resorts to a rather impractical method of dragging President McKinley into the story, and we question the taste of his so doing. The hero of the book, well named, Hugh, is a prig, and we don't like him. The best bit of character writing is where Mr. Lush portrays Dolly Devine, "whose relations with men and affairs could scarce be paralleled."

> Petite, with deep-blue eyes and golden hair, brushed smoothly back on a small, but well-poised head, she was the picture of demureness. In repose the face was that of a madonna. But in an instant it could be transformed into that of as roguish a little imp as ever caused men to forget. . . .
>
> From nine in the morning until four in the afternoon she was the pink of propriety, deft in her work, soft-voiced, and with a bearing that kept all men at a respectful distance. An hour later she was likely to be the centre of an admiring group at some saloon table, taking drink after drink, and thrilling her companions with the slang and repartee of the official fast set.

Hugh is Dolly's staunch friend, and Dolly, in turn, loves him; and, through an absurd complication, is the innocent cause of a break between Hugh and the woman whom he loves and later on marries. The book is a strange mixture. At times Mr. Lush writes for the footlights, and the reader is conscious of his having dragged in certain episodes for dramatic effect. This failing makes the story seem superficial, and detracts from what is really good, readable stuff. On the whole, however, the book is not half bad; and, at least, it has the merit of being an American story with considerable local colour.

THE GOOD RED EARTH. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

Here is a book of nature, with an idyll running through it. A true picture of the country in sunshine will, almost of necessity, have human beings crossing its foreground; but the figures will be subservient to the landscape. So Mr. Phillpotts's story of *The Good Red Earth* is, primarily, a word-picture of Devon's loveliness. "Nature painted with sunshine, with cloud-shadow, with her proper jewels melted in the crucible of space; and the foreground of this huge picture, though it seemed to sleep and smile, was, in truth, a battle-field —a chess-board whose squares were meadow and orchard, forest and fallow, and upon which five-score busy farmers were playing the game of life." This is all realised; but the game of life is here the item in the big view. Sibella and Richard, the hero and the heroine, love one another, and their love is very pretty and alluring. Richard's mother is a fine, pathetic figure, widowed and courageous. The "Johnny Fortnight" passes from place to place, carrying his pack and talking his theology. But it is always the background which counts. Historic Compton Castle, half-ruined and wholly picturesque, is the home of the heroine; the moors, the tors, the streams and leafy lanes are the scenes through which the villagers and the packman go upon their way; and where, since Thomas Hardy pictured an orchard for us, have we felt the meaning and beauty of apples and apple-trees so fully as in Mary Gilbert's avenues of "quarrenders," "stubberds" and "bitter-sweets"? The book, though innocent of problems, is genuinely entertaining by reason of its shrewd observance of men and women, and its gay humour; but it possesses a fuller value in its loving observance of nature and its proof that a man may get even closer to nature than to his fellow-men.

OUR FRIEND THE CHARLATAN. By George Gissing. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $1.50.

Mr. Gissing is too kind or too cruel to "our

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friend the charlatan." If Lashmar behaved as it appears he did to the two women, May and Constance, he should have been left writhing under the lash of Constance's tongue and forever disgraced, instead of having another woman's life given into his hands. If poverty and the responsibility of Iris's happiness were enough to cure him, then he was not the villain he occasionally appears in these pages. He only shuffled with the women, with an eye to the main chance; and omitted some quotation marks now and then—was not, in short, a person of strong moral constitution, but hardly the complete charlatan. We think Mr. Gissing's hand has shaken in painting Dyce Lashmar's portrait. There are two ways of rightly dealing with a charlatan. The writer, if he happen to dislike him, must subject him to a masterly and unsparing analysis. If he have a sneaking fondness for him, he may draw a veil over portions of his character, but in that case he must show him to have charm. Now Mr. Gissing evidently dislikes Dyce cordially; yet shuffles in unmasking him, and the picture is, therefore, at once blurred and disagreeable—an unsatisfactory result. The minor characters, especially the clever, blunt Constance, Lady Ogram, and the sensitive Lord Dymchurch, are excellent, and merely as a story the book is eminently readable. Yet even here the writer shirked something, or otherwise missed a strong effect. The detailed description of an election with a candidate of Dyce's stamp should have been particularly entertaining. Just how far he hoaxed the electors, and how far they found him out, would have borne being told at far greater length and more dramatically. A few of the drawing-room scenes might have been spared to make room for others in which Lashmar would have appeared face to face with actual work. There is too much of Mr. Gissing's rare ability in the book for us to call it a failure; but yet it gives us a vague sense of lost opportunities.

MRS. GREEN. By Evelyne Elsye Rynd. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

We do not assert that Miss Rynd is a humourist, because to proclaim a humourist nowadays and abide by the results requires courage beyond the average. But we affirm that she has written a humorous and thoroughly enjoyable book, and that she has provided a couple of hours of undiluted pleasure for each person each time he or she reads it. Mrs. Green, as the readers of the English *Outlook* already know, is the wife of the rector's gardener; and she goes up to the rectory to do a day's charing when the family is "out of a cook" or "looking for a housemaid." Mrs. Green has been, as she puts it, "twist married," and "me first" was anything but an admirable husband. "But I forgive John afore 'e died," she said. "'E was always a bird of Paradise, 'ere to-day an' gone to-morrer. It wasn't no good a-layin' up o' things agin such a one as 'e." Still, marriage was not an altogether undesirable state, in her opinion, we gather, though she tries to comfort the narrator, "Miss Meary," on her disappointment. "An' so Miss Mildred's a beat you, miss," she said thoughtfully. "Two years younger nor you, ain't she? Ah! two years makes a lot o' difference in looks, so it does. Well, we've often wondered in the village how it would be." "I don't want to marry," said I. "An' quite right, too, miss," said Mrs. Green approvingly. "Never want what you can't 'ave, an' then you'll be 'appy." "That's not exactly it," I said uncertainly. "Near enough, I expec'," said Mrs. Green. In the last chapter "Miss Meary" says "good-by" to Mrs. Green to come to London, "a-leavin' of a nappy 'ome for to set an' scribble in a nicy bedroom helsewhere!" as Mrs. Green expressed it. But without obeying Mrs. Green to the letter in the matter of work—"take me hadvice, miss, an' fight again' it"—we hope "Miss Meary" will take a holiday sometimes and go back to the village to chronicle again for us.

THE LUCK OF THE VAILS. By E. F. Benson. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $1.50.

In his stories of English life Mr. Benson usually trusts more to manner than to plot for the amusement of his readers; but here he has got hold of a very pretty sensation, and treated it most effectively. It is something of a triumph to throw us off the scent so completely as he does with regard to Francis's character, which is treated throughout with a subtlety that is generally wanting in melodrama. For the most interesting portion of the book is melodrama. There is an ordinary pleasant love story, and there is some light, bantering dialogue, enough to give it the flavour of a society novel. But we pay little heed to these. The setting might just as well have been mediæval, for it is the jewelled Luck, and the perils by fire and rain and frost of the young hero, and the creeping wiles of the crafty villain, and his dark exits and entrances by secret staircases, that hold us fast. But no doubt it gives a piquancy to hear the most up-to-date speech in the neighbourhood

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of jewelled Lucks and swinging panels and dogging murderers.

MY LADY OF ORANGE. By H. C. Bailey. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. $1.50.

"No saint am I," says John Newstead, writing in his old age the record of his earlier years, and nothing he relates leads you to differ from him. A soldier of fortune of the dashing, slashing, frankly brutal type, he raises a troop of horse and fights for Spain against the Dutch, till the Spaniard cannot, or will not, keep up his mens' pay, when he goes over with them to the enemy and turns the tide of victory against his former comrades in gallant style. He will lend a hand at a massacre, or kill the wounded out of the way, without a qualm, and yet he is not proof against a woman's scorn or a woman's tears, and how it is that, unscrupulous swashbuckler as he is, he can yet win the love of a woman so sweet and high-spirited and compassionate, and capture the sympathies of the reader withal—these be matters that each reader will appreciate for himself, more easily perhaps than he can explain. It is a capital story, written in the right lusty, soldiering vein, and very ably illustrated by Mr. G. P. Jacomb-Hood.

ENSIGN KNIGHTLEY, AND OTHER STORIES. By A. E. W. Mason. New York: F. A. Stokes & Company. $1.50.

Mr. Mason's long stories we have enjoyed and admired; but they had hardly prepared us for the particular excellence of this volume. Of the vigour, the precision, and the picturesqueness of these shorter tales it is impossible to say too much. Occasionally the writer seems to get over difficulties of subject by a kind of *tour de force*—for he is wont to deal in brief with rather complicated themes—but the sense of strain is never too obvious. Adventure is the dominant note in them, but not merely the adventure of sword and gun; and the workmanship, the play of motive and character, place them entirely outside the range of schoolboy literature. "Ensign Knightley," "Mr. Mitchelbourne's Last Escapade" and "The Keeper of the Bishop" are the most distinguished; but all the stories are fit to rub shoulders with these.

VALENCIA'S GARDEN. By Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield. New York: McClure, Phillips & Company. $1.50.

We did not like *The Archbishop and the Lady*, and we said so. *Valencia's Garden* has not caused us to change our mind in regard to Mrs. Crowninshield's place as a novelist. The story has the same setting as the former book, and some of the characters which appeared therein flit through these pages without any special reason for so doing. Valencia herself is a very much more attractive young woman than Alixe. She is but seventeen, and married to a very old and a very unscrupulous man. She has an innocent and lovable way with her, and we pity her because of the lonely and unhappy life that she leads in the old château, where there is a scarcity of money and morals. The husband, Count Aristodème, carries on an affair with Madame Malafré, by whom he is strongly influenced, and for whom he neglects his child-wife. The story is a readable one, but decidedly improbable. Mrs. Crowninshield has a "penny dreadful" way of dragging in an attempted abduction of the young wife and a dramatic murder. Yet, in spite of this, she occasionally lapses into a graceful and easy style, which ill fits certain portions of the book. Then she has an aggravating way of scattering French phrases here and there, as though she wished to air her knowledge of the language.

THE HERITAGE OF UNREST. By Gwendolen Overton. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

This is at once good as a tale of adventure and unusually good as a study of the struggle between civilisation and wild nature, of racial features and difficulties. The strife with the Indians, with all its unhappy incidents on both sides, its tales of treachery and heroism, is made tragically real to us in a series of striking pictures and narratives of the war of thirty years ago. The strange Apaches, valiant, incalculable, terrible; and the American soldiers sent to conquer them with every disadvantage, ignorant of the country, hampered by officialism, and insufficiently armed, are alike done justice to. But the main interest of the book is the half-breed, Felipa, beautiful, faithful to her friends, knowing no duties to her enemies, savagely cruel to animals, and yet most devoted of wives. Miss Overton has tested our credibility in her heroine. But we believe, and are fascinated.

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EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, August 1, 1901.

July publications were naturally light, but compared favourably with those of other years as to number, and included several titles giving good promise of reaching a fair sale. Of these may be mentioned *Cinderella*, by S. R. Crockett; *The House of Romance*, by Agnes and Egerton Castle; *The Letters of Her Mother to Elizabeth*, and *A Princess of the Hills*, by Mrs. Burton Harrison. Other volumes of interest were *Bridge Whist: How to Play It*, by L. Leigh; *Her Royal Highness, Woman*, by Max O'Rell, and *Men and Letters*, by Herbert Paul.

Of the older books still in considerable demand *The Crisis* was easily the leader. *The Helmet of Navarre* showed some renewal after a lapse in popularity, and when the proposed dramatisation is brought out will undoubtedly remain one of the best selling books for some time to come. *Graustark*, *The Puppet Crown*, *Truth Dexter*, *The Potter and the Clay*, and *Tarry Thou Till I Come* maintained their place among the popular books of the day. The Schley affair created considerable demand for the third volume of Maclay's *History of the Navy*, and the first edition was at once exhausted.

Outdoor literature continued to sell readily throughout the month. But few new publications were noticeable and the special demand for this class of books is practically over until another spring.

It is noticeably a season for cloth-bound novels. Hardly a work has been issued recently in paper form commandng any sale. *Four-Leaved Clover*, by Maxwell Gray, and *A Woman Alone*, by Mrs. W. K. Clifford, both in Appleton's Town and Country Library, are the most promising in this line.

There is a lack just at present of good humorous books. Nothing is taking the place of the Dooley books, and the public is still dependent on *Billy Baxter's Letters* and *John Henry*, both of which continue to sell readily.

During August and early September the publishers' representatives will make New York their headquarters, showing the new books for fall publication. From early announcements it is safe to predict that attractive lines are in preparation. Also from the same source is found a noticeable number of novels which may be expected to make a strong bid for a popular sale, such as *Blennerhassett*, by Charles Felton Pidgin; *The Right of Way*, by Gilbert Parker; *D'ri and I*, by Irving Bacheller; *A Maid of Venice*, by F. Marion Crawford, and *The Eternal City*, by Hall Caine.

Business for the month past was quiet, but compared favourably with other Julys. Fiction was the mainstay, there being but a light demand in other departments of literature. Library orders were numerous and a few advance orders for text-books were received. The outlook, however, for a good fall business continues undisturbed.

The best-selling books for the month in the order of their popularity follows:

The Crisis. By Winston Churchill. $1.50.
Graustark. By G. B. McCutcheon. $1.50.
The Puppet Crown. By Harold MacGrath. $1.50.
The Helmet of Navarre. By Bertha Runkle. $1.50.
Truth Dexter. By S. McCall. $1.50.
The Potter and the Clay. By Maud H. Peterson. $1.50.
Tarry Thou Till I Come. By George Croly. $1.40 net.
The Aristocrats. By Helen Pole. $1.50.
The Letters of Her Mother to Elizabeth. 75 cents.
The Inn of the Silver Moon. By H. K. Viele. $1.50.
Like Another Helen. By George Horton. $1.50.
The Octopus. By Frank Norris. $1.50.
The Turn of the Road. By E. B. Frothingham. $1.50.
The Visits of Elizabeth. By Elinor Glyn. $1.50.
Alice of Old Vincennes. By Maurice Thompson. $1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, August 1, 1901.

It is pleasant to record that July business, when viewed from the standpoint of comparison with the same month in previous years, affords considerable ground for satisfaction. Furthermore, the volume of trade, which is somewhat above the average, taken as a whole, shows upon analysis that what increase there is is spread evenly over every class of book-selling. This accords with the condition that has obtained since the commencement of the present year. Library business is good, exceedingly so for this time of the year, and so is country trade; there is a difference in class, however, for while the former absorbs mainly standard books of all kinds, the latter calls chiefly for popular fiction.

The Crisis leads in the report of sales of popular books, and as yet has lost none of the general interest it created. Most of the other popular books sold in much the same order, it

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will be noticed, as was reported in this column in the previous number of this magazine. Otherwise there was nothing especially remarkable in the sale of the leading books, except perhaps the fact that all of them met with a very fair demand for this particular period of the year.

Speculation is rife just now among booksellers as to whether the numerous books by famous authors scheduled for fall publication will all come up to the expectations which may reasonably be placed upon them. In this relation it may be observed that already orders both retail and wholesale are being received and booked for such books as *The Eternal City,* by Hall Caine; Miss Corelli's new book (as yet unnamed), *Warwick of the Knobs,* by J. U. Lloyd; *D'ri and I,* by Bacheller; *The Right of Way,* by Gilbert Parker; *Kim,* by Rudyard Kipling; *Tristram of Blent,* by Anthony Hope, etc., and this fact alone would seem to indicate that popular fiction will be just as much in demand as it was last season. Indeed, it is very likely to exceed last season's record, for there is no evidence to show that the (so-called) craze for romantic fiction has reached its zenith.

The days of the cheap "sixteenmo," as the series of small books in uniform binding so popular a few years since was called, appear to be numbered, and judging from the decreasing sale each year, this class of book is not unlikely to be relegated to the ranks of the "out of fashion" books before very long. Its big brother, the twelvemo, however, continues to sell well.

Business prospects, which for a long period last month looked very gloomy on account of the continual drought in the west, are now, with the coming of the much needed rains, somewhat brighter. There is, however, notwithstanding that there is a degree of uncertainty in the outlook, plenty of confidence existing, and the opening of autumn business, which takes place next month, is awaited by the trade in a very sanguine spirit.

The books which led sales last month in regard to actual numbers sold are as follows:

The Crisis. By Winston Churchill. $1.50.

The Helmet of Navarre. By Bertha Runkle. $1.50.

Eben Holden. By Irving Bacheller. $1.50.

Tarry Thou Till I Come. By George Croly. $1.40 net.

Alice of Old Vincennes. By Maurice Thompson. $1.50.

The Puppet Crown. By Harold MacGrath. $1.50.

Truth Dexter. By S. McCall. $1.50.

Graustark. By G. B. McCutcheon. $1.50.

Jack Raymond. By E. L. Voynich. $1.50.

Heirs of Yesterday. By Emma Wolfe. $1.25.

Like Another Helen. By George Horton. $1.50.

The House of DeMailly. By Margaret H. Potter. $1.50.

David Harum. By E. N. Westcott. $1.50.

Richard Carvel. By Winston Churchill. $1.50.

To Have and to Hold. By Mary H. Johnston. $1.50.

Richard Yea and Nay. By Maurice Hewlett. $1.50.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, June 20 to July 20, 1901.

A general tone of dulness has pervaded the market throughout the greater portion of the month, and although it is normally a slack period at this time of year, it has doubtless been further accentuated by the intense heat which has prevailed. The demand in almost all classes has been at a very low ebb, and a considerable proportion of the sales effected has been in fiction, illustrated periodicals, and works of a more or less scrappy nature.

The publication of 6s. novels has been materially lessened. Among the most successful of the new issues may be mentioned *The Lady of Lynn,* by Sir W. Besant; *The Luck of the Vails,* by E. F. Benson; *Cinderella,* by S. R. Crockett; *Marna's Mutiny,* by Mrs. Hugh Fraser; *Sister Teresa,* by George Moore; and *A Serious Wooing,* by J. O. Hobbes. In 3s. 6d. fiction, *The Good Red Earth,* by Eden Phillpotts, has continued to be in demand, and *The Honour of the Army,* by Émile Zola, has been fairly popular.

There has again been a marked decline in literature connected with the war. *The Rights and Wrongs of the Transvaal War,* by E. T. Cook, has been the most prominent production of the month, and *The Diary of a Nurse in South Africa,* by Alice Bron, has sold very freely. A certain glamour of attraction always surrounds the legendary stories of our historic houses, and a new work, entitled *Secret Chambers and Hiding Places,* by Allan Fea, has successfully caught hold on the public. Consequent upon the immense popularity of *The Hundred Best Pictures* being issued as a periodical, a number of similar ventures have appeared, but the original still continues to hold the field. Guide books have been in constant request, chiefly for home resorts, and a noticeable feature in the present holiday season is the demand for handbooks descriptive of places in "gallant little Wales."

Sixpenny reprints have sold in large numbers, and the output has been so prolific that it is impossible to specify them; but this line of publication increases in popularity with the holiday-makers. As we go to press that popular work of Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, *Concerning Isabel Carnaby* appears.

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand during the past month:

Penelope's Irish Experiences. By K. D. Wiggin. 6s. (Gay and Bird.)

Cinders. By Helen Mathers. 6s. (Pearson.)

The Luck of the Vails. By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Heinemann.)

A Serious Wooing. By John Oliver Hobbes. 6s. (Methuen.)

Tangled Trinities. By D. Woodroffe. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Sirius. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

The Lady of Lynn. By Sir W. Besant. 6s. (Chatto and Windus.)

Catherine of Calais. By Mrs. de la Pasture. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

Her Majesty's Minister. By W. Le Queux. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

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The Helmet of Navarre. By Bertha Runkle. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Cinderella. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (J. Clarke.)
The Casting of Nets. By R. Bagot. 6s. (E. Arnold.)
The Visits of Elizabeth. By E. Glyn. 6s. (Duckworth.)
Trooper 8008 I. Y. By Hon. S. Peel. 7s. 6d. (E. Arnold.)
The Eternal Quest. By J. A. Steuart. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Marna's Mutiny. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Sister Teresa. By George Moore. 6s. (Unwin.)

BOOKS RECEIVED.

JULY 10 TO AUGUST 10

NEW YORK.

Abbey Press.
Her Royal Highness, Woman, and His Majesty Cupid. Max O'Rell.
The Stoner Family. Samuel Fulton.
Songs from Nature. Daniel M. Peters.
Like the Lilies. Lucy Tracy.
The Egyptian Ring. Nellie T. Sawyer.
Some Questions of Larger Politics. E. Maxey.
On the Threshold. Mary A. Hartshorn.
A New Theory of Evolution. Alfred Smith.
A Narragansett Pier. George Appleton.
Cordelia and Other Poems. N. B. Ripley.
Our Choir. By the Sexton.
A New Version of an Old Story. Elizabeth Milroy.
Wedding Bells and Other Sketches. Nat Prune.

American Book Company.
Natural Arithmetic. Book I., II. and III. I. O. Winslow.
L'Enfant Espion and Other Stories. R. R. Goodell.
La Neuvaine de Colette. Jeanne Schultz.

Appleton and Company.
Four-Leaved Clover. Maxwell Gray.
Familiar Flowers of Field and Garden. F. Schuyler Mathews.
The Beleaguered Forest. Elia W. Peattie.
The Story of King Alfred. Walter Besant.
A Woman Alone. Mrs. W. K. Clifford.

Buckles and Company.
The Golden Tooth. J. MacLaren Corban.

Cassell and Company.
An Eton Boy's Letters. Nugent Bankes.

Conkey Company.
A. B. C. Toydon. Rigby.

Doubleday, Page and Company.
The Insect Book. Dr. L. O. Howard.
Felix Holt. George Eliot.

Eaton and Mains.
An Introduction to Political Economy. T. Ely.

Fenno and Company.
The Crystal Sceptre. P. V. Mighels.
£19,000. Burford Delannoy.
When a Witch is Young. 4-19-69.

Harper and Brothers.
The Manager of the B. & A. Vaughan Kester.
The Nineteenth Hole. Van Tassel Sutphen.

Jenkins.
The Provençal Lyric. L. F. Mott.

Lane.
Deirdre Wed and Other Poems. Herbert Trench.
The Letters of Her Mother to Elizabeth.
Casting of Nets. Richard Bagot.
The Queen's Chronicler and Other Poems. Stephen Gwynn.
A Flower of the Tropics. W. P. Sutton.
A Slaveholder's Daughter. Belle Kearney.
Mend and Letters. Herbert Paul.
The Book of Asparagus. Charles Ilott.

Life Publishing Company.
Richard Croker. Alfred Henry Lewis.

Longmans, Green and Company.
Magic and Religion. Andrew Lang.
Fiander's Widow. M. E. Francis.
The Whirligig. Mayne Lindsay.

Macmillan Company.
American Diplomatic Questions. John B. Henderson, Jr.

Pott and Company.
The Practical Life Work of Henry Drummond. C. Lennox.

Putnam's Sons.
Mrs. Green. Evelyne E. Rynd.
Wildersmoor. C. L. Antrobus.

Scribner's Sons.
Sketches of Booksellers of Other Days. E. Marston.
The Uncommercial Traveller. Charles Dickens.
American Notes and Pictures from Italy. Charles Dickens.
Hard Times and Reprinted Pieces. Charles Dickens.
Sketches by Boz. Charles Dickens.

Stokes and Company.
The House of Romance. Agnes and Egerton Castle.

Taylor and Company.
A Drone and a Dreamer. N. Lloyd.

BOSTON.

Eastern Publishing Company.
Origin. J. A. Knowlton.

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Ginn and Company.
Carlyle on Heroes, Hero-Worship, and the Heroic in History. Edited by A. MacMechan.
The Guilford Speller. A. B. Guilford.

Lothrop Publishing Company.
J. Devlin-Boss. F. C. Williams.

Mutual Book Company.
The Complete Tribune Primer. Eugene Field.

Small, Maynard and Company.
The Road to Ridgeby's. F. B. Harris.

CHICAGO.

McClurg and Company.
Aphorisms and Reflections. J. L. Spalding.

Rand and McNally Company.
The Rand-McNally Hand-Book to the Pan-American Exposition, Buffalo, Niagara Falls.

Windsor and Kenfield Publishing Company.
Wayfarings. George Herbert Clarke.

COLUMBIA, S. C.

Purely Original Verse. J. Gordon Coogler.

COLORADO SPRINGS, COL.

Bissonnette's Printing Shop.
Verses by Wesley Bissonnette.

INDIANAPOLIS.

Bowen-Merrill Company.
The Tragedy of Hamlet. E. Dowden.
The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet. E. Dowden.

LONDON.

Dent and Company.
The Story of Bruges. E. Gilliat-Smith.
Tennyson. Morton Luce.
Eothen. A. W. Kinglake.

Murray.
The Works of Lord Byron. E. H. Coleridge.

Nimmo.
Two Moods of a Man. Violet Fane.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Minnesota Tribune Company.
The Minneapolis *Tribune* Cartoon Book for 1901. Being a Collection of Over One Hundred Cartoons by R. C. Bowman.
Freckles and Tan. R. C. Bowman.

PHILADELPHIA.

Coates and Company.
Crankisms. Lisle de Vaux.

Griffith and Rowland Press.
A Lily of France. C. A. Mason.

Lippincott Company.
Sister Teresa. George Moore.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

C. W. Bardeen.
'Sconset Cottage. Northrup.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between June 1, 1901, and July 1, 1901.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Tarry Thou Till I Come. Croly. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.40.
3. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. Money Spinner. Merriman. (Machel & Co.) $1.25.
5. The Story of Sarah. Forsslund. (Brentano.) $1.50.
6. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Turn of the Road. Frothingham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
4. Penelope's Irish Experiences. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
5. Four-Leaf Clover. Gray. (Appleton.) 50 cents.
6. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Turn of the Road. Frothingham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. Westerfelt. Harben. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.50.
6. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
3. In Search of Mademoiselle. Gibbs. (Coates.) $1.50.
4. Tribulations of a Princess. (Harper.) $2.50.
5. Nature's Garden. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $3.00 net.
6. Golden Tooth. Cobban. (Buckles Co.) 50 cents.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Katherine Day. Fuller. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50 net.
4. Sea Beach at Ebb Tide. Arnold. (Century Co.) $2.40 net.
5. Life and Letters of Huxley. By his son. (Appleton.) 2 vols. $5.00 net.
6. God of His Fathers. London. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

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BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
3. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. Joselyn Cheshire. Kennedy. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Jack Raymond. Voynich. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.50.
4. Aphorisms and Reflections. Spalding. (A. C. McClurg & Co.) 80c. net.
5. Tarry Thou Till I Come. Croly. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.40 net.
6. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, O.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. A Dream of Empire. Venable. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. They That Took the Sword. Stephenson. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. The Visits of Elizabeth Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
6. In Search of Mademoiselle. Gibbs. (Coates.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Turn of the Road. Frothingham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
4. The Sky Pilot. Connor. (Revell.) $1.25.
5. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
3. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. The Potter and the Clay. Peterson. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.50.
5. Tribulations of a Princess. (Harper.) $2.25 net.
6. Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEX.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
5. A King's Pawn. Drummond. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. Like Another Helen. Horton. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

DENVER, COL.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
4. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. The Heritage of Unrest. Overton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Daughter of New France. Crowley. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
3. Heart and Soul. Skinner. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton.) $2.00.
5. Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50 net.
6. Sir Christopher. Goodwin. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
5. Like Another Helen. Horton. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
4. Penelope's Irish Experiences. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
5. Like Another Helen. Horton. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Octopus. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. Richard Yea and Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Penelope's Irish Experiences. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Etidorhpa. Lloyd. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Valencia's Garden. Crowninshield. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Octopus. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

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MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
3. Sir Christopher. Goodwin. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
4. Every Inch a King. Sawyer. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
6. Joselyn Cheshire. Kennedy. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. Bird Life. New Edition. Chapman. (Appleton.) $2.00 net.
5. Penelope's Irish Experiences. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. A Pair of Patient Lovers. Howells. (Harper.) $1.15 net.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
3. Like Another Helen. Horton. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Jack Raymond. Voynich. (Lippincott.)
5. The Column. Marriott. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. In Search of Mademoiselle. Gibbs. (Coates.) $1.50.
3. Henry Bourland. Hancock. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Arrows of the Almighty. Johnson. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Tribulations of a Princess. (Harper.) $2.22 net.
6. Observations of Henry. Jerome. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
3. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
4. The Turn of the Road. Frothingham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Potter and the Clay. Peterson. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
6. Katherine Day. Fuller. (Putnam.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Henry Bourland. Hancock. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton.) $2.00.
5. Miss Pritchard's Wedding Trip. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Like Another Helen. Horton. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. Richard Yea and Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Heritage of Unrest. Overton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Roderick Campbell. McIlwraith. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. Narragansett Pier. Appleton. (Abbey Press.) $1.50.
4. Sir Christopher. Goodwin. (Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.
5. Tarry Thou Till I Come. Croly. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.40 net.
6. Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Autocrats. Lush. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Tarry Thou Till I Come. Croly. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.40 net.
5. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Tribulations of a Princess. (Harper.) $2.50.
5. A Dream of Empire. Venable. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Jack Raymond. Voynich. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
3. Mills of God. Lane. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Sister Teresa. Moore. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
5. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. Tarry Thou Till I Come. Croly. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.40 net.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.

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6. Tarry Thou Till I Come. Croly. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.75.

TOLEDO, O.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Turn of the Road. Frothingham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. Ralph Marlowe. Naylor. (Saalfield & Co.) $1.50.
6. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Copp-Clark Co.) 75 cents and $1.25.
2. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (McLeod & Allen.) 75 cents and $1.25.
3. Graustark. McCutcheon. (McLeod & Allen.) 75 cents and $1.25.
4. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Copp-Clark Co.) 75 cents and $1.50.
5. Days Like These. Townsend. (Langton & Hall.) 75 cents and $1.25.
6. Tarry Thou Till I Come. Croly. (Briggs.) 75 cents and $1.40.

TUCSON, ARIZ.

1. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Like Another Helen. Horton. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Mills of God. Lane. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Arrows of the Almighty. Johnson. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Tarry Thou Till I Come. Croly. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.40.
5. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Mills of God. Lane. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton.) $2.00.
4. Tribulations of a Princess. (Harper.) $2.25.
5. By the Waters of Babylon. DeKoven. (Stone.) $1.50.
6. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Abandoned Farmer. Preston. (Scribner.) $1.25.
4. Days Like These. Townsend. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Diary of a Freshman. Flandrau. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. Sir John and the American Girl. Bell. (Harper.) $1.50.

From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

					POINTS
A book standing	1st	on	any	list	receives 10
" "	2d	"	"	"	8
" "	3d	"	"	"	7
" "	4th	"	"	"	6
" "	5th	"	"	"	5
" "	6th	"	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50	343
2. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50	128
3. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50	106
4. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50	69
5. Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50	67
6. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50	48

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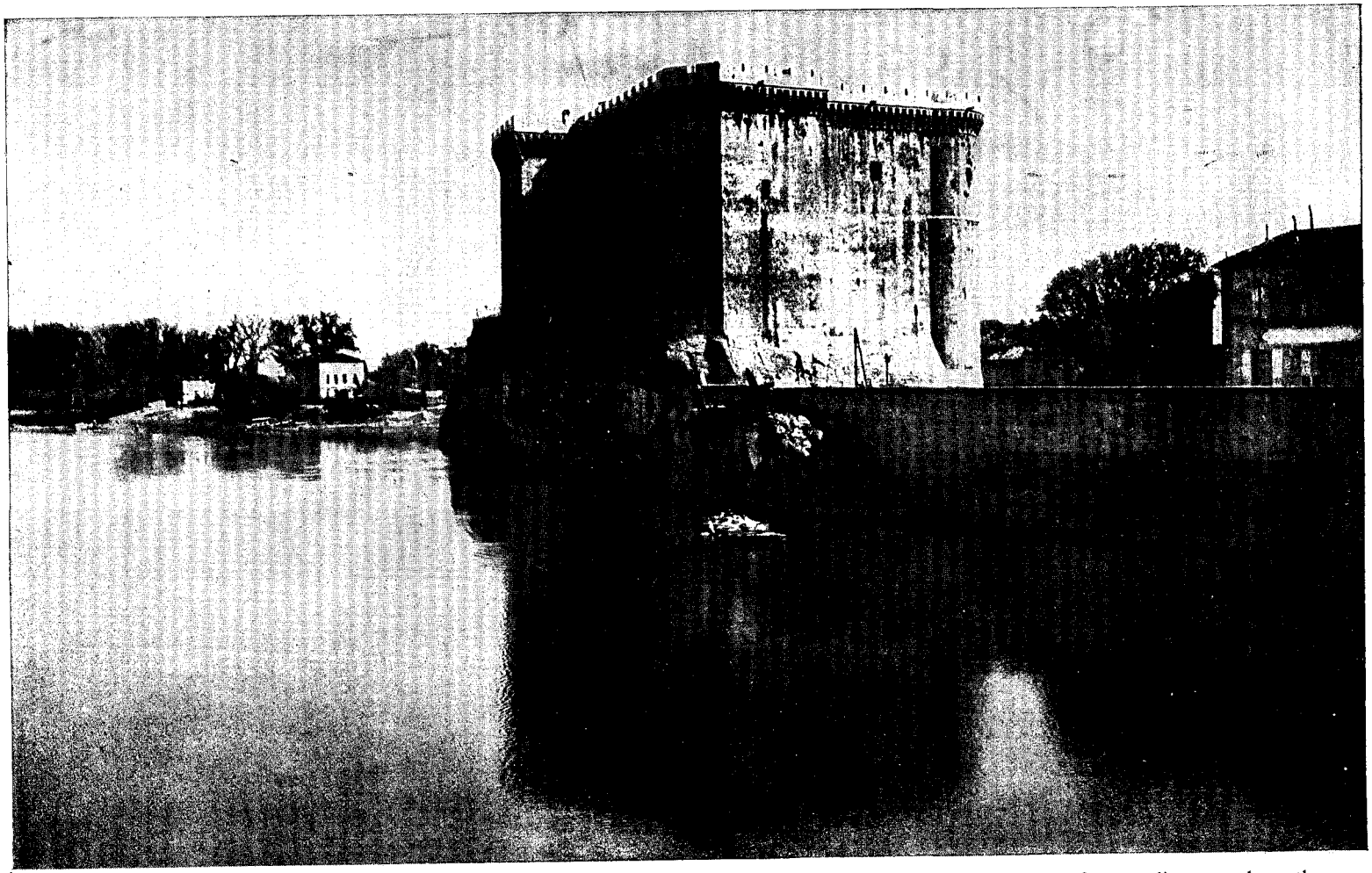

"The prison of the town of Tarascon is an historical building, the old castle of King René, which is seen from a distance, along the Rhône, flanked by its four towers."—*Port Tarascon.*

"Curious coincidence! The Prince had spent three years in Tarascon; and when Tartarin expressed surprise at never having met him at the club or on the esplanade, 'I went out but little,' his Highness said evasively. And Tartarin was discreetly afraid to question him

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